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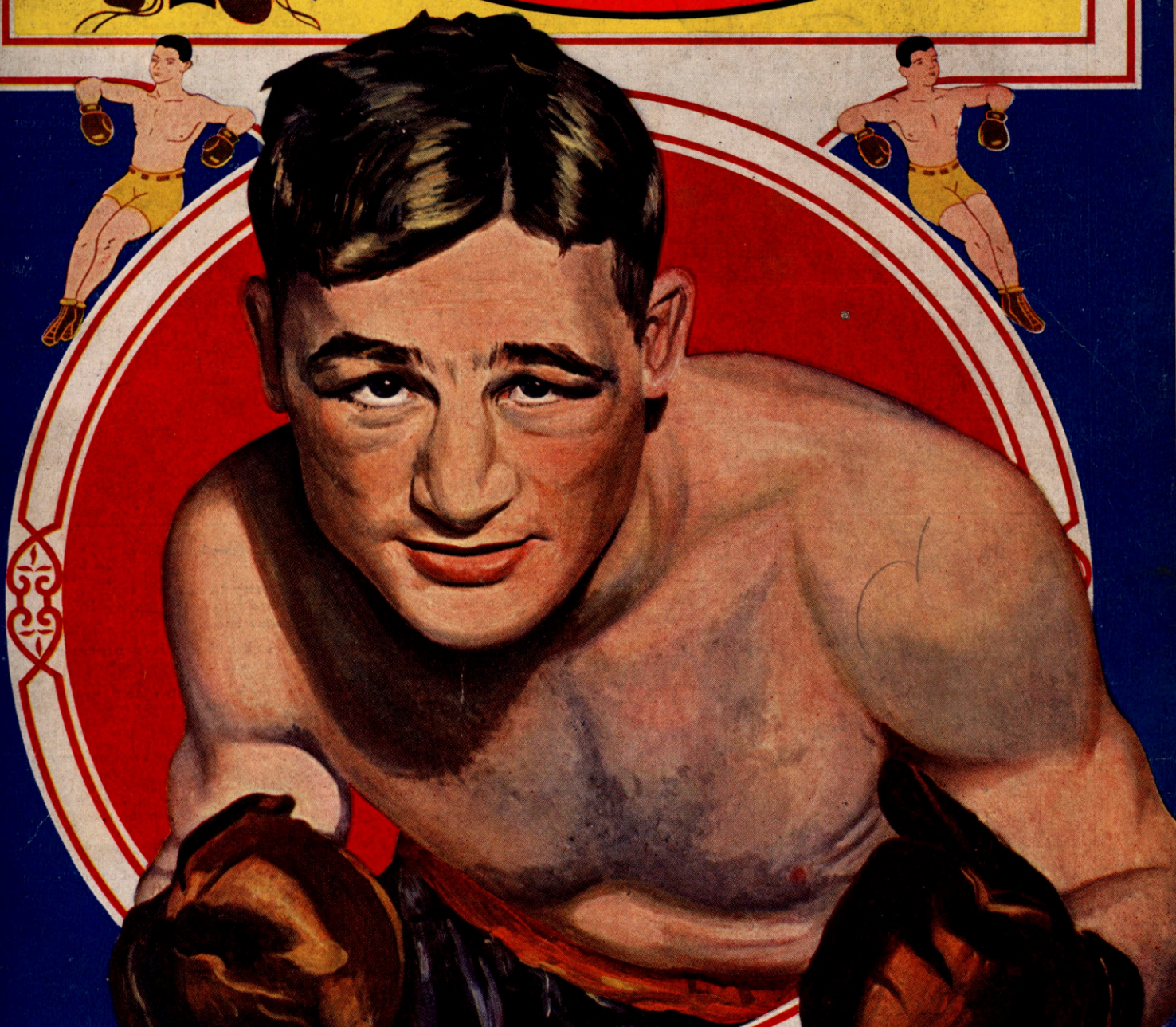

BILLY PETROLLE

THE FARGO EXPRESS

IN THIS ISSUE

THE TEN LEADING MATCHES for 193

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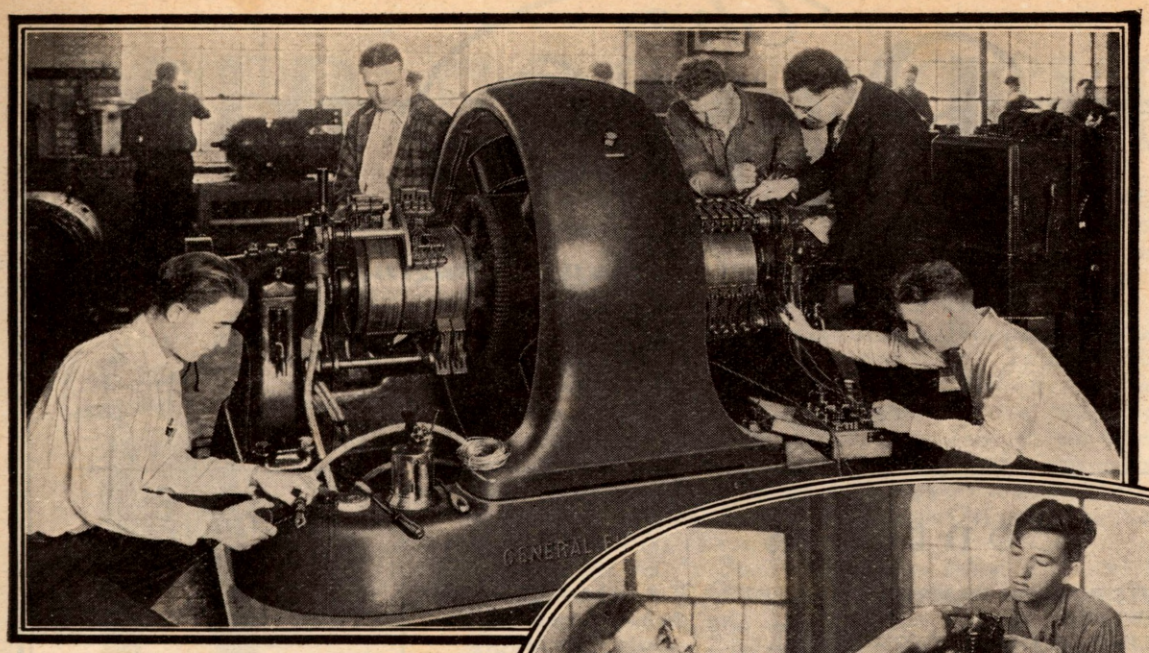

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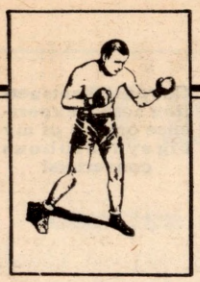

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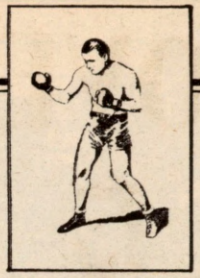

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. X MARCH, 1931 No. 2

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In Our Next Issue

Jack Kofoed tells of the many obstacles that must be overcome in reaching success in the ring, in a story "It's a Long Road to the Boxing Peak."

When boxing supplanted tomahawks in the Indian reservations is Nat Fleischer's feature contribution.

Earl McKee has an interesting story, called "Gentleman Jim", which shows how Corbett gave a new tone to a jaded prize.

Daniel M. Daniel, who has established himself as the outstanding writer of boxing fiction, will have another new drama—"Poor Boy, Rich Boy".

These in addition to the usual features by Frank Graham, Charles F. Mathison, Joe Humphreys, A. D. Phillips and Charles Harvey and another contribution by Tom Mc Ardle, Madison Square Garden Matchmaker.

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

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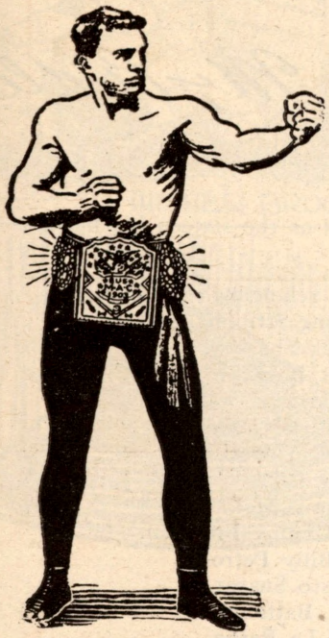

GUS MARTEL
Famous developer of champions and K. O. record holder of the world

Read about Gus Martel, AMATEUR WORLD'S CHAMPION, KNOCKOUT RECORD HOLDER, and DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS. Gus tells the world how he did it. A secret punch, adopted by Police Departments throughout the country, as a police weapon, is revealed, for the first time, by the world's greatest fighter. His system gave Griffo the speed of lightning. He made Griffo stand on a piece of paper and duck all blows to face or body. THE WORLD KNOWS THAT. Gus made world champions of Bat Nelson, George Dixon and others. Ten minutes with Gus sent Nelson to the top, and Dixon's long arms were useless until Gus showed him how to use them. With his hands behind his back, Gus could not be touched in three rounds by one of Sharkey's trainers, and Carnera, the biggest man in the ring today, could not lay a glove on Gus. Gus stopped Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil in 2½ rounds, it took Bob Fitz 13 rounds.

"Strange As It Seems" (*same as believe it or not*) has Gus among the wonders of the World with 500 knockouts: and in Chicago, 1905, knocked out four men in one night—a lightweight, welterweight, middleweight, and a light-heavy. John L., Gus's old Pal, showed Gus how to fight. Bob Fitz, Peter Jackson, Jeffries and the other old timers never fouled. "They don't know how to hit today and neither do they know how to be a real K. O. fighter," says Gus.

With Gus's system you can't foul, and every punch is a K. O.

Tony Canzoneri won the lightweight championship of the world in one minute and six seconds—that's Gus's system. The Corbett jabs, the Fitz plexus and shifts, the McGovern scowl, side steps, parries, ducks, etc., etc., can be learned from fifty-cent books, and are all old stuff, but Martel's copyrighted course can only be bought from MARTEL. Send for his course, boys, and get the record of the greatest fighter on earth, and names, with addresses, of his pupils, including F. J. Pierson, Box 162, Bayside, New York, writes, "Eight knockouts, all in first round with secret punch. Danny Dunn, Springfield, Colo., 9 first round K. O.'s. Time will soon come when any fighter going against Martel's system will only go in the ring to be knocked out," and many others who are on their way to championship honors. Gus's system can be learned at home, his personal demonstrations are only for men like Sharkey, Canzoneri, Berg, and such. LEARN FROM A FIGHTER. Dempsey, Tunney, Fitz knew what to do at the right time in the ring.

Before sending one cent for other boxing courses, ask them to send you write ups of who they ever K. O. Now how in Hell can a man that is or was a trainer or seller of boxing courses tell you how to K. O. anyone when he never had a Ring fight in his life, what he sends you is what you can get from 50c books. I consider Muldoon the greatest trainer the world ever had, was he a fighter, no he was a wrestler. You can't tell a champion how to fight, he already knows; can a primary school boy educate a Harvard professor. Get your instructions, boys from the knockout record holder of the world, and that's Gus Martel. After sending for Gus's course he makes arrangements to be your manager if so desired and advises you in all fights you may have. Tell Gus how the man you are going to fight fights, and holds his guard when fighting, and he will tell you how to knock him out first round like Canzoneri did with or without his secret punch.

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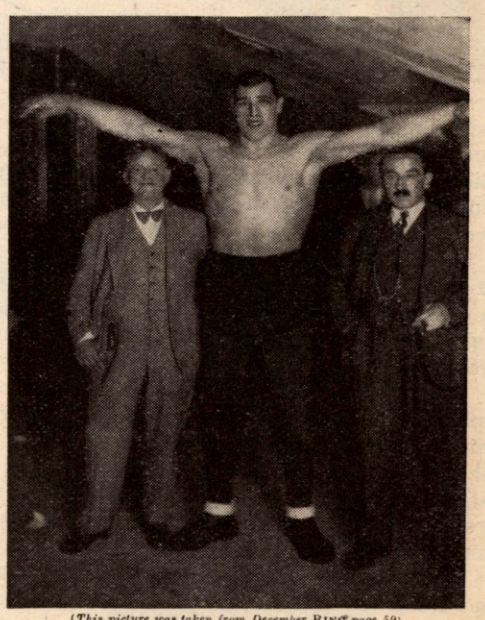


(This picture was taken from December RING page 49)

Primo Carnera, Italian Giant, with his manager, Leon See, on right, and Gus Martel If under his management, Gus guarantees to show Carnera how to knock out any man within three rounds and to be the next world's champion, he must have a method of fighting that beats the world

SIXTEEN BIG BOUTS NAMED *by* McARDLE *for* 1931

AFTER a year of the most pleasant association with Jack Dempsey as an outstanding contributor, THE RING has decided to give the former heavyweight champion a vacation and feature other leading figures in the game.

This is in line with THE RING'S policy of keeping its viewpoint fresh and vigorous.

THE RING believes that after a man has stressed his personal views for a year they are fairly familiar to its readers, and that its readers appreciate the injection of new opinions and new arguments into its editorial contents.

After a rest of several months, Jack Dempsey will return to the columns of THE RING. In the meantime the editor offers Tom McArdle, matchmaker at Madison Square Garden in New York, and one of America's wisest boxing heads.

He will write several articles dealing with the boxing situation, largely from the interesting viewpoint of the man whose business it is to make matches for the discerning New York clientele.

THE RING will present other well known boxing figures from time to time.

By Tom McArdle

Matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, New York

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that 1930 was an off year in boxing. That has been admitted by everybody connected with the game; it has been debated and analyzed. But I do not believe that hitherto the real causes for the fistic drought have been designated definitely.

It has been said that we lack good boxers, fine attractions, men with ability and color. It has been said that the industrial depression, hitting the popular pocketbook, hit boxing as well as other activities.

But for the real reason we must go to the ranks of the boxers and managers themselves. There are plenty of good cards right now. But it remains to be seen if the fighters will profit by their lesson of 1930, and discard their ill-advised attitudes toward actual and serious competition.

Boxers of class have become soft and lazy. They have been pampered. They feel that they can get along without meeting men of real ability. This is especially true of certain champions. Take everything, risk nothing. That's the slogan—and let me say that in these times, it's a slogan that will not work.

The boxing public has been educated to the point at which it demands high class matches. It is not interested in seeing a champion merely because he is a champion. It wants a real fight every time, and it is up to the boxers to realize that and get to work.

I doubt if ever before in the history of the game the matchmakers and promoters were confronted with a situation to match that of today. Here we are with a ranking list which shows a lot of good boxers, and here we are with a list of outstanding matches which would make 1931 a really interesting year. But how are we going to break down the boxers' antipathy to taking chances?

The one way to accomplish this is to ignore those who do not want to fight. Many matchmakers are taking this stand. They are being criticized. The general public is not familiar with the basic reasons and conditions. But in the long run the matchmakers will come out on top.

I have gone over the field carefully, and have arrived at some definite conclusions and drawn up some interesting matches. Before going into a discussion of these bracketings, let me designate what I regard as the sixteen big matches for 1931. They are as follows:

1.—Jack Sharkey vs. Max Schmeling.
2.—Primo Carnera vs. Young Stribling.
3.—Young Stribling vs. Jack Sharkey.
4.—Tuffy Griffiths vs. Max Baer.
5.—Dave Shade vs. Len Harvey.
6.—Shade or Harvey vs. Mickey Walker.
7.—Jackie Berg vs. Tony Canzoneri.
8.—Billy Petrolle vs. Jackie Berg.
9.—Young Corbett vs. Jimmy McLarnin.
10.—Jimmy McLarnin vs. Tommy Freeman.
11.—Jimmy McLarnin vs. Billy Petrolle.
12.—Tony Canzoneri vs. Justo Suarez.
13.—Kid Chocolate vs. Bat Battalino.
14.—Bat Battalino vs. Fidel La Barba.
15.—Bat Battalino vs. Earl Mastro.
16.—Bat Battalino vs. Kid Francis.

You will agree that if 1931 can develop even ten of these sixteen it will be marked with an activity and develop an interest unmatched in the last five years.

It will be more than interesting to note how this thing works out. How many of these men will accept the call of the public and respect the demands of the sport which has made them.

* * *

WE all know that as the heavyweight situation goes, so goes boxing. As a result the matchmakers are concentrating on the big fellows—working with the hope that order can be developed out of chaos, and the interest and confidence of the public built up to the old standard.

Now, let's see how things stand. We all know that a Sharkey-Schmeling match is the best attraction before the public.

Sharkey wants to fight, but the German felt that first he should eliminate Stribling who is generally regarded as one of the three leading contenders. The public also would be more pleased to see such an arrangement.

In the meantime, Stribling, seeing a Schmeling match in sight preferred that to another meeting with Sharkey.

There is no denying the color and drama which lie in big Carnera. It may be that this big Italian boy will prove the salvation of the boxing game. He has been showing tremendous improvement as a fighter and inside another year may be the standout, forcing entry into the championship situation.

I say this with no intent to involve myself in an argument with the New York Commission, which has been very determined to keep Carnera out of New York. But if and when this Commission puts its okeh on Carnera, the game will get an impetus.

On the Carnera side, it might be suggested that his handlers stop regarding him as a circus freak and discard the setups they fed him in 1930. Carnera is big enough to handle himself in any company, and his management would do well to stress that fact in its business arrangements for 1931.

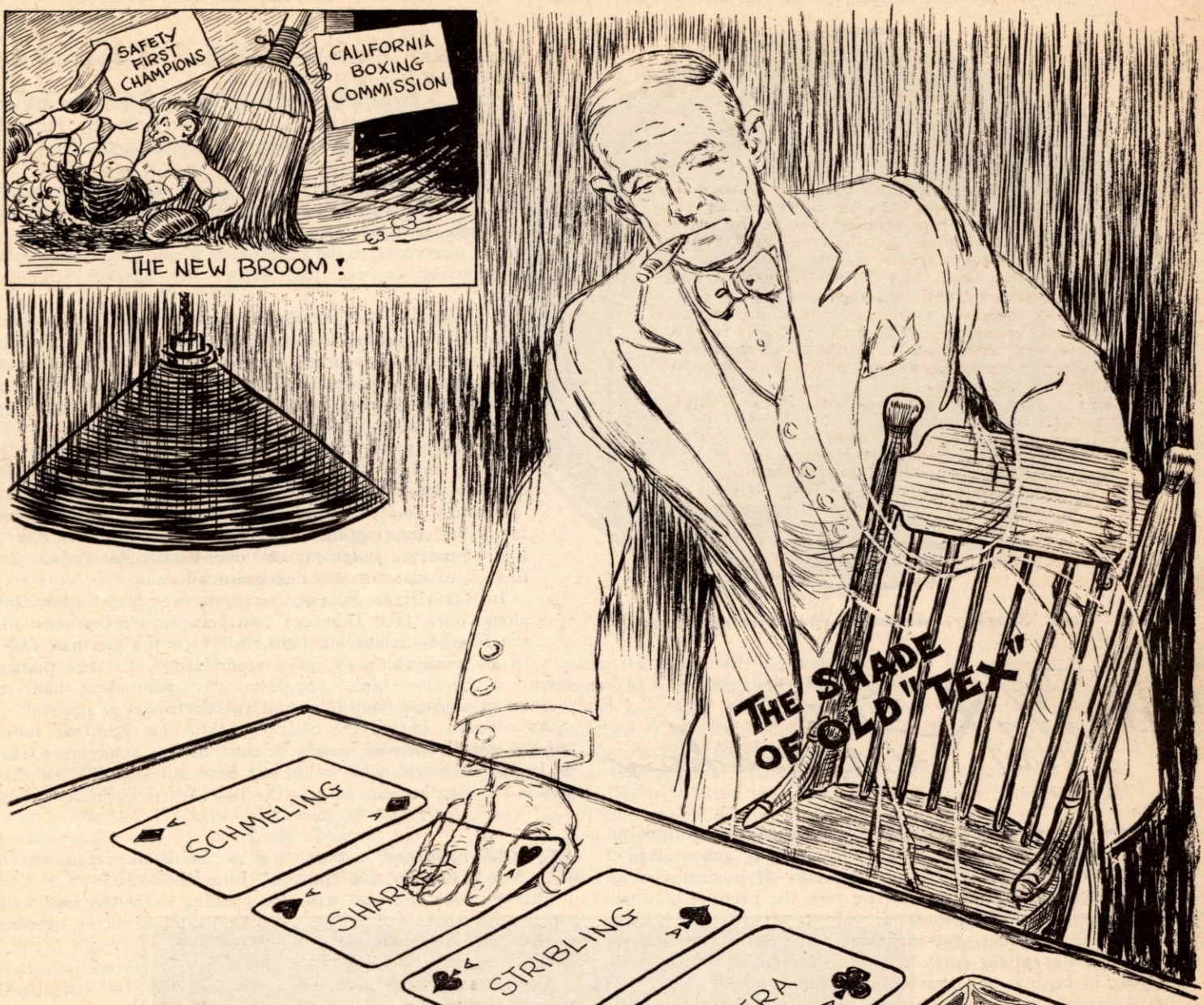
I have no doubt that within a short time things will begin to take shape in the heavyweight division.

Now let us go down the line and talk matches. It is distressing to find Mickey Walker, once (*Continued on page* 44)

Fistic Cartoonettes

By "Lank" Leonard

THE NEW BROOM!



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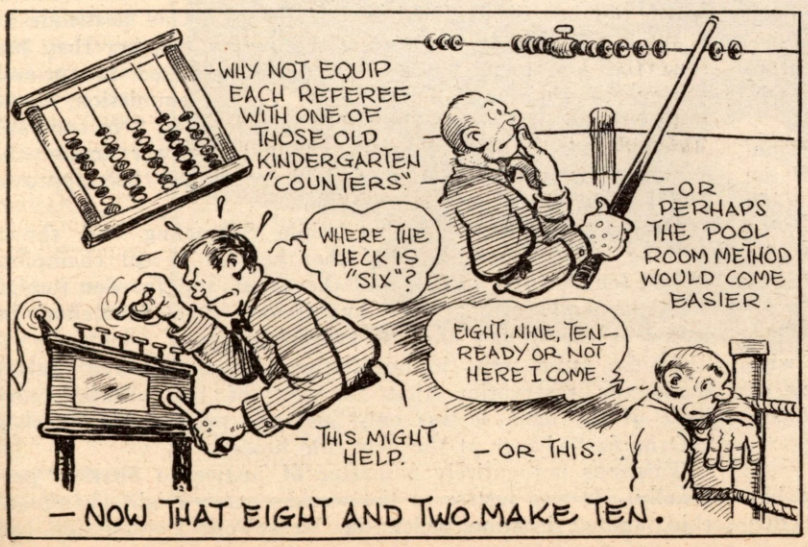
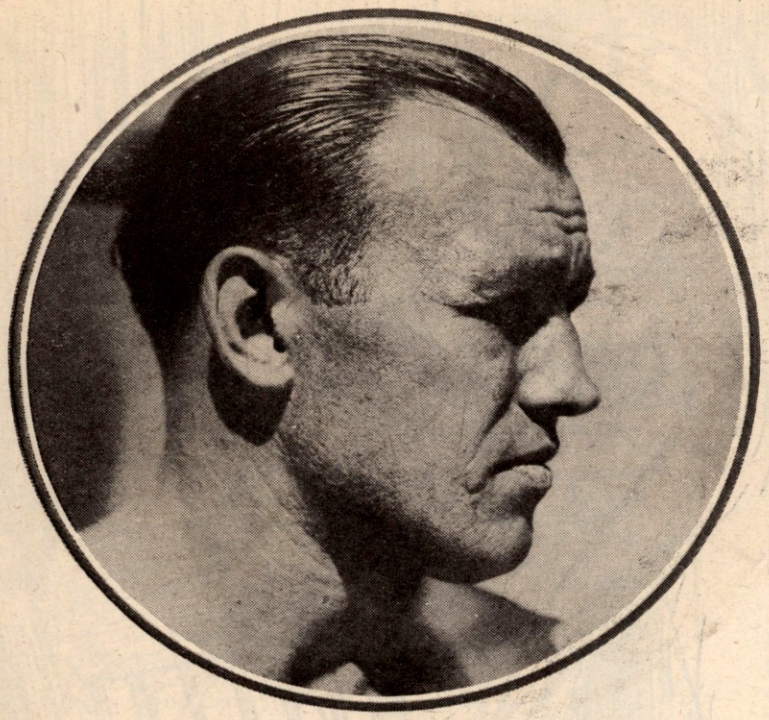


STILL A CUB!

LANK LEONARD

SHARKEY, STRIBLING



Jack Sharkey, American heavyweight king

By Max Fleischer

THE year 1930, with its surprises and its disappointments, its ratings and its ranting, is gone. And I don't know anybody in the sport of boxing who regrets its passing. Now we face the promise of much improved conditions not only as regards the pocketbook of the customer, but the availability of real matches.

There is no getting away from the fact that 1930 was an off year in boxing, and that this was due largely to the fact that America's matchmakers had very little to work with.

Class in the ring comes and goes in cycles. It's like everything else—business, art, drama, music. Greats come and they pass, and it takes a little time to readjust ourselves and to develop what we regard as worthy successors. Our point of view has a lot to do with this development. Sometimes we rate the stars of the past too highly, and look for too much from the men of the present.

Let us look over the field and note what 1931 holds in store for the followers of boxing—for the boxers and the matchmakers and promoters.

Of course, attention centers in the heavyweight division. This class furnishes the barometer of the sport. If the heavies flourish, the game is on a paying basis. If the big boys languish, boxing is in a bad way.

There has been a lot of talk about a fitting match in the big class. Max Schmeling, the German who confused everything by taking the title on a foul from Jack Sharkey, must be concerned with the outstanding match of the year. The doubt as to Schmeling's class which arose in his meeting with Sharkey must be eliminated, either by the strengthening of the Teuton's position, or the defeat of the foreign title holder.

* * *

THIS matter of a suitable opponent for Schmeling has been debated with acrimony, and perhaps without due consideration of factors injected into the situation by the New York Boxing Commission.

There is no getting away from the fact that the one and only match that stands out is the one urged by James A. Farley, Bill Muldon and General Phelan of the New York Commission.

They have insisted that Schmeling fight Sharkey again, and they are well within their rights, and well within the common sense of the situation.

Let us go back to the situation as it confronted the American boxing devotee just before the Sharkey-Schmeling fight.

The German had secluded himself in his native country, refusing to take on the contenders who came to the fore here from time to time.

Among these contenders was Young Stribling, the man Schmeling's manager has insisted on as the proper opponent for next Summer.

It was up to Sharkey to put Stribling out of the running, and he did it in more or less impressive fashion down at Miami.

Sharkey took them all on. He had a most unhappy faculty of figuring in fouls, but this, I feel, was due to lack of mature judgment and over-excitement rather than to lack of class or any deliberate intention.

It was left to Sharkey to fight everybody who came along, once Jack Dempsey had gone into retirement. In the Sharkey-Schmeling fight, in which the German failed to show anything except a stolid ability to take punishment, it became quite apparent why Schmeling had remained in Germany until he had got the Sharkey match.

As a result, before the Sharkey-Schmeling fight, we found the German in the ring mainly because he was a foreigner. Had he been an American he would not have got that far. Sharkey was in the ring because he was the best American heavyweight.

* * *

WHAT happened in that ring at the Yankee Stadium in New York on the night of June 12, 1930?

Sharkey took the lead with the opening exchange, and went along with that lead. The German exhibited little to commend him as a contender.

Old timers, accustomed to seeing finished fighters in heavyweight championship combat, were amazed and chagrined. Schmeling was game, and he could take it. But it was apparent that before the limit of fifteen rounds he would be blinded and stopped by a vastly superior boxer.

However, Sharkey lost his head. He fouled the foreigner in the fourth round, and the title went to Schmeling.

Here I want to interpolate a possibility of the moment, which did not develop because of Farley's cool headedness.

While the referee was asking the judges whether they had seen the low punch, while the place remained in turmoil, Farley, as chairman of the New York Commission, could have stepped to the ringside and called the affair "No contest." The commission has that broad police power under the Walker Law, and thousands would have roared their approval had Farley taken that action.

However, Farley felt that while Schmeling had shown nothing to warrant the belief that he was a real champion, it was for the best interests of the game, and for our foreign relations and international impression, that Schmeling be hailed as the winner and the champion.

At the same time, in negotiations which followed, Farley made the reservation that in view of the unsatisfactory issue of the fight, it was only just and proper that Sharkey get the first chance at the new title holder.

This was not entirely a matter of justice to Sharkey personally. It was justice to the world's heavyweight championship, and a situation which the New York Commission had

or GIANT CARNERA?

Who stands out for title fight with Schmeling?

worked on most laboriously, in the face of tremendous opposition. The commission had fought its way out of chaos, and it believed that a return fight between Sharkey and Schmeling was the best thing to rebuild confidence in the heavyweight title, as well as the prestige of the championship.

* * *

IF not Sharkey against Schmeling, who? This question has been answered in various ways. But the only way it can be answered is through a return match.

Suppose you take up the Young Stribling issue. Jack Dempsey rated the Georgian first among the heavies in THE RING'S annual rankings for 1930. This was Dempsey's personal opinion and not essentially the opinion of the editor of THE RING.

In fact, THE RING did not believe that Dempsey made out a very strong case in favor of Stribling.

What did Stribling do in 1930 to merit this elevation to the top place? He beat Scott, who had been softened up by Sharkey. He beat Von Porat, who never was a first flight heavyweight. That was proved in the Scott-Von Porat bout in New York.

What did Stribling do in 1930 to dissipate the memory or the effect of the Sharkey victory over Stribling at Miami? Not a single thing.

If not Sharkey, if not Stribling, who? We get an interesting answer. Carnera.

Well, why Carnera? What has Carnera actually accomplished to warrant tossing him into a world's heavyweight championship match?

How much of the Carnera extravaganza of 1930 was bona fide, how much was of the circus variety?

When Carnera met Maloney in Boston, the American won. And nobody is around shouting the right of Maloney to enter into the heavyweight debate.

In addition, Carnera and those who manage him are not in the good graces of the New York Commission. Rather let it be said that they are in high disfavor. Carnera seemingly cannot get a fight in New York, and at this time there is no demand that the New York Commission change its attitude in this matter.

* * *

THE conclusion is reached that a Sharkey - Schmeling match is the one engagement that stands out for the year 1931.

The conclusion also is reached that Schmeling has been evading the issue with Sharkey because of the memory of the punishment which Max got as long as the Sharkey match lasted.

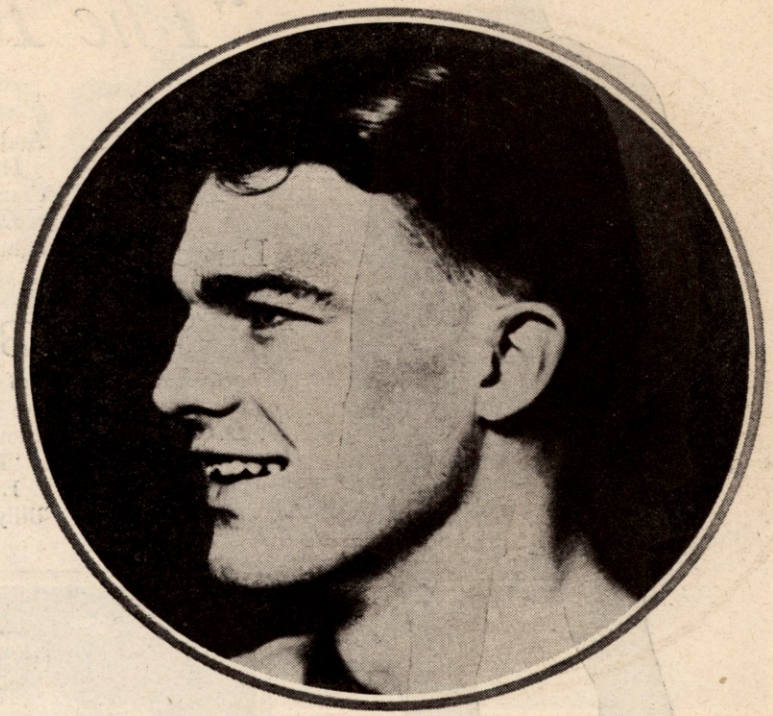
There are softer marks for Schmeling, but perhaps nobody mentioned as an outstanding contender would be soft enough to drop the decision to the German.

It is believed that Sharkey could stop Schmeling in a return match. It is believed that Stribling would beat Schmeling. It is felt that even Carnera would win over Max.

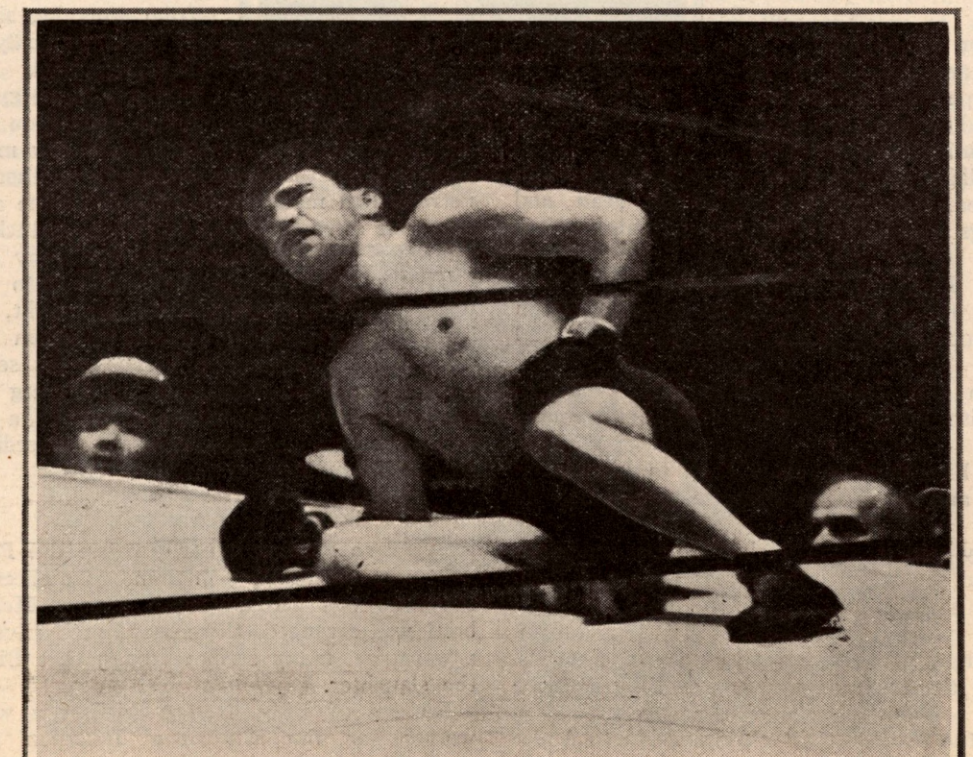
It is not felt that Stribling could beat Sharkey if they met again. Nor is it felt here that Carnera could bother Sharkey.

The summary leaves Sharkey against Schmeling, and it supports the New York Commission in an effort that is for the best interests of the sport.

It is unfortunate that the Garden contract was not permitted to run its natural course, for there is no doubt that Sharkey would have been forced on Schmeling through popular approval. Schmeling wants no more of Sharkey. He is tickled silly at the new turn of affairs. Had Stribling and Sharkey been matched, it is my opinion that Sharkey would have emerged exactly in the place he occupies to-day — the best heavyweight in the world.



Young Stribling, the Hope of the South



The look of agony. How Max Schmeling won the world's heavyweight title

BILLY PETROLLE
"The FARGO EXPRESS"

Billy Petrolle ready for a gym workout

By Eugene Fitzgerald

(Sports Editor of the Fargo, N. D. Forum)

"THEY never come back." That's an old adage in sports, especially in boxing. When a fellow has once hung up his fighting togs and then removes the moth balls to take another crack at the game in which he once starred, the fight fan shakes his head, and the boxing scribe digs up the old line, and in unison, they remark:

"It can't be done. They never come back."

They said it when the great Jim Jeffries tried to regain the heavyweight championship from Jack Johnson. And they were right.

They said it when Jim Corbett tried to regain his lost laurels in his fight with Jeffries. And again the old Nemesis could not be shaken.

The said it when Fitz tried to come back in his second battle with Jeffries and again the obstacle could not be pushed aside.

And still later, they said it when Jack Dempsey made his comeback attempt and the world knows what happened then.

"They never come back."

That's a truism in sports, but it doesn't always hold firm. There are a few fighters who have overcome this Nemesis. Two of them turned the trick only recently. Billy Petrolle and Tony Canzoneri.

Tony, after losing the featherweight championship to Andre Routis, didn't bemoan his fate. Instead, he decided he still was young and would attempt a comeback. Did he succeed? And how! Canzoneri even surprised himself.

He came within an ace of winning the junior lightweight championship, a quarter of an ounce depriving him of the crown, and then he knocked Al Singer kicking to win the world's lightweight title.

* * *

BUT what Canzoneri did, is not to be compared with the wonderful feat of Billy Petrolle. About a year ago this stocky, swarthy-skinned Italian, popularly dubbed the Fargo Express, was badly beaten by Henry Tuttle, better known as King Tut of St. Paul.

"He's all in," was the cry of the fans. "He should retire."

Even his manager, Jack Hurley, was a little skeptical about Billy's future, but he didn't agree with those who figured Billy was passe at 25, and in his fatherly way—for Jack and Billy have always been pals—Hurley requested Petrolle to hang up his gloves for a while. "Take a long rest, Billy," he urged, "then you'll be ready for a comeback."

Jack Hurley, the Chief Engineer of the "Fargo Express"

Only a fighter knows what that means. Few really want to give up the sport once they've made their mark and Petrolle was no different from the rest. But he took Hurley's advice and quit the ring with a neat bankroll of $75,000 which he had well invested.

But the ring had its fascination for Petrolle. He couldn't keep away from it and to ease matters, Hurley arranged a referee tour through the Northwest where Billy always has been a favorite and that helped keep him from worrying sick.

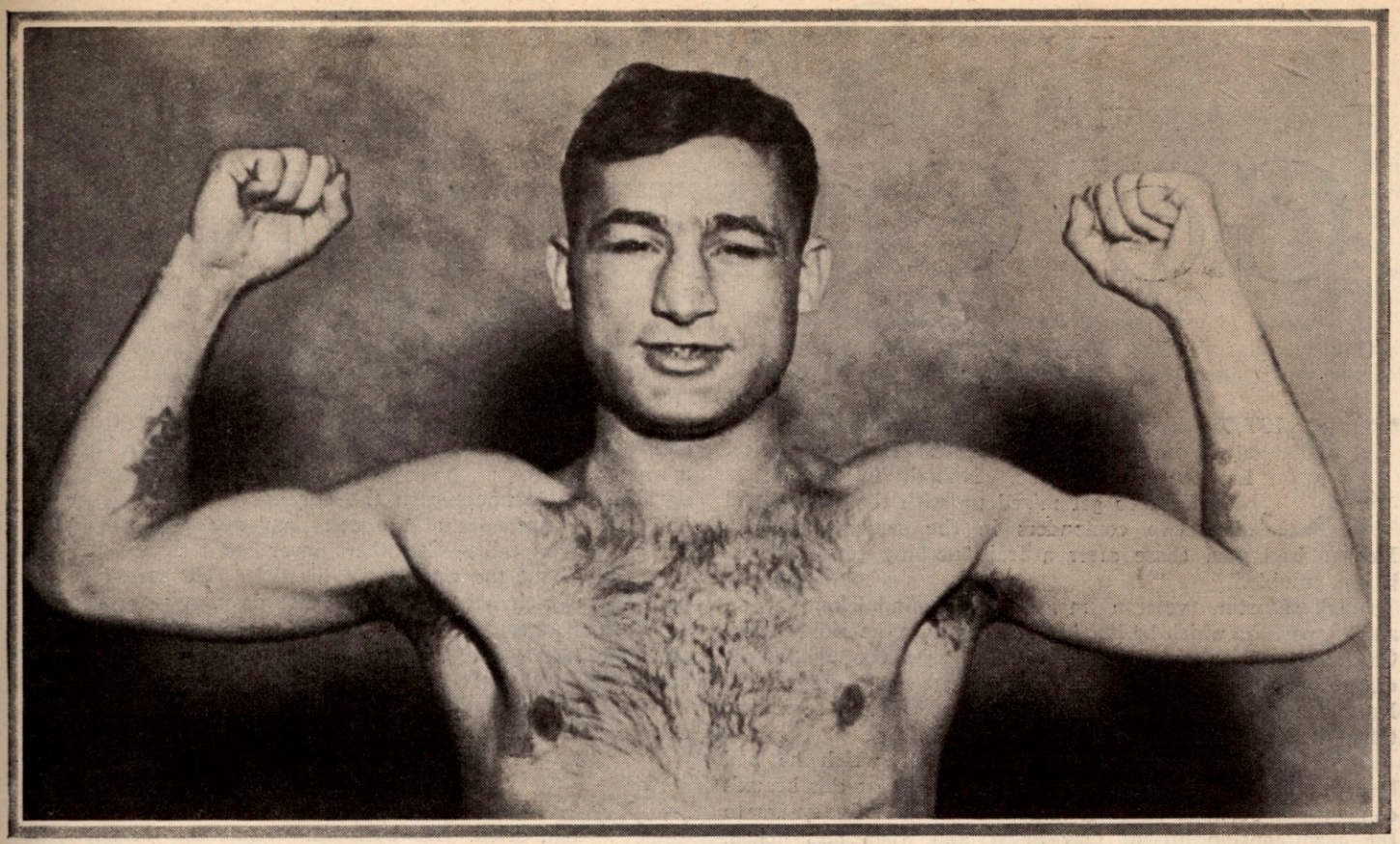
Then suddenly came a change! Petrolle, back in Duluth, visited Hurley's new gymnasium and after much persuasion, argued Hurley into booking a few minor fights, "just to keep in trim." One match led to another and ere long, Billy Petrolle had made the comeback of the age. He had scored knockout after knockout and then he tackled the tough Tony Canzoneri in Chicago and handed Tony a lambasting.

That match brought Billy back into the fistic limelight, just as Hurley had predicted. Overnight, Petrolle's name was heralded among the stars and Madison Square Garden and other big arenas were bidding for his services. That's how he got the fight with Jackie Kid Berg for the New York Garden, a battle in which there was a division of opinion regarding the winner although the verdict was awarded to the Englishman.

* * *

BUT so sterling a performance did Petrolle give, that he was acclaimed with thunderous cheers, and, although the loser, he was matched with Jimmy McLarnin. When that bout was arranged, there was much adverse criticism in the newspapers, many scribes feeling that Billy would be led to the slaughter.

Instead of Billy, it was McLarnin who was led to the wolves for the Vancouver Irishman received the worst shellacking he has ever obtained in a ring battle and twice was on the verge of a knockout. Billy gave the Garden fans



The "Fargo Express" showing his chest, arm and shoulder development

the thrill that comes only once in a lifetime when he dropped Jimmy twice, only a fraction of a second on one occasion saving him from being counted out.

Was that a comeback? And how!

Do you wonder that Petrolle feels cocky and acclaims himself the leader of both the lightweight and welterweight class? He feels that he is master of any fighter in these divisions and so does Hurley. Hurley has told Billy that before another year lapses he will be a double champion and as anything Hurley says is law with Billy, the prediction will surely come true if Petrolle gets the chance he's after. Hurley is the engineer of the Fargo Express and as engineer, he never yet has steered the Express wrong.

This Hurley angle is more important in the conbination than one might casually think. All of Petrolle's success is due to the ingenuity of Hurley, the Master Mind. Ask Petrolle. He'll tell you quite emphatically that Hurley taught him all he knows about fighting and he's grateful for it. That's why there is no contract between Hurley and Petrolle.

* * *

PETROLLE is the hardest fighter in the world to interview. "I do the fighting for this combination and Hurley does the talking," are his words. Many a sports scribe has heard that emanating from Petrolle.

Hurley is not the type of manager so prevalent in the boxing game today. Most managers are little more than booking agents. Hurley is a smart ring general. He is quick to pick up the weaknesses of fighters. Hurley knew what McLarnin could do and what he couldn't do. He rehearsed with Petrolle three weeks in advance of the biggest fistic upheaval of 1930.

Petrolle was a preliminary fighter when he was discovered by Hurley. Hurley took Petrolle in tow and taught him to bob and weave, patterning his attack after Jack Dempsey. He advised Petrolle to keep his opponents so busy defending themselves that they wouldn't have time to fight back.

Hurley eliminated the tendency of all beginners to concentrate their attack to the head. He made of Petrolle primarily a body puncher. "Don't hit them in the head until you've hit them in the body," was Hurley's admonition. "When they get their hands down to protect their body, hit them in the head. None of them like 'em in the body. Give them what they don't like," was Hurley's instruction.

Hurley taught Petrolle to "turn on the fan," pumping both hands to the stomach while in close. This has led to the downfall of many of Petrolle's opponents.

* * *

THERE came the day when Petrolle was made into a main-event fighter. He went east when Hurley gathered up his stable for a journey to the Atlantic

(*Continued on page* 44)

Billy's father and mother. His dad, Frank Petrolle, is an employee of the Northern Pacific Railroad at Fargo, N. D.

SAPS GO COURTING

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

"LISTEN, kid, I notice that Meehan and you are stuck on that Maureen Snow. Take my advice. Let the dames alone. Nobody in our racket can afford to get mixed up with the girls. And when two contenders in the same class, like Meehan and you, chase after a frail, nothing can come of it but trouble."

Chick Martin, veteran manager, was indulging in an ancient pastime which he liked to call "spilling the old advice." Chick was trying to pilot Georgie Leary to the lightweight championship, and the little byplay between Georgie and Newt Meehan wasn't to Martin's liking. He had seen that thing so often, and always it had led to grief.

Chick bit ferociously at the nickel cigar which he had been "dry smoking" for an hour. "I tell you that this beaux's competition between Meehan and you will add five years to the championship life of Izzy Segal, and when he's licked, it won't be Meehan or you that will do it. That is, if you two loons keep battling for that girl."

Martin spat derisively. "Imagine two he-men like you birds, rivals for a kid that ain't much more than a smile and a fine set of teeth. Why, in our game, only saps go courting."

Leary rose petulantly, even aggressively. "Chick, I am willing to sit here and listen to your advice and all that, but please leave the girl out of it." Leary insisted. "She's a good kid and a square shooter, and the trouble is that neither Meehan nor I should be hanging around her. She's worth ten of us. But I'd hate to see her fall into the clutches of that rat."

Martin chuckled. "Fine spirit, my boy. But I still insist that fighters and dames don't mix, and if a story will do you any good, I'll tell it. Yes, I'm going to tell it whether it does you any good or not. So sit back and listen."

* * *

MARTIN bit at a new five-center and settled back. "It was in 1895, or maybe 1896, yeh, 1895, right after that world's fair in Chicago. That fair brought a lot of good-looking dames into that roaring town, and one of them was Kay Gordonere, from down in New Orleans.

"Listen. This Maureen of yours is a good looker. But she couldn't hold a candle to this Kay girl from Louisiana. This Gordonere had curves. You don't see women like that any more—and it's a pity they'll starve and diet to look like skeletons.

"Kay was the toast of Chicago. And a lucky girl. If she sat by your side at the Enderley Club, the roulette wheel became bewitched and you raked in the money. If she went to the races at the Harlem track with you, she picked nothing but winners. A lucky dame if ever there was one, and the rich blades and the sporting men competed for her favor. I was kind of stuck on her myself.

"Well, it was inevitable. Tommy Manners, middleweight champion of the world, came in from New York for that great fight with Toots Slavin—knocked Toots out in two heats, he did, and what a fighter! Keep your Dempsey and your Ketchel. That Manners—well, coming from the fight and victory to the Enderley Club, he met Kay.

"Not a good looking guy, this Manners. One of them old-school pugs, with a shaved neck and no education. But he was a broth of a boy, with plenty of dough at that time, and, of course, the winner. Remember this, kid. They like a winner!

"Did this Manners rush the lady? Well, he wouldn't let her rest. Afternoons at the races and nights at the theatre and the gaming table—the others never had a chance. Manners forgot all about the ring, about his title. He passed up rich matches, as rich fights went in those days.

"Nothing meant anything to Manners. He was crazy about that girl, and she sort of let on that she was nutty about him. I don't know. Maybe she was. Women are hard to judge. Maybe she wasn't. Every woman is a great actress, kid. Remember that."

* * *

MARTIN fixed himself a little potion. His whistle had dried. He went on. "While this Manners, the great champion, was giving this Gordonere lady the rush, in comes Kid McCartney, another beau from the big burg.

"McCartney was about as clever a boy as the ring ever has seen. You know—one of them corkscrew lads. Shifty, fast, a hitter. And, a terror with the ladies.

"Listen, you've seen some good-looking birds in and out of the ring, in the theatre and on the street. But this McCartney was an Apollo. One of them black-haired Irish, with dancing, deep set eyes, well spoken, a strong, firm mouth, a fine-looking face and a perfect build.

"McCartney would have beaten Kid Mathews for the title long before Manners got in his licks, but McCartney never was in shape. In New York you could find him with the girls at the Haymarket, at the bar of the Hoffman House, or at the stage door of the Madison Square Theatre,—a real Johnny of the old school.

"Fighting was just a side line with McCartney. He was too good looking. Well, anyway, he came to Chicago—chased Manners there looking for a match—and ran into Kay Gordonere. The very fact that Manners was courting the beauty with success gave unusual zest to the situation for the Kid. Here was a picture very much to his liking.

"McCartney came to the Enderley Club one night, sidled up to Manners and the beauty, and was introduced—a surly introduction it was, too, kid. I was there that night. Never will forget the look on that girl's face when she gave this McCartney the once over! She fell for the lad like Tony fell for Cleopatra back there on the Nile.

* * *

"YOU never can tell about men any more than you can tell about women, kid," Martin went on. "Us humans are strange machines. For years this McCartney plays around with the beauties of his set on Broadway and now he meets this girl from New Orleans and for the first time in his life—well, you guessed it. He fell in love.

"Now Manners liked Kay, but more out of vanity. He liked the idea of a beauty like Kay being seen with him. But he had no deep feeling for anybody but Manners.

"Now McCartney was one of us sentimental Irish. He looked into this girl's eyes, and he was gone. She looked into his eyes—and she began to fall.

"It was an interesting and engrossing spectacle that Chicago

Chick Martin Spins a Parable for His Boxer But Youth is Dumb

sporting circles watched for the next three months. She was a cagy, wily dame, schooled in an old and hard school. Her father was a croupier in a gambling house and he had taught her well. She played fast and loose.

"McCartney forgot all about the match he had come to Chicago to get. Fights meant nothing to him. He just had to win the girl—had to win her away from Manners.

"Three months, and then McCartney's cash went low and he caught a bad cold which took a firm grip on him. There was just enough of the mercenary in that Gordonere girl to make her fight off a growing love for McCartney, and she left the Kid flat. Manners had won. And how the big braggart liked it.

"We were sore. Sore at the girl, sore at McCartney for going broke and getting sick."

* * *

"LISTEN, Kid, I cried when I saw this McCartney come to the old Palmer House, up in Manners' suite, and ask him to lend him five hundred," Martin resumed after another libation.

" 'Manners, you old son of a gun, you win,' says McCartney. 'I'm flat and sick, and I am told by the doc that I must rush to Texas to get well again. When I do I'll see you, and maybe take that title away from you.'

"McCartney laughed, and Manners roared. He patted the Kid on the back and handed him five centuries. 'Here ye are, Kid, go down to Blake Carter in San Antone and tell him I sent ye. Tell him to take good care of you. And stop chasing after the dames. They don't go good with fighters.'

"McCartney laughed, and Manners laughed, and we all had a snifter and then took the Kid down to the railroad station for the midnight to St. Louis, where he gets the Katy for Texas.

"Well, months go along. Manners takes on a few tramps. He does not like training and can't afford to take chances with the hounds that are baying on his trail and demanding that he defend the title against a good man.

"Kay sticks close all the time. The cash is holding out with Manners, and the girl lives like a lady of a mogul of the wheat pit, out on the Gold Coast. Fine carriage and pair, footman, and the trimmings.

"Two months later McCartney sends a letter asking for the loan of twenty. As far down as that. Two weeks later he writes for twenty more. Then for ten. Finally he begs for a five. Manners arranged to ship him ten a week. McCartney still was in San Antonio, still trying to get his health back."

* * *

MARTIN bit at a new cheroot. "Yeh, he was getting his health back. About six months after he had gone to Texas he sent Manners a long letter. He wanted Manners to give him a fight.

" 'I am tired of imposing on your good nature and your charity,' the letter read. 'Give me a fight, so that I may land myself a couple of thousand. That would keep me until complete recovery. And go easy with me. Four heats and then I take the old dive. Arrange it with Steve McKellar, at Tattersall's in Chicago.'

"Manners read it over and over again—showed it to Kay. She cried. 'Oh, give the Kid a chance. It won't cost you anything. He is in need, sick—do it for him.'

"Well, the next day Manners wires to McCartney that it is all arranged. They are to fight within a month. 'Don't get here until the morning of the fight, as I don't want McKellar to see the shape you're in or the newspaper boys to get a glimpse of your sickly looking phizz," Manners wrote to him.

And that was just what McCartney did. He even improved on the plan. He didn't show up at Tattersall's until eight o'clock—said he just had arrived. Say, did he look pale! Why, to look at the Kid you'd think he was ready for the next world. I cried when I laid my eyes on him. A shell of a lad—and him who had been the beau of Broadway!

"Manners came into the dressing room to look at him, and even that brute had to flinch when he saw the ashen face of his erstwhile rival.

" 'Don't worry, Kid—make it two rounds—and you are to get three thousand. I wish you luck,' said Manners.

* * *

"WELL, kid, you don't have to take it from me. Jack Curley was there. The record book will bear me out," Martin went on.

"At first the packed house was amazed over McCartney's appearance. His face was pale, but his body looked rosy, healthy. Sunburned, wiry.

"They fiddled through the first round, and then Manners got ready to give him the bump-off.

"But you never saw a round like the second. All of a sudden McCartney threw off all the theatricals, and the makeup. He was the wolf of other days. He was fast, and how he hit!

"Manners first was astounded, then he began to realize that he had been played for a sucker.

"Ask Jack Curley how snarly that McCartney could be. How tough, how relentless! He cut Manners to ribbons. And all the while he kept saying, 'How will that dame like you now, Adonis?'

"Manners had done no training for the fight, and his anger didn't make it any easier for him. McCartney kept jabbing, kept shooting that wicked corkscrew. Manners rushed, and then tired. It was rat—tat-tat on Manners' beak, a left then a right—the blood streaming out of the champion's nose and from a cut over his left eye that never did heal thereafter.

"Well, kid, you know what had happened. That McCartney had built himself into a physical marvel down in Texas, living out of doors, riding the range, doing everything with just that one motive in mind—revenge!

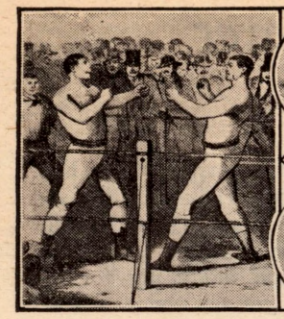
"That pale face was just makeup. I don't know what he had used. It looked like a professional job. After it had washed off you glimpsed a tanned, fine looking McCartney—a better looking guy than ever—just about the best looking fighter you ever saw. Listen, kid, don't sneak a look in the mirror. You and that Meehan would rank along with Bull Montana, when put alongside that McCartney."

* * *

"THAT'S one fight I never will forget. Ask Jack Curley. He was there," Martin continued. "Manners was game and he hung on. That was what McCartney wanted. He didn't want to knock him out. Just wanted to play with him. How that Kid could do that! A master in anything that had to do with craftiness, tricks. The Corkscrew Kid.

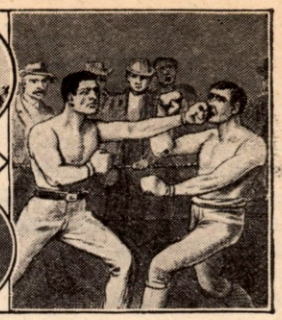
"In the eight round Manners' seconds had to throw up the sponge. The champion was blinded. His face was a crimson mass. His body was welted and bruised. His arms hung limp at his sides. Yes, the tough Manners was crying. Tears of vexation, I suppose.

" 'Me a sucker,' he kept on saying. He said it in delirium all night, raved and ranted and cried—and kept calling for Kay. Did she show up? Not she, (*Continued on page* 42)



FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

By A. D. PHILLIPS



ERN WADDY, an old timer in Adelaide, Australia, recently paid a visit to his friend, Dan Creedon, and was so impressed with what this one time famous fighter had to say about the men of his period that he forwarded to me Creedon's impressions which I, in turn, am passing on to RING readers.

Creedon, who it will be remembered fought many thrilling battles while on a visit to this country, his most celebrated ones being a 20-round victory over Frank Craig, a six-round draw with Joe Choynski, a 20-round draw with Tommy West and two 20-round losses to Joe Walcott, is now living in Melbourne. He is a rather depressed individual, for, like other fighters of his time, he was in his prime just thirty years too soon.

Dan always was a great admirer of Jeffries. To this day he thinks there never was a better fighter than Jim, although Creedon always had a fond spot in his heart for three other great products of Australia, Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons and Young Griffo. As a discussion on the greatness of past and present fighters always is of interest, I shall let Dan Creedon, in his own words, give his impressions of these celebrities. So here goes:

"I think Jeffries in his prime was the greatest heavyweight the world has ever seen. The way Jeff would creep up on an opponent and rip up with that right and left hook, has never been duplicated by a heavyweight since his time except one—Jack Dempsey."

As for Fitz, Creedon thought the world of him and Ruby Robert, likewise, always was ready to give a helping hand to his Australian pal whom Fitz had once knocked out in two rounds. Interviewed by Waddy, Creedon told how on one occasion, while fighting in Chicago, he had received a severe blow on the back of the neck that had almost paralyzed him. When he went to his corner he was almost out and while his seconds were working on him, a big, freckled figure leaped over the ropes to his side and grabbing a bottle of smelling salts, thumped it under his nose and quickly revived him. The new comer was none other than Fitz, dressed in an evening suit.

"He almost lifted me from off the chair with that whiff he forced under my nose," related Creedon, "but it sure was a proud moment for me to see the Freckled Boy, all dressed up to kill, hop into that ring to bring me aid. Fitz was a prince of a fellow and one of the ring's marvels."

* * *

How Griffo Received Cauliflower Ear

IT was Creedon who gave Griffo his cauliflower ear. Here is how it was done, according to Dan.

"It happened in Sydney at the Sir Joseph Banks' Hotel. This was a famous sports rendezvous forty years ago. In fact, the entire place was famous for its sports. I was in training for a contest in the hotel's gymnasium when Griffo, accompanied by several sportsmen, including some bookmakers, walked in. Griffo's friends were anxious to see him in action and suggested that he and I get together in a four-round exhibition and I agreed.

"It was a fierce encounter and I was all in. Naturally, I had just completed a long road run and had had my calisthenics and boxing and was tired long before Griffo, who was fresh and in fine condition, appeared. I was not satisfied and suggested that we have another friendly little exhibition the following day, a plan which was acceptable to Griffo.

"This time, however, I remained in bed until noon so as to be fresh for the mill and again we had a terrific setto although all in fun. But when this second go was over, poor Griffo had his ear thickened to twice its normal size and for the rest of his life, he carried the boxer's badge of honor given to him in a private exhibition."

Of the present-day fighters Creedon thinks they are too pampered and that high finance has hurt the game. Yet, like other old timers, he is willing to admit that boxing has progressed and that the fellow of today knows more about the science of boxing than when he was in his prime but he lacks the hitting power, stamina and courage of the men of thirty years ago.

* * *

Fitz's Punching Powers

SOME time before Bob Fitzsimmons wrested the title from Jim Corbett, he had promised Peter Maher a return bout. Their first mill had ended in a twelve-round knockout for Peter. When the second engagement was arranged, Bob was hot on the trail of Corbett, and during the chase, Fitz, by way of demonstrating his right to the fight, had chloroformed both Dan Creedon and Joe Choynski. The Cornishman was now at his very zenith, even better than when he caused Gentleman Jim to bite the dust.

Maher had come on apace since his previous meeting with Fitz, and since Peter had a big weight advantage, the Irishman scaling 182 pounds to Bob's 158, the Corbett adherents were in high hopes that Peter would trounce Fitz. But, apparently they failed to figure on Ruby Robert. As history tells us, Peter and Bob took a long train ride down to Langtry, Texas, where elaborate preparations were made for what was expected to be a thrilling contest, but it required only a short shift of feet and a terrific wallop to Maher's temple to end the affair in one punch.

That exhibition by Fitz gave the legion of Corbett followers plenty to think about and taught Gentleman Jim the meaning of the word insomnia.

It was his quick knockout of Maher that gave Fitz the abundance of confidence he displayed when he tackled Corbett for the title.

The majority of Fitz's fights were won with a punch to the temple with one notable exception—his k. o. of Corbett with the wicked solar plexus punch. Some time after he had beaten Corbett, Fitz paid a flying visit to England to play the music halls. Cartoons showed many versions of the solar plexus blow and to clear the atmosphere, Fitz decided to incorporate a demonstration of the punch in his act.

He took a lightweight ball, attached a string to it, and suspending the ball from his head around which he had a loop fastened, he kept the crowd in good humor by displaying a brand of flashy, trick bag punching. Then, when he had all the audience at attention, he nodded to the orchestra leader for some fast drum beats, and taking aim, he let fly a blow that landed with force on the ball, hurling it and the apparatus off the stage into the lap of a spectator.

"There goes Mr. Corbett," Fitz would remark, as the ball made its exit from the stage.

BILLYGOAT VS. PUGILIST

OUT in a Pennsylvania mining camp in the early seventies, a fair was arranged in honor of the camp's first anniversary. Three boxing matches were staged in which the contestants were of the rough house element of the settlement. Each bout lasted less than a round and the mob became unruly. Several added attractions were then put on, including one wrestling match, a shoe tossing competition and some lawn bowling.

To finish the day, the sheriff, who owned a big billy goat who had been trained to fight, offered ten dollars to any man who would take on his goat in a three-round mill. It wasn't difficult to obtain an opponent. Wagers of all kinds were made, some, on the goat lasting the three rounds and others on the man keeping on his feet for the three. Several big bets were placed at long odds that the man would not be dropped once during the contest.

Although the match looked like a cinch for the goat's opponent, he soon found a toughened, boring-in, aggressive animal attacking him and twice during the melee the "pugilist" went sprawling over the ground.

NO QUARTER WAS ASKED *THEN!*

By JOE HUMPHREYS

Kid Lavigne, who won lightweight title from Dick Burge

KID McPARTLAND, famous lightweight of 30 years ago, now a referee, was handling the knockdown mallet at Ebbets Field recently. Knockdown hitters were conspicuous by their absence and the veteran began to ruminate on the frequency of low blows at the present time and their absence in the days when he rubbed his feet in the resin dust.

"We didn't hit low in the old days," he remarked, "and I fail to see why these chaps of today should do so with such frequency. The belt line today is the same as it was 30 years ago and the eyesight of the youngsters should be as keen as it was in the early days of boxing. Yet every few days one of these modern boxers aims a blow at the jaw and lands it in the groin. Or, perhaps he feints at the jaw and aims at the groin. Take your choice. I give it up."

McPartland is quite justified in expressing astonishment at the foul hitting of the modern crop of boxers. It would be very interesting if one of the low hitters of the present could be put in the position of McPartland on the night of February 8, 1897, when he stripped for a twenty-five round battle with the formidable Kid Lavigne, who had just made himself lightweight world's champion by knocking out Dick Burge, the British title holder.

Lavigne was in top form and so also was McPartland, one of the speediest, cleverest boxers of that period. It was a battle between a heavy hitting mixer and a weaving, ducking, sidestepping fellow in the person of McPartland. The Kid was also a jabber par excellence and was a master of all ring technique. Lavigne was the heavier hitter, whose sole object was to get to close quarters and exchange thumps.

McPartland's plan of battle was to outpoint the Saginaw Kid, and he baffled the champion round after round. It was one of the speediest contests ever witnessed by the writer, and kept the spectators in a turmoil of excitement from the opening bell to the last.

Lavigne tore at his opponent with the greatest fury, shooting lefts and rights in profusion, and the nimble Kid did more ducking, dodging, and parrying than ever before in his career. For twenty-five rounds this great battle raged, and at the close both were on their feet and ready and willing to go twenty-five more rounds if desired.

Not a low blow had been struck during the hour and 15 minutes the contest raged, and there was not a clinch nor any holding throughout. Lavigne received the decision because of his aggressiveness and the fact that he had landed the most effective punches. But the fact that McPartland carried the lightweight champion to the end of a twenty-five round encounter, was glory enough for the loser. At the time of the battle McPartland was managed by Three Fingered Jack Dougherty, who recently passed on in New York.

Kid McPartland, who fought furious bout with Lavigne

* * *

ANOTHER remarkable non-fouling, heavy hitting contest was that between Peter Maher, Erin's prize heavyweight, and Gus Ruhlin, the Akron baggage smasher. This battle took place at the Lenox A. C. on May 2, 1899, and lasted the scheduled twenty rounds, the decision being a draw. It is questionable if two heavies ever emerged from a twenty-round limit in more battered condition than these two hard punchers. Ruhlin was the abler boxer of the pair, while Maher was the heaviest

puncher that ever came from "the little green isle."

Maher, intent on scoring a knockout, forced the pace and kept up a constant volley of heavy rights and lefts, many of which found the objective point. Ruhlin, using his defensive skill, avoided many of the Irishman's heavy shots, and then retaliated with sharp, well directed hooks and uppercuts that brought the blood from Maher's nose and mouth. Numerous times during the twenty rounds, Maher got to Ruhlin's ribs or face with crashing blows that caused the Akron man to stagger, but he never went to the canvas and was on his feet battling like a Trojan warrior at the final bell.

Maher was the most marked of the two battlers. He seemed to be weaker at the close, but the decision of a draw seemed to satisfy the onlookers, who certainly got a fair return for their money.

Not a low blow was struck during the entire combat. Although both were shaky on their feet at the final bell, they acted like a pair of bull terriers who expected to fight on indefinitely.

It is questionable if New Yorkers ever witnessed a more exciting combat than that between Dick O'Brien, of St. John, N. B. and Jimmy Handler, of Newark. This was staged at the Broadway A. C. on April 21, 1899, and was talked about for weeks thereafter. O'Brien's headquarters were Boston. He was one of the toughest, most courageous welters that ever stepped into a ring. He was a fairly good boxer, a vicious hitter and of never-say-die disposition. He was 26 years of age at the time of the fight and at his best.

* * *

ON the other hand, Handler was but 20 years of age and without the experience of his opponent.

However, Handler was a protege of Bob Fitzsimmons, who had coached the boy in the art of hitting, a matter in which Fitz was a thorough master. An excellent idea of O'Brien's ability may be gleaned from the fact that he had gone 25 rounds to a draw with the celebrated Kid McCoy, and had stopped the able Bobby Dobbs in 18 rounds.

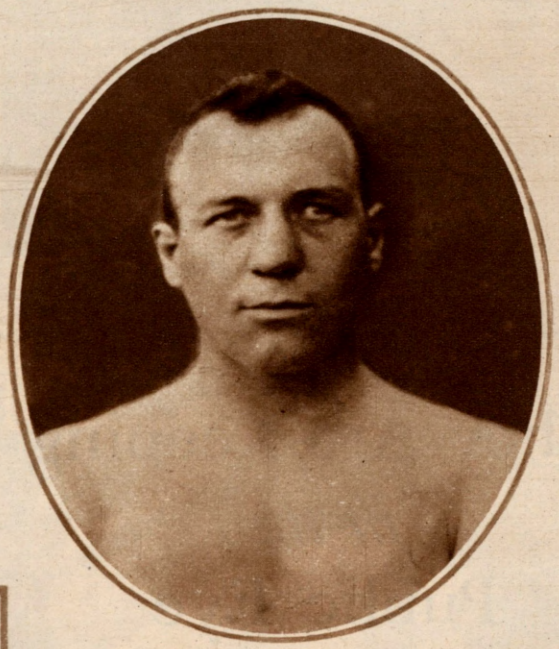
Yet Fitz had confidence in the youngster and acted as second for the boy. Handler was a strong puncher and had the fighting heart of a lion. The fight had barely got started when the spectators stood on their chairs howling with excitement. There must have been a dozen knockdowns in the early rounds, first one and then the other hitting the canvas. But each scorned the count and scrambled to his feet without delay.

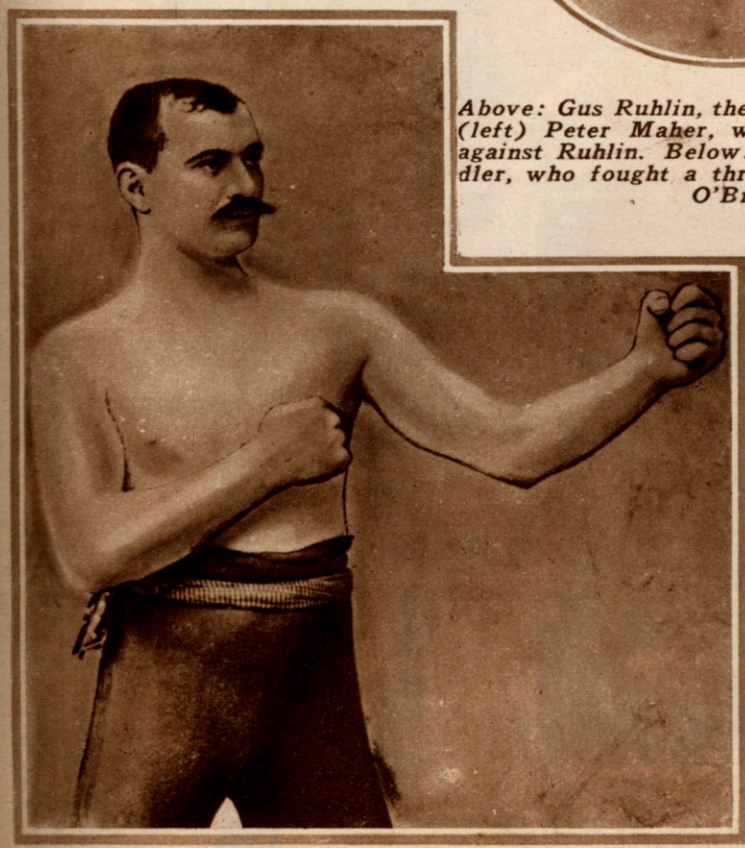
* * *

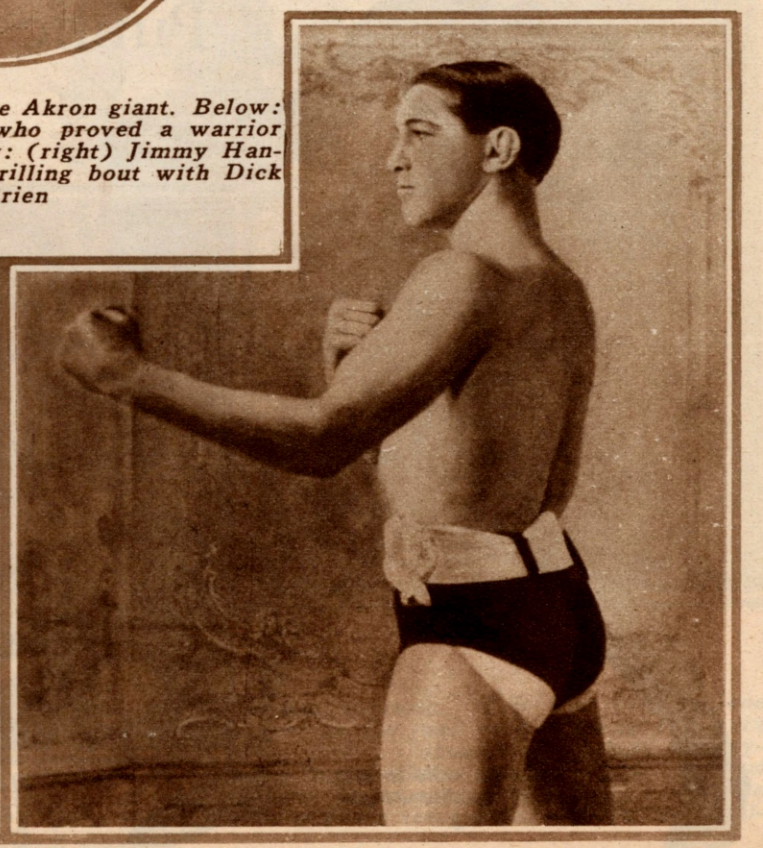
THE body punching was terrific, but not a blow landed below the belt line. In the 12th round (the bout was scheduled for 20) Handler landed a crashing right on O'Brien's jaw, sending him to the resin dust like a stuck ox. He tried manfully to reach his feet but toppled over and was declared the loser.

Following his defeat at the hands of Handler, O'Brien's manager unwisely matched him with Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes Demon, and O'Brien was stopped in the 14th round.

In the matter of heavy body attack, without the slightest basis for claiming a foul, and without any blow below the belt line the Lavigne-Walcott combat at Maspeth, December 2, 1895, stands unprecedented. A large majority of the blows in that contest landed on the bodies of the fighters, but never an excuse for claiming foul. The one conspicuous wallop above the body was a right hander by Walcott that tore Lavigne's left ear from its moorings so that it hung down on his neck. Yet, although these two warriors were on their feet at the end of the fifteenth and last round, yet both were incapacitated for a week thereafter, due to the heavy punishment.

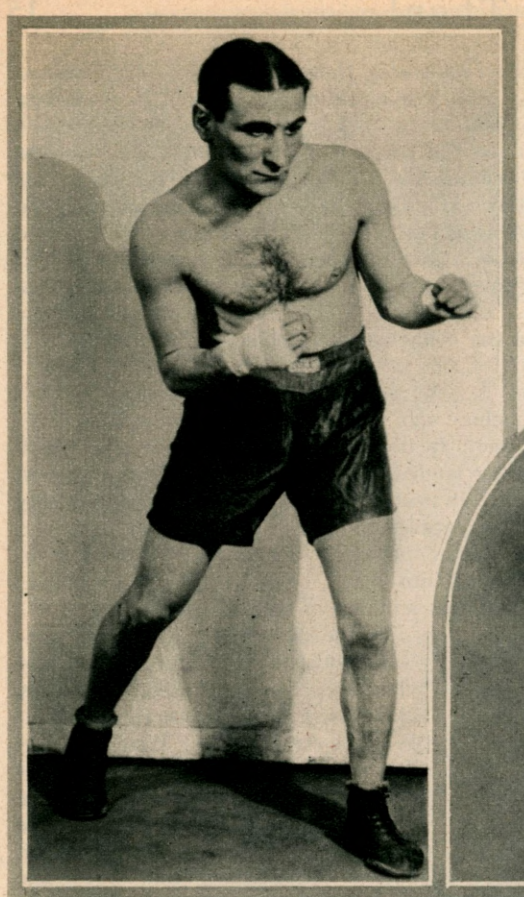






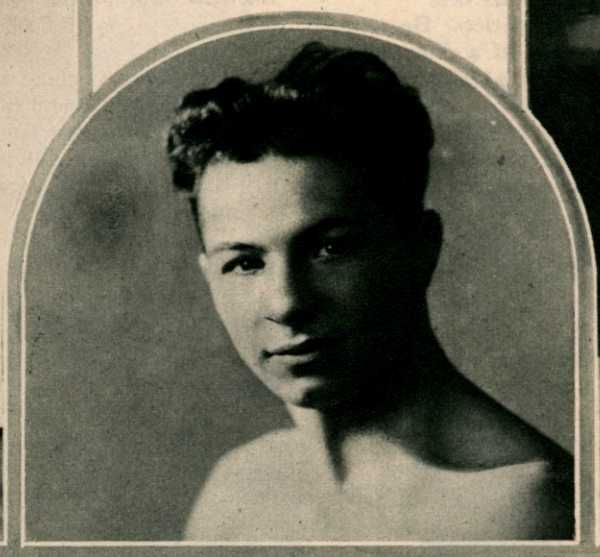
Above: Gus Ruhlin, the Akron giant. Below: (left) Peter Maher, who proved a warrior against Ruhlin. Below: (right) Jimmy Handler, who fought a thrilling bout with Dick O'Brien

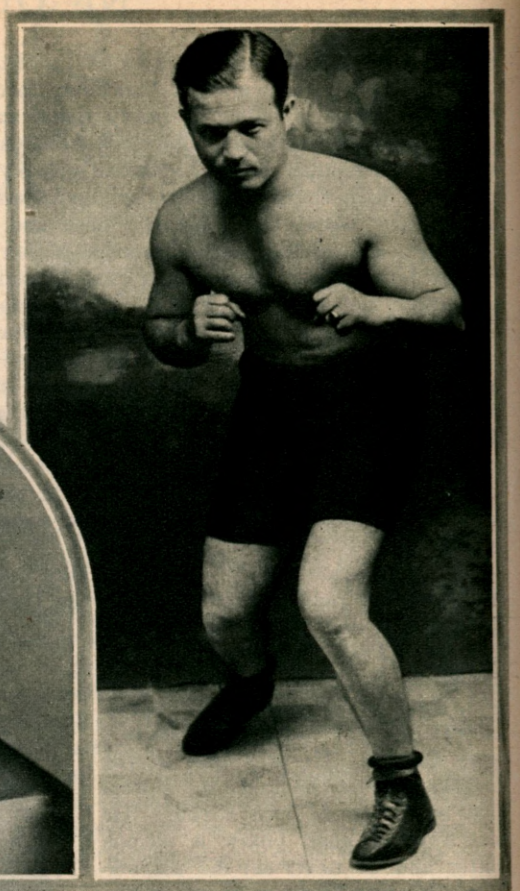
They Are Keeping *in the* Public Eye



Mickey Genaro of Waterbury, junior lightweight champion of Connecticut

Tommy Paul, Buffalo's star featherweight





Sammy Sacco, a Sioux City feather who is doing well

Kid Francis, who looms as next featherweight king

Hector McDonald, lightweight champion of Pacific Northwest and Western Canada

Newsboy Brown, bantam champion of the Pacific Coast

How to Keep in Trim

The above shows how famous fighters conditioned themselves for important contests. Top row (left)—Gene Tunney is shown tuning up for Jack Dempsey at Speculator. Gene went out on the road each morning for a six to ten-mile run. (Right)—Jack Johnson preparing for his fight with Jim Jeffries. Johnson would haul a sixty-pound log over a distance of a mile. (Lower left)—Freddy Welsh chopping wood while in training for his bout with Benny Leonard. (Center)—Battling Nelson was fond of climbing. Here he is mounting a steep hill while getting in shape for his mill with Ad Wolgast. (Right)—Jack Johnson cutting down trees to strengthen his shoulder and arm muscles

WRESTLING REVIVAL

Jim Londos, heavyweight champion of the world, displaying his marvelous physical development

"THAT ancient sport—wrestling—is taking the play away from boxing," is the contention of the big wrestling promoters throughout the country, and they back their arguments with figures. This may be true in some sections of the country, but in others, boxing is holding its head well above the water line.

The fact remains, however, that the mat game has come back with a bang. It is coming into its own again after many lean years, years in which contests staged by unscrupulous promoters, working on a fly-by-night plan, all but killed one of the most spectacular sports in the field of athletics.

But that is all passed. The good old days are back in our midst as is evident from the throngs that pack the arenas in New York, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Boston, Cincinnati and sections where wrestling has taken a firm hold. And why shouldn't that be the case? What sport offers three hours of pleasant, thrilling entertainment of the heart-throbbing variety as does the ancient sport of wrestling?

They tore down the entrances at Madison Square Garden recently in their eagerness to see the world's heavyweight championship match between Jim Londos, the title holder and Ferenc Holuban of Hungary. Coming in unprecedented numbers, 22,000 wrestling fans stormed the gates, stampeded the ticket takers, and in a frenzy of excitement, rushed into the spacious arena long before the first preliminary match was to go on in order to make certain they would miss nothing.

The Garden officials were astounded. The police were taken off their guard and looked on in amazement. The boxing commissioners looked on speechless, not fully realizing what this mad rush was all about.

But they all soon learned. It didn't take long, once that crowd gained its seats and the matches were on, for the officials and the scribes to see that New York was wrestling mad. The excitement that prevailed while the rush for the entrances was on, was not to be compared to that which took place in the Garden during the three hours of mat entertainment. It was a gathering of nations, practically every country in the world where wrestling is a sport, being represented. Truly, a cosmopolitan gathering in a cosmopolitan city.

Only a few years ago, even as little as two years back, you couldn't drag the dyed-in-the-wool fan out to a wrestling show. Why?

Because New York, with its thousands of sports lovers, contains the most critical wrestling fans in the world—men and women who know a good wrestling match when they see one and you can't pull the wool over their eyes. I realized that from my many years of promotion work. I can place my finger on the public pulse. If I couldn't, I would not be ranked among America's leading promoters.

New York wrestling fans are either hot or cold on the sport. They have no middle course. Therefore, to keep wrestling alive, a promoter must gauge the public pulse. He must feed the fan with the finest talent available. He must see that the men are well matched and that the wrestlers give the fan a run for his money.

There must be no stalling. Action is what the fan wants and plenty of it. Real, scientific wrestling is what he clamors for and that is what I see he gets. That is the answer to why New York is wrestling crazy and why other sections are also doing a thriving business in the mat sport.

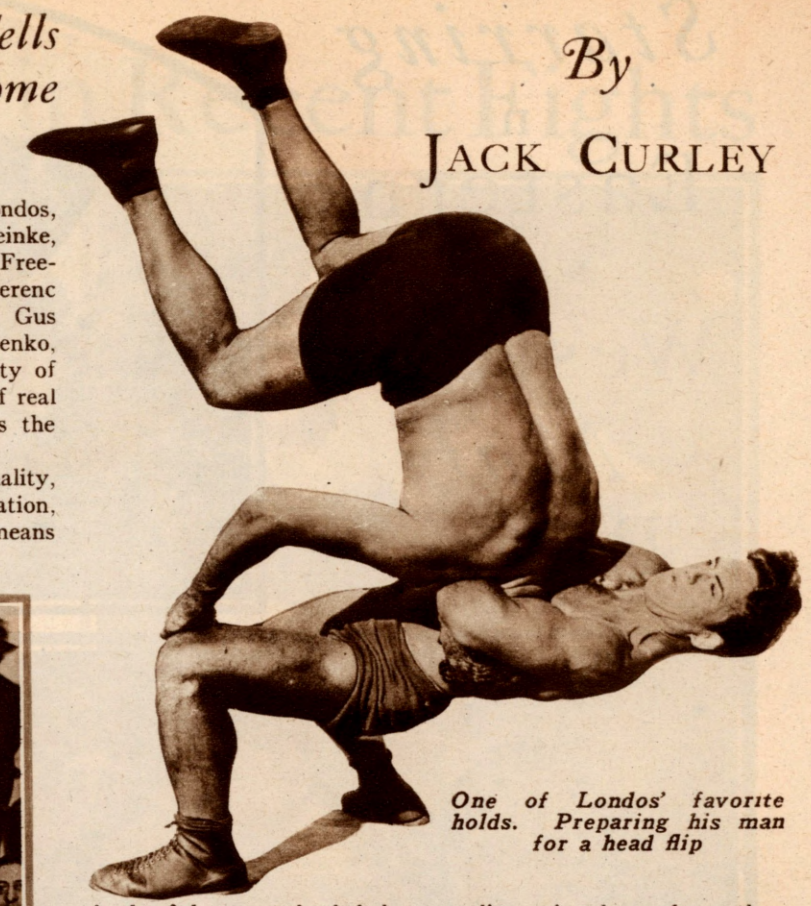
* * *

NEW YORKERS want colorful mat artists. The wrestling fan throughout the country demands color. If the leaders in the sport are real showmen, possessing that which in boxing we call "IT," a promoter can't miss. And that is just what we now have—a classy field of matmen, headed by

Easy? Well try it. Londos says it will make you spry

America's Premier Promoter Tells Why the Mat Game Has Come Into Public Favor

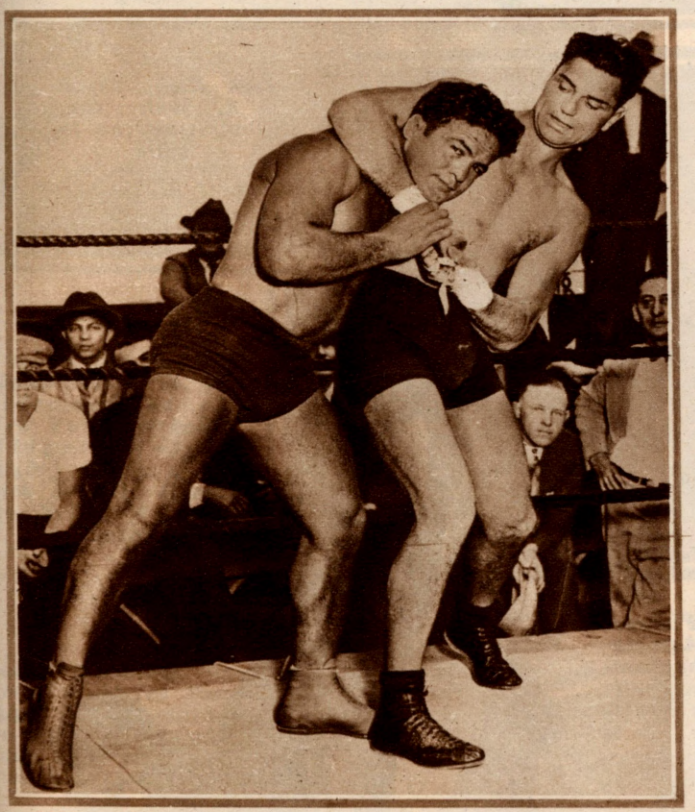
By JACK CURLEY



One of Londos' favorite holds. Preparing his man for a head flip

the most colorful of all present day wrestlers: Jim Londos, the champion. Then backing him up, are Hans Steinke, Richard Shikat, Jim McMillen, Wladek Zbyszko, Herb Freeman, Gini Garibaldi, Sanda Szabo, Taro Myiaki, Ferenc Holuban, Jack Reynolds, Rudy Dusek, Hugh Nichols, Gus Kallio, George Hagen, Carl Pojello and Matros Kirlenko, among others, each one of whom possesses such a variety of holds and such amount of "It", that the fan gets plenty of real entertainment for his small price of admission. That is the secret of wrestling's success this season.

A good champion like Jim Londos, who has personality, color, and ability, and at the same time plenty of imagination, is a good leader. A lull in the fight game, yet by no means is the fight game dead, helps wrestling. A galaxy of wrestlers with college background, fast and clever, punishing, yet not brutal, and top line matches, the result of eliminations, coupled with plenty of catering and anxiety to please the box office fans—that's my explanation for the sudden climax of tremendous turn-away crowds for the wrestling game. Nearly $50,000 were the box office receipts at the Garden recently. This, at $5 top, set a world's record for an indoor show.



A little tussle between the heavyweight wrestling king and Jack Dempsey

Londos in a classical pose

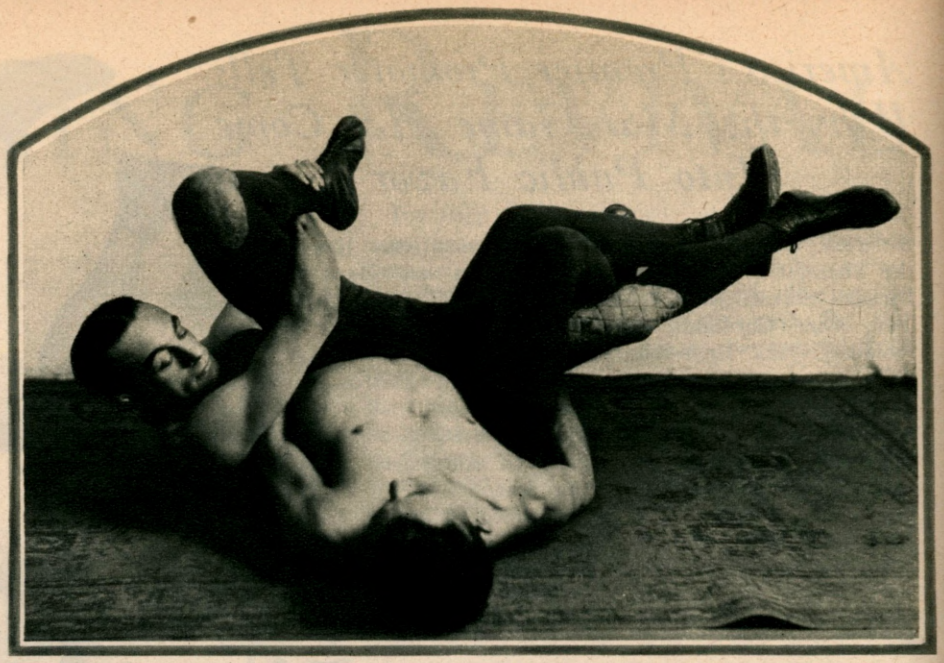
* * *

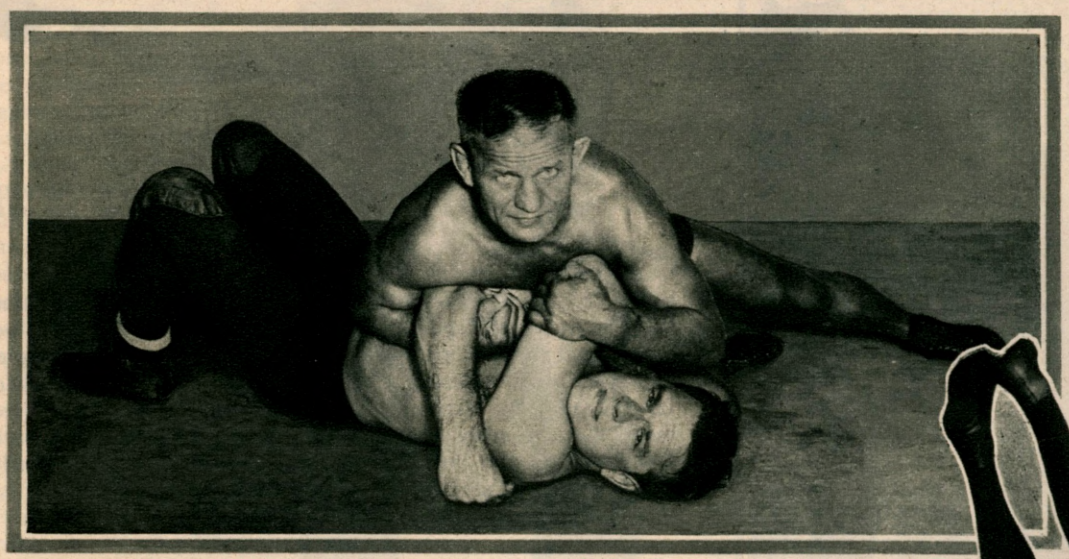
I HAVE been interested in wrestling shows for more than thirty years. I counted $42,000 in American money at Olympia, in London, when George Hackenschmidt wrestled Madralli, the Turk. Hackenschmidt won quickly, inside of five minutes, and Madralli left the ring with his right arm hanging from the socket as a result of a flying mare. The match was unsatisfactory so far as the spectators were concerned for they were a bit peeved because it ended so quickly and despite the genuine damage done, they were unsatisfied. Instead of expressing sympathy for the vanquished, they hissed.

Ringside seats for that match sold for 4 pounds, $20 in our money, while the gallery was 4 bob, $1 in our money. Around the ring were the Prince of Wales, later King Edward of England, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Derby, the Duke of Conard, and many other members of the royal and titled classes, as well as the financiers and leaders of all industries. Charley Coch-

(*Continued on page* 42)

Starring in Eastern and Western *Mat* Bouts

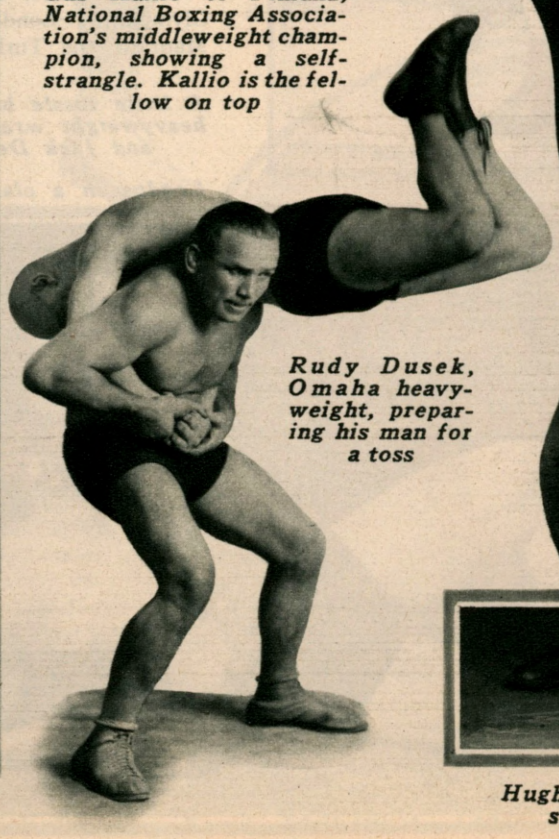




Jack Reynolds, N. B. A.'s welter king, illustrating the leg split

Wladek Zbyszko, veteran Polish heavyweight, still going strong. Here he is demonstrating a body hold

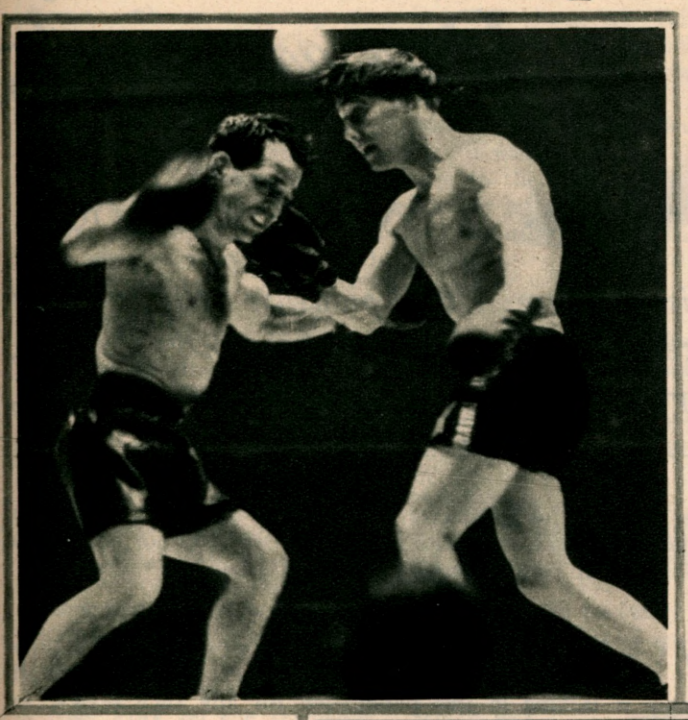
Gus Kallio of Finland, National Boxing Association's middleweight champion, showing a self-strangle. Kallio is the fellow on top



Rudy Dusek, Omaha heavyweight, preparing his man for a toss

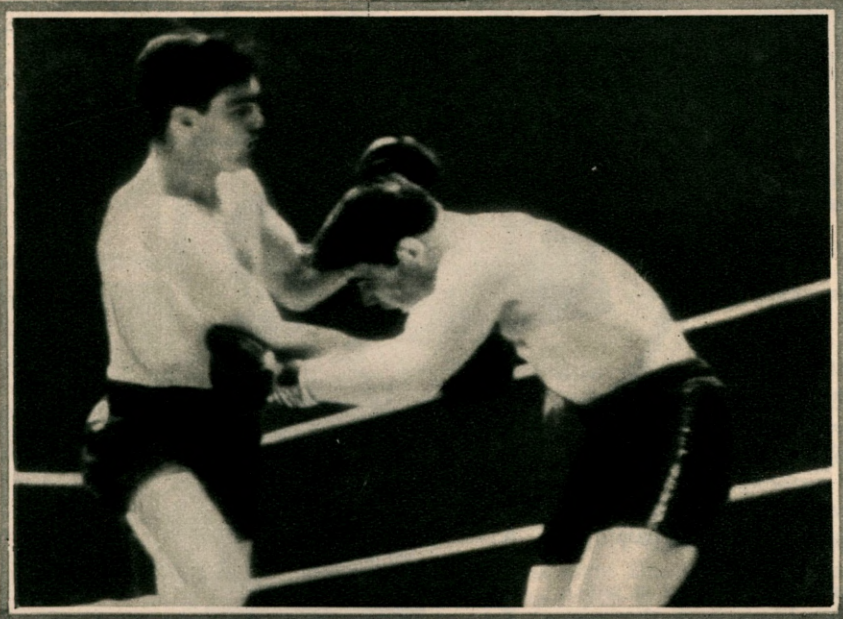
Hugh Nichols, middle western star, demonstrating a slam

Camera Snaps in Recent Fights

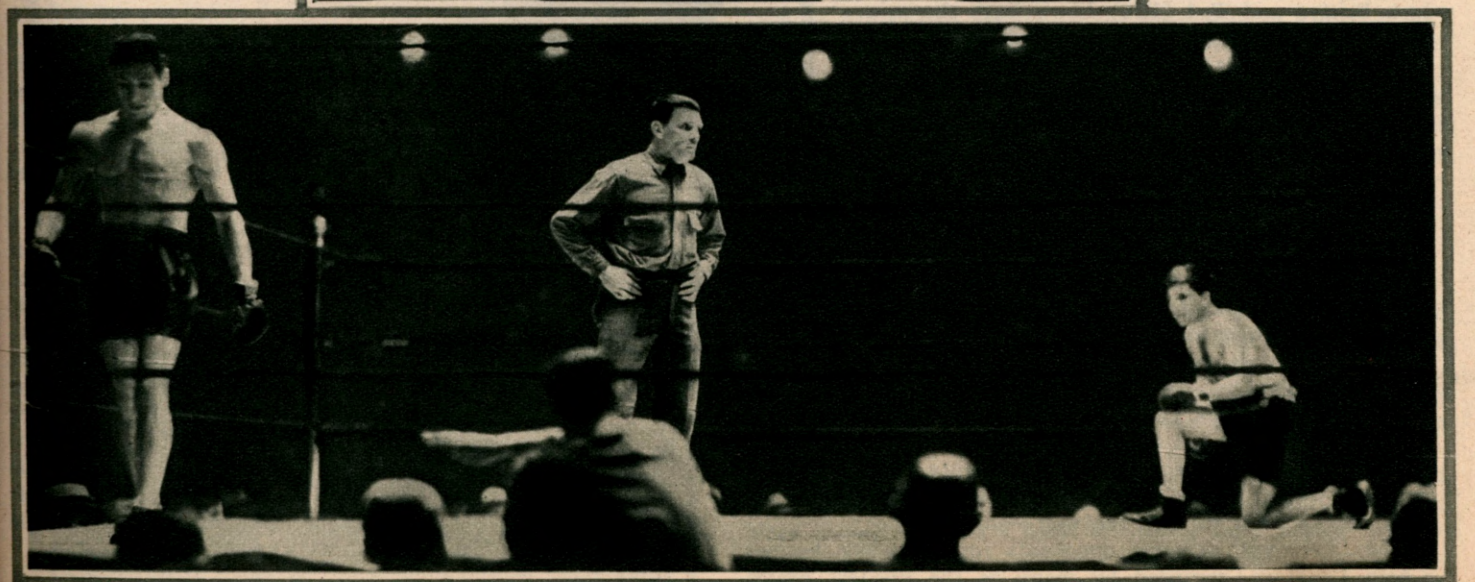


The world's flyweight championship is still undecided as the New York titleholder, Midget Wolgast (right), fought a draw with Frankie Genaro, the N. B. A. crown wearer.

When Ernie Schaaf stopped the progress of Max Baer in Madison Square Garden. The Easterner won from the Coast sensation in a thrilling scrap. Ernie is on the left



Young Stribling finished an active campaign in 1930 with a ten-round victory over Tuffy Griffiths (right), at the Chicago Stadium



Here is a photo of Len Harvey going to his corner after flooring Vince Dundee for the second time in the first

Those Hardy *Perennials*

By WILBUR WOOD

Lewis-Britton Championship Fights and Contests Between Dundee and Jackson, Langford and Wills, Jeannette and McVey, Created Ring History

Johnny Dundee, who fought Jackson eleven times

THE chronicle of fistiana is studded with series of bouts between the same fighters. Matchmakers have found it profitable to bring the same boys back, time after time, if they give the customers an interesting show. In other words, if you have something good, keep serving it as long as it tickles the palate of the fans.

Perhaps the most famous series was that in which Jack Britton and Ted (Kid) Lewis were the principals. As I go back over the trail, I find mention of nineteen brawls between them. I may have missed one here and there, at that. Even so, nineteen times in the ring with the same opponent is probably a record for first-class fighters. The welterweight title figured in at least eight of the Britton-Lewis jousts, passing from one to the other with bewildering rapidity.

Johnny Dundee took part in several series. One of the busiest boxers in the history of the game, Johnny virtually was forced to engage in many return bouts in order to keep working. A hasty survey of the records shows that Dundee boxed Willie Jackson eleven times, Frankie Callahan eight, Joe Welling eight, George Chaney seven, Charlie White six and Benny Leonard six.

The famous negro heavyweights of twenty years ago went in for return bouts on a wholesale scale. They had to do it to keep the wolf from the door, as they were not welcome opponents for the white heavies.

Sam Langford, regarded by many as the greatest heavyweight of them all, went to the post with Harry Wills fourteen times, Joe Jeannette thirteen and Sam McVey thirteen. Jim Barry was one white heavywight who did not balk at the prospect of facing Langford. They clashed ten times.

* * *

IF a fellow had the time, he could write a volume about the various series between prominent fighters. Though space is lacking in this publication for any such review, we will say something about that famous series between Dundee and Jackson, eleven fights which thrilled fans in several of the country's greatest boxing centers, from 1917 to 1921.

Ted Lewis, whose many championship fights with Britton created ring history

The other day I ran into Frank (Doc) Bagley, one of the old soldiers of the sock market, a man who has been up and down the ladder. Just at present the Doc is not in the big money, but he has some youngsters whom he hopes will put him there shortly.

Thirteen years ago Bagley was going along, earning a living but not making any great noise. He was bringing along Willie Jackson, a rangy featherweight with a darting left and right that cracked like a whip.

"Jackson had a wonderful left hand," says the Doctor. "He could spear a fellow with it seven or eight times in less time than it takes to tell it. Fast? Say, he was a streak. You think Sid Terris was fast? Oh, yes, he was fast, alright, but he couldn't compare with Jackson.

"Like most of the boys who can shoot that straight left, Willie carried his right low. It was up to me to teach him to

bring that right hand up higher and get him in the habit of shooting it. I took a boxing dummy in the gymnasium and drew a circle on it, perhaps four inches in diameter. Willie would hold his right just in front of his shoulder, nail the bulls-eye with half a dozen lefts and then throw in a lightning right to the mark.

"His right hand travelled like a bullet. And he had plenty behind it. Once he found out how easy it was to put over that snappy right, he began to lose interest in the left. I had to impress upon him that it was those straight lefts that made the opening for the right. Boxers have a habit of going right-hand crazy when they find out they have one.

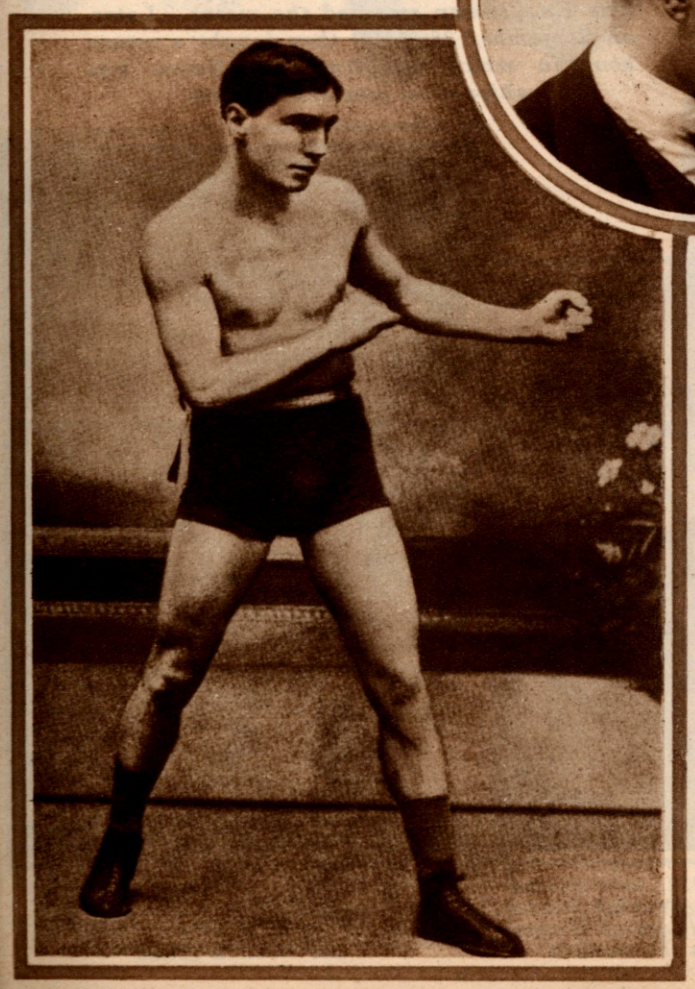
* * *

"SOME time before Jackson's first fight with Dundee, Johnny was training at Pleasantdale, N. J., for one of his fights with Leonard. I took Willie over to act as a sparring partner for Dundee and noticed that he did not have a great deal of trouble hitting Johnny. That put an idea in my head. Why not get Willie a match with Dundee?

"Jackson was a good card in Philadelphia. Whenever a new star was imported from the West, the Philadelphia matchmakers would send for Willie to meet him. Usually, he fixed up the newcomers plenty.

"One dull afternoon, I hopped a train and rode to Philly to see what I could do about a Dundee match? I put it up to Jack Hanlon of the Olympia club. He was for it. While I was at his elbow, he got Scotty Montieth in New York on the telephone. Scotty was Dundee's manager.

"Montieth did not think much of the match. I could hear him telling Hanlon that Jackson was only a sparring partner for Dundee. But he promised to talk it over with Dundee and take it if Johnny said the word.



Above—Willie Jackson, the only fighter to score a knockout over Dundee

Left—Doc Bagley, one of the old soldiers of the sock market

Below—Jack Britton, who won the welter crown from Ted Lewis

"Meanwhile I signed a contract for Jackson to get $500. Late that night Hanlon got Montieth again. In the meantime Scotty had seen Dundee, who had instructed him to go ahead. Dundee had always worked on the same scale in Philly, a 'flat' of a thousand dollars, with the privilege of a third of the gate. Montieth accepted on that basis.

"The next morning Scotty was on the wire again, asking for more money. Dundee, he said, wanted $1250 flat. Hanlon could not give him that much. He finally talked Scotty down to $1100. I wanted that match badly and to get it I volunteered to take $400 for Jackson, so the club could give Dundee the extra hundred. The match was made on that basis.

* * *

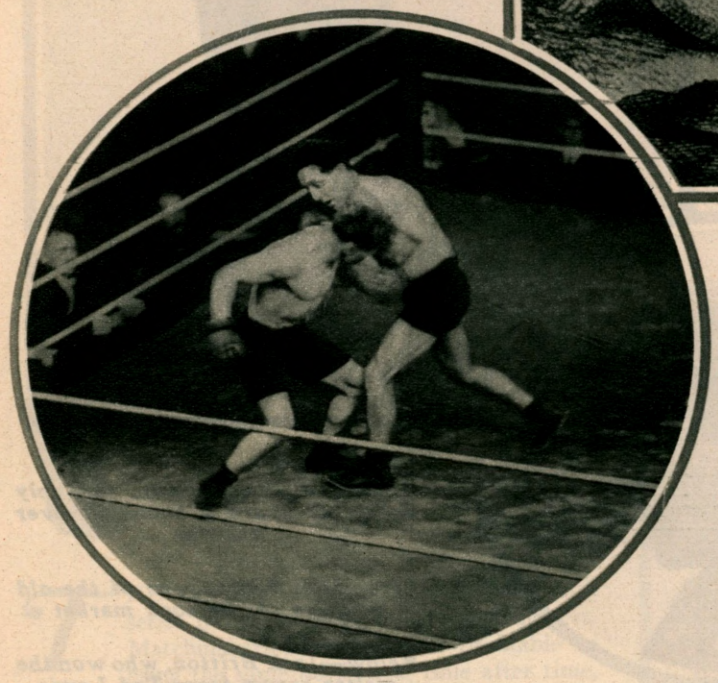
"IT figured to be a good fight, but few of those who were in the Olympia to watch it guessed that they were going to see the beginning of a series of great fights. As you know, Jackson rocked the fistic world to its foundation by flattening Dundee in the first round. It was the first—and last—time that Johnny ever was put to sleep.

"Almost before the customers realized the fight was on Willie staggered Johnny with a right to the chin. Dundee, when shaken up, had a habit of coming in, stamping his feet and firing left hooks. Jackson knew that. Willie was waiting for him, and as Dundee came in Willie let him have the right again. Dundee staggered back, then (*Continued on page* 43)

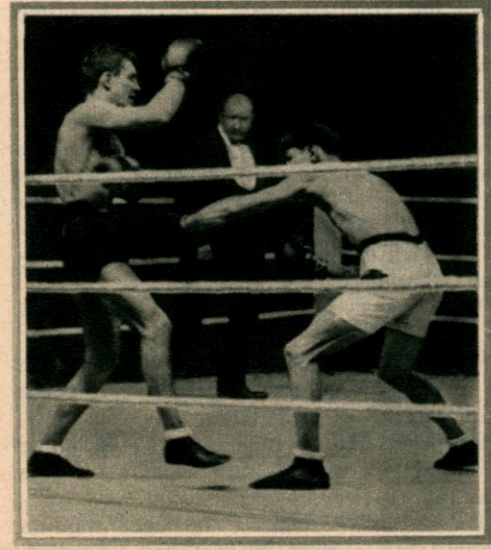
Famous Fights Recalled

Series No. 15

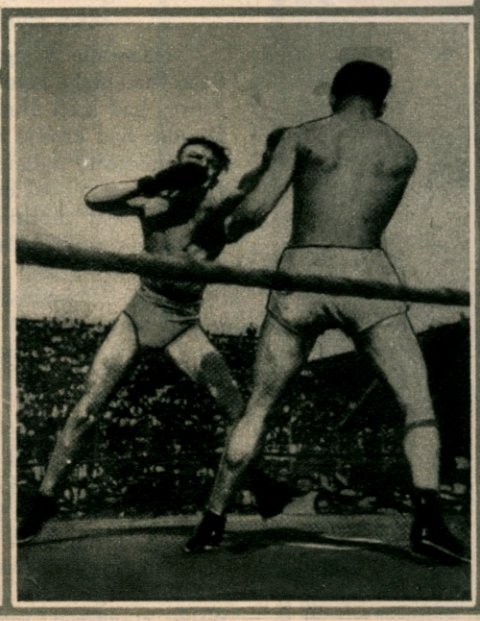
The Negro race has furnished many great fighters to the fistic profession, among the greatest of whom was Tom Molineaux, an American who visited England in 1810. Molineaux, a Hercules in his make-up, fought a furious 40-round mill with Tom Cribb, then champion of England, the bout taking place on December 10, 1810, at Coptail Common. The Englishman emerged the victor. Later, on September 28, 1811, they fought a return bout in which the American Negro was whipped in nineteen minutes



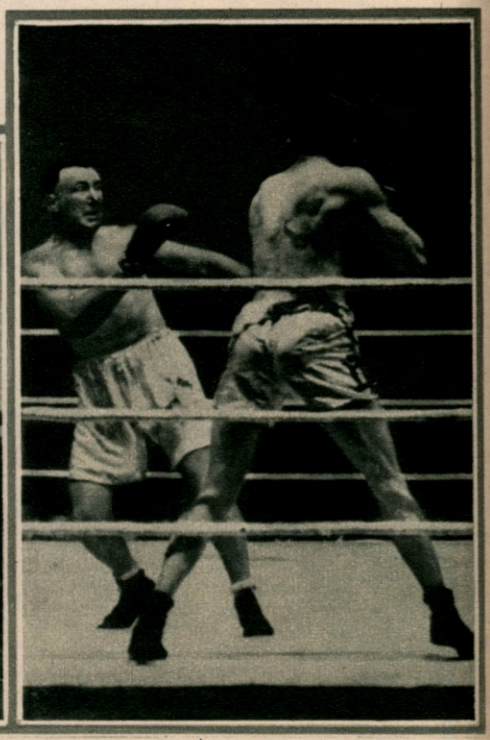
A blow to English sportsmen was the K.O. on January 25, 1911, of Johnny Summers, their fistic idol, by Harry Lewis



Eugene Criqui was the victim of a fourteen-round knockout when he fought Pal Moore (left), in 1919

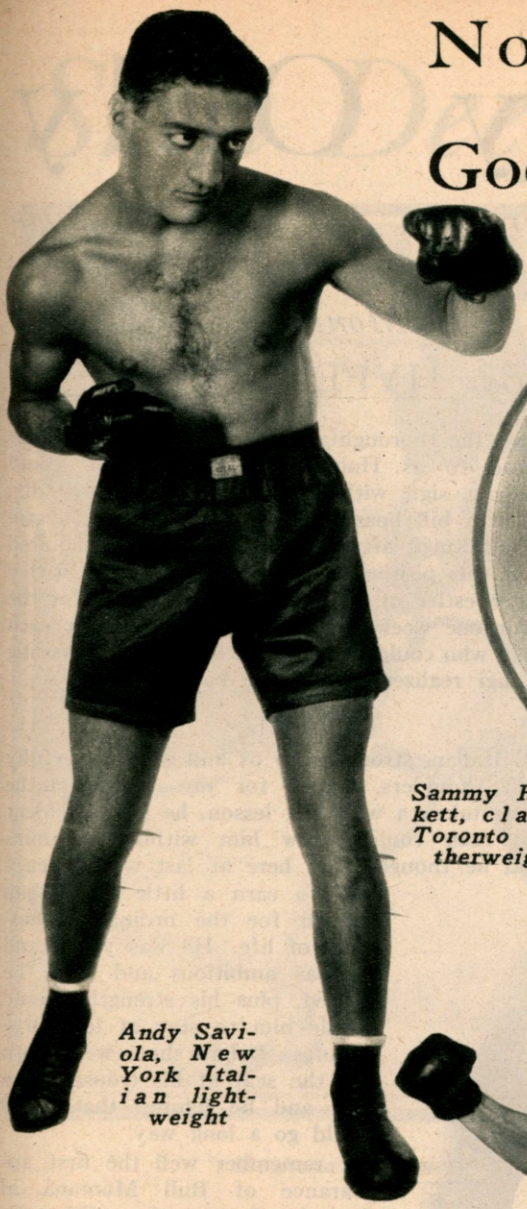


On January 17, 1911, One-Round Hogan (right) and Frankie Burns fought a fierce battle which Hogan lost on a foul in the twelfth

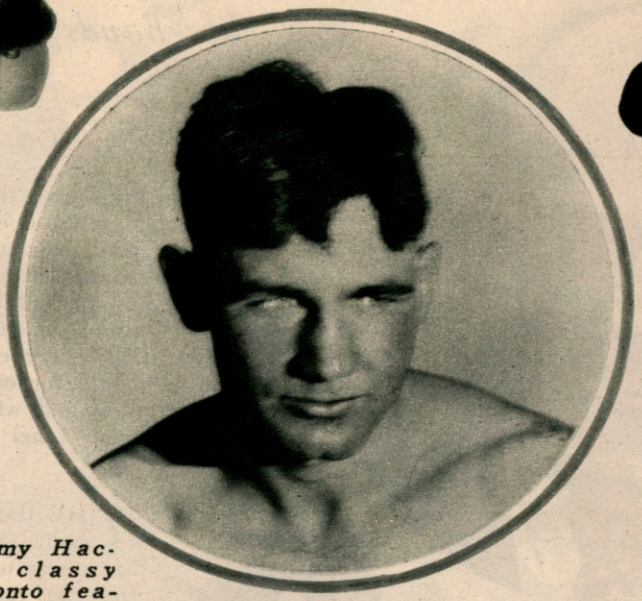


Back in 1919, Ted Lewis proved his superiority as a welterweight by stopping Mat Wells (left) in the twelfth round

Not CHAMPIONS, *But* Good Club Fighters

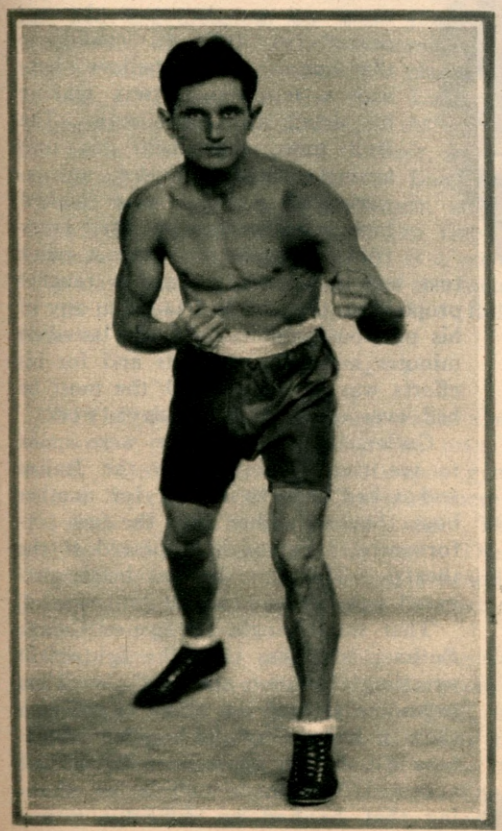


Andy Saviola, New York Italian lightweight



Sammy Hackett, classy Toronto featherweight

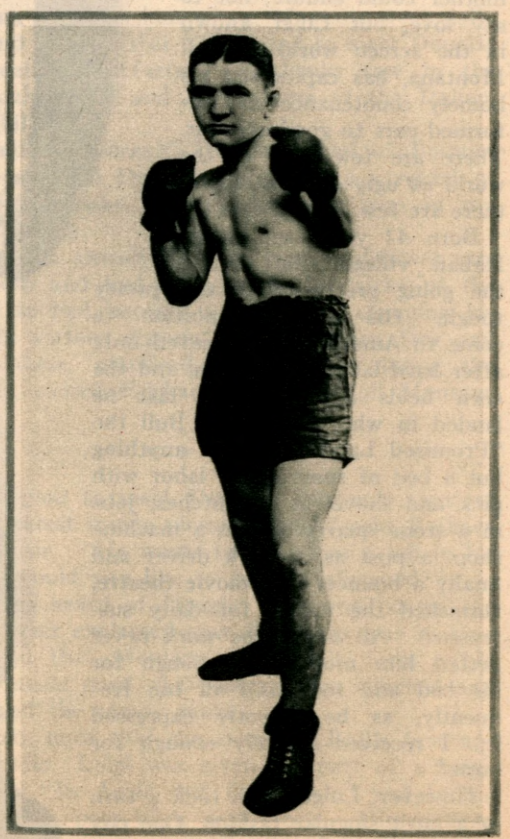
Jack Krackens, Illinois College student, making good in Chicago rings



Above: Bobby Amster, Cincinnati lightweight

Lefty Martler, Moline, Ill., welterweight

Right: Jimmy Harvey, Michigan bantamweight



Beauty Really Only

Cauliflower ears, flat nose and ham-like hands attracted Douglas Fairbanks to Montana

By HYPE IGOE

"Bull" Montana

FACIAL pulchritude has always been a passport to success in life, yet instances are not rare, where human ugliness has been the means of procuring fame and fortune. Luigi Montagne has features that only a doting mother could endure, not to say love, but Luigi, known in the screen world as Bull Montana, has capitalized his homely countenance and deformed ears to good account. There are few men in the world as ugly as is Bull, but there are few as happy as he.

Born 42 years ago in an Italian village, Bull found the going pretty rough and pretty tough. His earliest ambition to come to America was achieved only after hard labor in the wine and the corn fields and when at last he landed in what seemed to Bull the "Promised Land," life was anything but a bed of roses. Hard labor with pick and shovel in the ditches, jobs in a stone quarry and in a machine shop, a post as a truck driver and finally a bouncer in a movie theatre, furnished the means for daily sustenance. All in all, his work never netted him more than enough for his bed and food and all too frequently, as he recently expressed it, "I received scarcely enough for both."

However, Luigi's luck took a turn in a most singular fashion. One day while walking along Rue de Bowery in New York City, the thoroughfare which in those days was commonly referred to as Hobo's Lane, Bull, who could scarcely read, saw a sign with two wrestler's pictures displayed. It was on a bill board in front of Miner's Theatre on the Bowery and Luigi, attracted by the picture, inquired the significance of this poster. When informed that Charley Cutler, a famous wrestler of the period would appear at the theatre nightly for one week and would offer $1.00 for each minute to any man who could stand up with him in a wrestling bout, Luigi realized his chance had come.

* * *

THE Italian, strong as an ox and with powerfully built shoulders, leaped for joy. Although he had never taken a wrestling lesson, he felt confident that no man could throw him within five minutes and he thought that here at last was an easy way to earn a little more than enough for the ordinary necessities of life. He was young and he was ambitious and these he figured, plus his strength, would enable him to stay at least five minutes. Luigi's shoes were worn and the seat of his trousers was torn and he figured that $5.00 would go a long way.

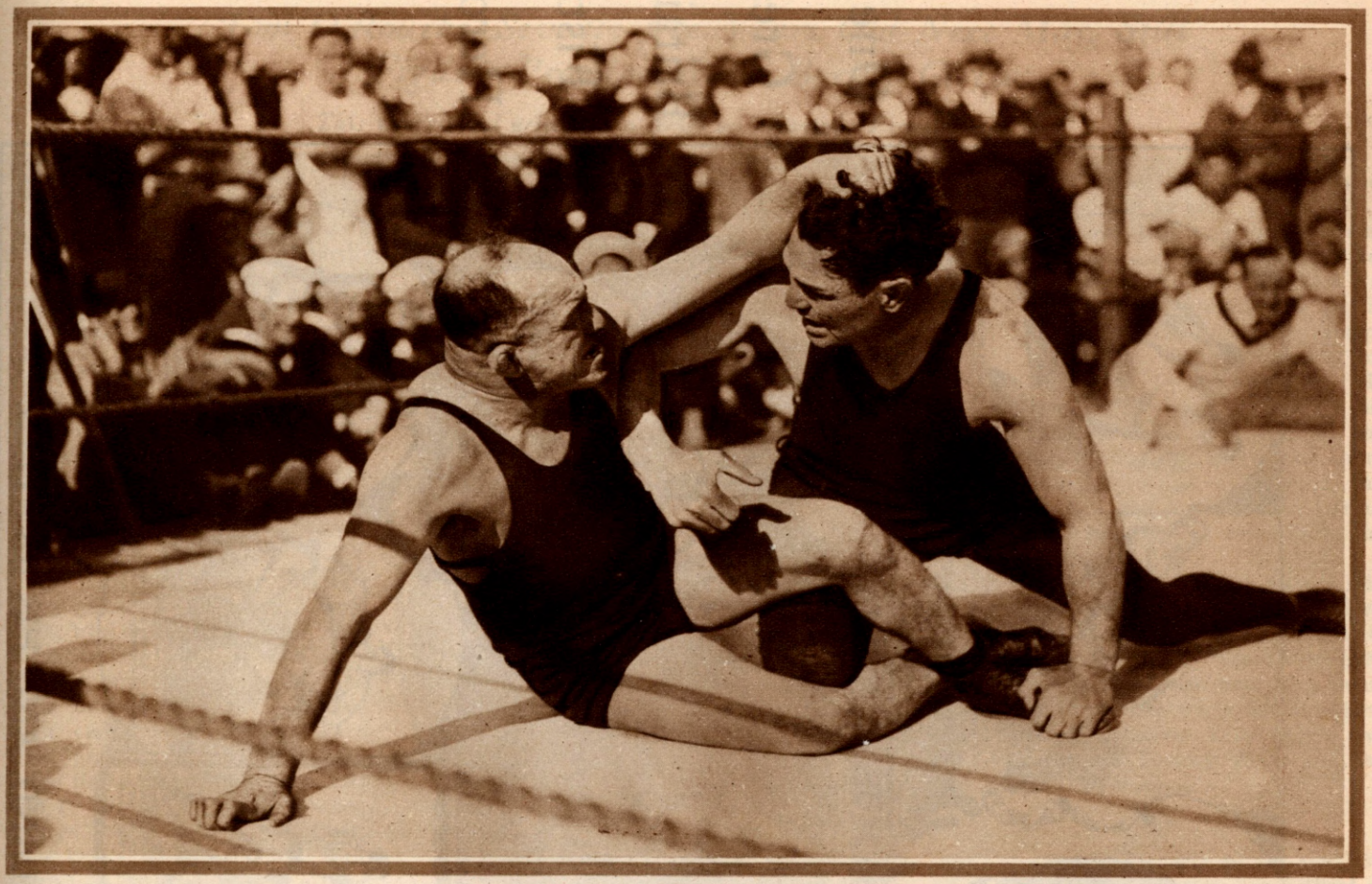
I remember well the first appearance of Bull Montana in the role of a wrestler. When he came out on the stage, he appeared so full of confidence that none could believe here was a fellow who was making his debut as a mat man. The Bull more than held his own against Cutler. Cutler, an experienced wrestler who ranked high in his profession, tried every trick he knew to make a quick toss but he found in Luigi a tougher proposition than he had faced in any of his previous exhibitions. Luigi lasted six minutes and forty seconds and for his efforts was awarded $6.40, the most he had ever obtained for a day's work.

Cutler and his manager were quick to see the possibilities in the Italian and asked him to return for another bout. Several nights after the first performance, Luigi again appeared at the theatre. This time he was better prepared and he lasted about ten minutes.

That stand caught the eye of George Bothner who was then the lightweight wrestling champion and also a wrestling promoter. George was about to put on a show in Jersey City and he offered Montana $10 for an appearance there. This accepted, Bull made such a fine showing that he had no difficulty getting several more engagements in Coney

"The Bull" as a gorilla in a movie role

Skin Deep "Bull" Proves



Montana (left) and Jack Dempsey in a wrestling match at a benefit in Hollywood

Island. Bothner at the time not only was a star wrestler but had a gymnasium on West 42nd street which was the rendezvous of the wrestling fraternity and, after the Jersey match, Montana made George's place his training quarters. It was at Bothner's show that Luigi Montagne, lately of Voghera, but now a full-fledged American wrestler, received his name Bull Montana. Bothner, who acted as his own master of ceremonies, introduced Luigi as follows:

"And here ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest middleweight wrestler who ever came to these shores from Italy and now in his adopted country, is a recognized champion. I have the honor to present to you the incomparable champion of the west—Bull Montana." And Bull Montana it has been to this day.

* * *

LITTLE did George Bothner realize that night what fame would come eventually to the man he had just introduced. George still has his famous gymnasium on Forty-second Street, New York City, and there George often tells the story of how he christened Luigi. The Bull and George are the best of friends to this day. The record sum which Montana made prior to becoming a headliner was at another Jersey affair in which Bothner booked him. There Luigi drew down $216.

That sum looked mighty big to the Italian wrestler and he decided to move from his one room down in Bleecker Street, the heart of the Italian colony, to 46th Street near Tenth Avenue, at that time and still to this day, a strongly fortified Irish district. When Montana arrived in his new abode, he felt like a prince. He spoke English with an accent, but this did not affect his earning powers, for from a raw novice he soon became one of the big attractions in his chosen field, that of a wrestler. He liked the sport.

It was at Bothner's Gymnasium where Montana went daily to play handball and to train that he chanced to meet Douglas Fairbanks, his greatest benefactor. Fairbanks saw in the ugly, ferocious looking face and huge frame of the Italian, great movie possibilities.

"Who is that fellow, George?" Douglas asked of Bothner one day while George and Douglas were having a round of handball. "He would make a great character man in my pictures," said Fairbanks.

At the time Montana already had two huge cauliflower ears and a flattened nose and had learned all the tricks of the wrestlers' trade. He had become a master at changing his features to indicate various degrees of pain, anger, fear and ferociousness and these, practiced at Bothner's during the wrestling rehearsals, caused Fairbanks to offer Bull Montana a Hollywood job.

* * *

"BULL, I want you to meet Douglas Fairbanks, one of America's greatest movie picture actors," said Bothner in introducing the pair. "He wants to offer you a job in his next movie. How would you like to go to Hollywood?"

As Bull had never heard of Douglas he turned down the offer but when Bothner explained that Fairbanks was making $10,000 a week and that Montana could pull down a big sum himself if he made good, the contract was clinched and Bull Montana joined the movie ranks.

Douglas Fairbanks once told the story of Bull's first appearance at the studio. Luigi was given the part of a burglar in a play called "In Again and Out Again" and in his makeup he looked the part of a real crook. His makeup consisted of a painted scar across (*Continued on page* 44)

TOM SAYERS, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, AND HIS BATTLES.

One of Great Britain's Fistic Heroes

DISCOVERER of DIXON

Tom O'Rourke, Seventy-five Years Old Next May, Still Figures Prominently in Boxing Circles

This is the third article in a series on "Famous Fistic Characters"

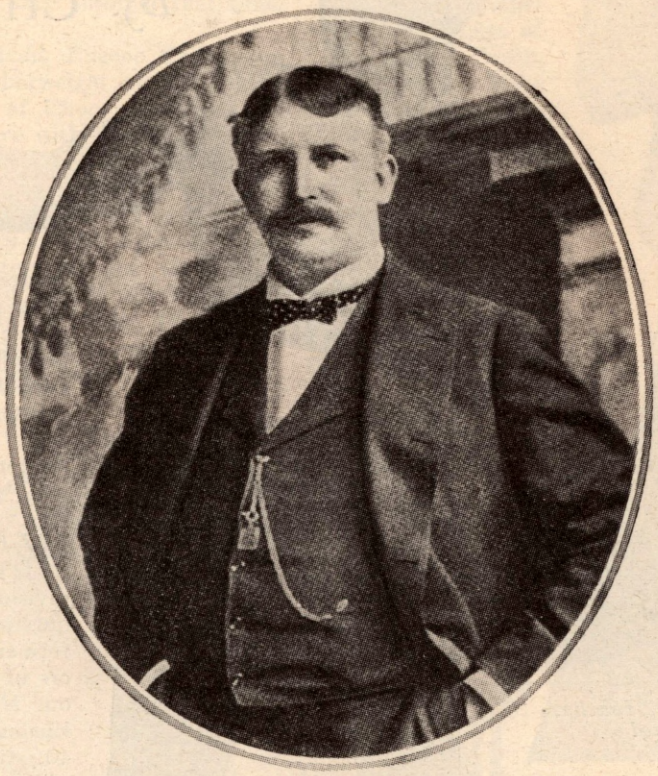
By NAT FLEISCHER

TOM O'ROURKE, veteran manager of fighters who soon will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday, recently imported Pat Redmond, an Australian heavyweight, who, if looks were all that a fighter required, would easily fill the bill.

"Here's my new champion," said the venerable Tom as he introduced the newcomer. "I expect Pat to win the heavyweight championship back for Ireland, for he is an Irishman although he hails from Australia.

For O'Rourke's sake, I hope his prediction comes true, for old Tom, who started out in the boxing game long before the majority of those who are now holding the fistic limelight as managers, were born, certainly is deserving of a good break. It was Tom who made things hum in the old days and it was Tom's great fighters, George Dixon and Joe Walcott, who kept the pot boiling with marvelous performances at a time when America's greatest fighters were in the field.

The pride of O'Rourke's fighters during his long association with the sport, were Walcott and Dixon, two great negroes.



Tom O'Rourke as he looked in his prime

"Oh, for a Dixon or Walcott, now!" sighed Tom when discussing this pair.

Those who know their ring history, are well aware of the fact that the greatest fight Walcott had, and one of the toughest in American ring history, was that on December 2, 1895, at Maspeth, L. I., in which Lavigne won in fifteen rounds. It always has been the contention of O'Rourke that if Walcott had not been attacked with cramps in his legs, Lavigne would never have remained the limit. Those who knew Walcott intimately, side with Tom.

* * *

WHEN Joe was the welter king, and was fighting middleweights, light heavies and heavyweights, O'Rourke felt that he could also make the lightweight limit and take the crown from Lavigne. He therefore arranged the fight and when the boys weighed in, it was found that Joe weighed only 131½ pounds to the Kid's 132½.

Not alone did that weight have its effect on Walcott, but he was troubled throughout the training period with cramps in the legs so that often Tom found it necessary to take the Negro home in a cab.

"Joe thought he could lick Lavigne any time he wanted," said O'Rourke recently, "and just before the bell sounded to start the mill he remarked to George Dixon, one of his handlers in that fight:"

" 'George, any time I hit him with my right, he's mine.' "

But Joe apparently didn't figure on the cramps. He started out at a whirlwind clip, but he seemed too sure of himself and just before the seventh round, Dixon said to him:

"Now Joe, you better finish him as quick as you can. Remember those legs!"

Well Walcott tried hard, but in the seventh, he found the cramps coming on and during the intermission, he had to stand. He was barely able to spread his feet. Yet he came out for the next round and for seven more and just stood his ground and weaved and ducked from left to right but couldn't bring home the haymaker.

"That was a great fight," said O'Rourke, "one of the best I've ever seen, but it was too bad that Joe had to lose. There were only two fighters who had Joe's number and were tough for him. One was Mysterious Billy Smith and the other Tommy West. All the rest were easy."

* * *

AS manager of big shots in the boxing game, there is no manager who has been more successful in piloting his men than O'Rourke. It was just fifty-three years ago that O'Rourke began to crowd the sports pages. From New York City to the Golden Gate, in Australia, England, France and other spots around the globe, the name of Tom O'Rourke is always associated with Dixon and Walcott.

O'Rourke was born in Boston on May 13, 1856, and on his next birthday he will turn the seventy-fifth milestone. The first fighter he managed was Jack Havlin, whom he backed for $500 a side against Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider. The bout was arranged for July 20, 1887, at Warwick, Rhode Island, and it was stipulated that the boys would fight in skin-tight gloves. Ed Holske, who backed Sullivan against Mitchell for the Chantilly battle, was the backer of Weir and Col. John Hopkins, theatrical producer, furnished the field.

The battle was a bloody, hard-milling affair which at the end of the sixty-first round was halted. The referee, Al Smith, called the affair a draw. The men were so badly punished that the official decided it would be foolhardy to have them continue.

* * *

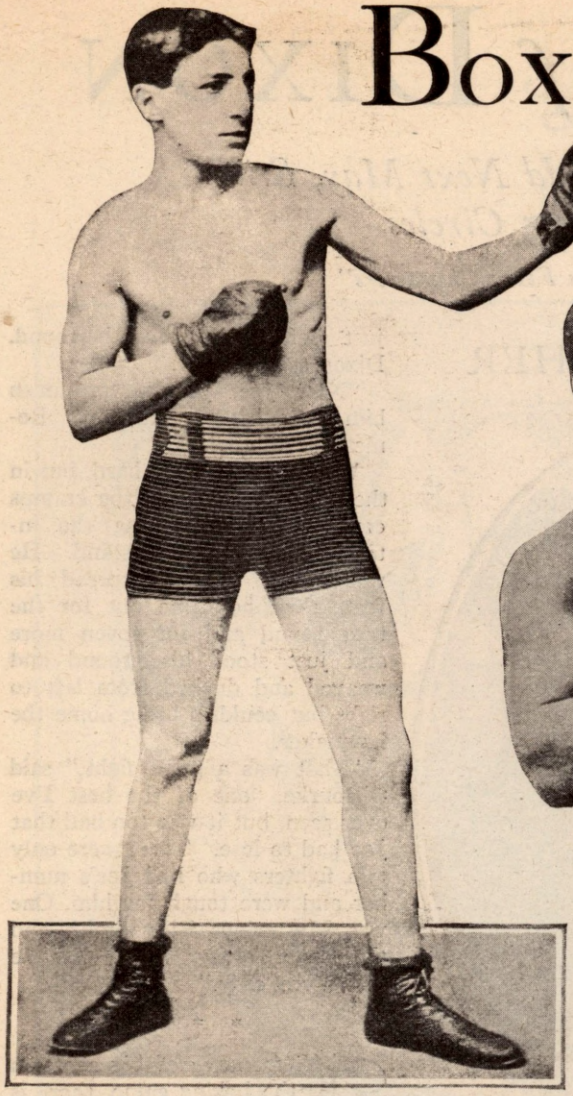
GEORGE DIXON was the next famous fighter to come under O'Rourke's management. The story of the discovery of Dixon and his development by Tom is most interesting. Here it is as told by the man who found him:

"Dixon started fighting in 1886, three years before I first saw him in action. He had worked for Elmer Chickering, whom the old timers will remember as the man who specialized in fight pictures. Elmer had a photo studio in Boston and among his many callers from the boxing fraternity, was John L. Sullivan. Dixon took a liking to (*Continued on page* 43)

Boxing Busy Getting

Present Fighters Below Standard of Stars of Years Ago—Worst Lapse In the Lightweight and Heavyweight Classes

By CHARLEY HARVEY



Abe Attell, shrewd, clever featherweight of the old school

THE age-old problem as to the superiority of the boxers of thirty years ago over the fighters of the present decade continues a moot question with the patrons of glove contests.

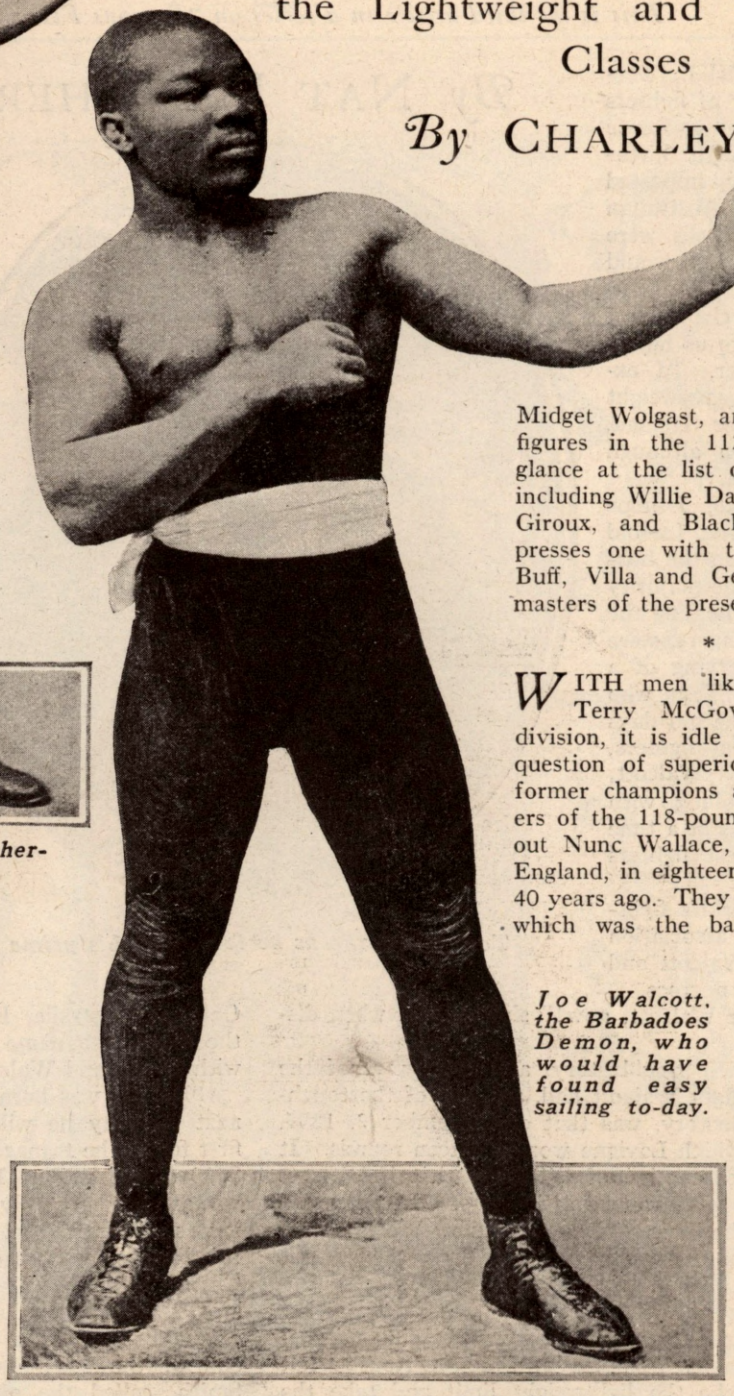
Quite naturally the followers of ring bouts to-day have with few exceptions never had the advantage of seeing the fighters of former days in action at their best. Therefore the opinions of the present crop of boxing enthusiasts are based on history or the statements of old timers.

Probably the opinions of one who began looking at boxing contests in 1882, the year in which John L. Sullivan took the American title from Paddy Ryan, and who has continued a close inspection of the efforts of the pugilists up to the present time, may interest modern observers of ring affairs, even if my opinions do not convince them.

Although the flyweight class was not regularly established until 1910, yet at that early date England had in Jimmy Wilde a 112-pounder who topped the entire field. America had no flyweights of class up to the time that Wilde retired from the ring. After Wilde stepped down off the 112-pound pedestal, Johnny Buff, Pancho Villa, and Frankie Genaro, any one of whom would have given Wilde a hard battle, came to the front. True, Villa stopped Wilde in 7 rounds in 1923, but at the time, Wilde was far past his prime. Of the early flyweights in this country, Genaro is the sole remaining figure of the past, and is in the first flight of the class. His leading opponent is Midget Wolgast, and they are the chief figures in the 112-pound struggle. A glance at the list of present contenders, including Willie Davies, Phil Tobias, Art Giroux, and Black Bill, strongly impresses one with the belief that Wilde, Buff, Villa and Genaro were quite the masters of the present crop of flyweights.

* * *

WITH men like George Dixon and Terry McGovern in the bantam division, it is idle to waste time on the question of superiority as between the former champions and the present leaders of the 118-pounders. Dixon knocked out Nunc Wallace, bantam champion of England, in eighteen rounds in 1890, just 40 years ago. They fought at 112 pounds, which was the bantam limit in those days, the classes then being bantam, 112 pounds; featherweight, 118 pounds; lightweight, 133 pounds; middle, 150 pounds, and all above, heavyweight.



Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes Demon, who would have found easy sailing to-day.

Terry McGovern, as a bantam, knocked out Pedlar Palmer, English champion, in less than one round. Jimmy Barry, Caspar Leon, Harry Forbes, Frankie Neil, Jimmy Walsh, Kid Williams, Pete Herman and Joe Lynch, were some of the famous bantams of the past. Al Brown, Joe Scalfaro, Pete Sanstol, Newsboy Brown, do not compare favorably with the list of former experts.

* * *

THE featherweight class of 30 years ago contained those two super-fighters, George Dixon and Terry McGovern, and in their prime, either would have defeated Kid Chocolate or Fidel La Barba, the leading contenders at the present time. So far as Battalino, the present title holder, is concerned, he would not have lasted long before McGovern or Dixon.

Johnny Dundee, in his best form, would have trimmed any of the present crop of feathers. Dixon and McGovern spe-

Its Second Wind

cialized in stopping foreign champions, Dixon whipping three—Wallace and Fred Johnson, of England, and Abe Willis of Australia. After McGovern had whipped Pedlar Palmer, known to the English as "The Box of Tricks," Terrible Terry could get no more matches with foreign title holders.

McGovern had the honor of knocking out Frank Erne, lightweight champion of the world, in three rounds. The match was made at 128 pounds, which was declared to be a handicap to the defeated man. Yet, there is small doubt that had the weight been 133 pounds, the class limit at that time, the result would have been the same.

Abe Attell, Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, Eugene Criqui and Johnny Dundee were all in the featherweight class in those early days, and with the exeception of Chocolate, La Barba and Mastro, there are none to compare with the old-timers.

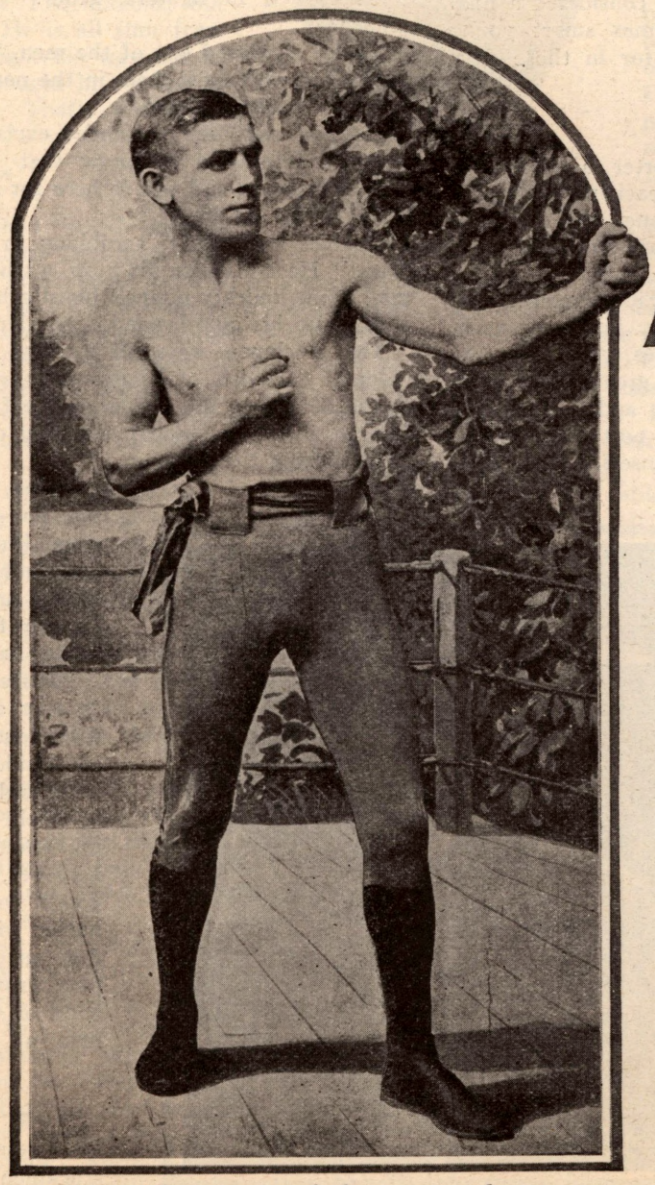
* * *

IN no class of pugilism is the disparity between ancient and modern boxers more marked than in the lightweight division. With such remarkable fighters as Joe Gans, Kid Lavigne, Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson, Willie Ritchie, Owen Moran, Joe Rivers, Packey McFarland, Freddie Welsh, and Benny Leonard, it is unnecessary to go deeply into the list of present 135-pounders. To be sure Singer, present title holder, Berg and Petrolle are fairly good, but all three would have been lost in the horde of fighting lightweights of the past.

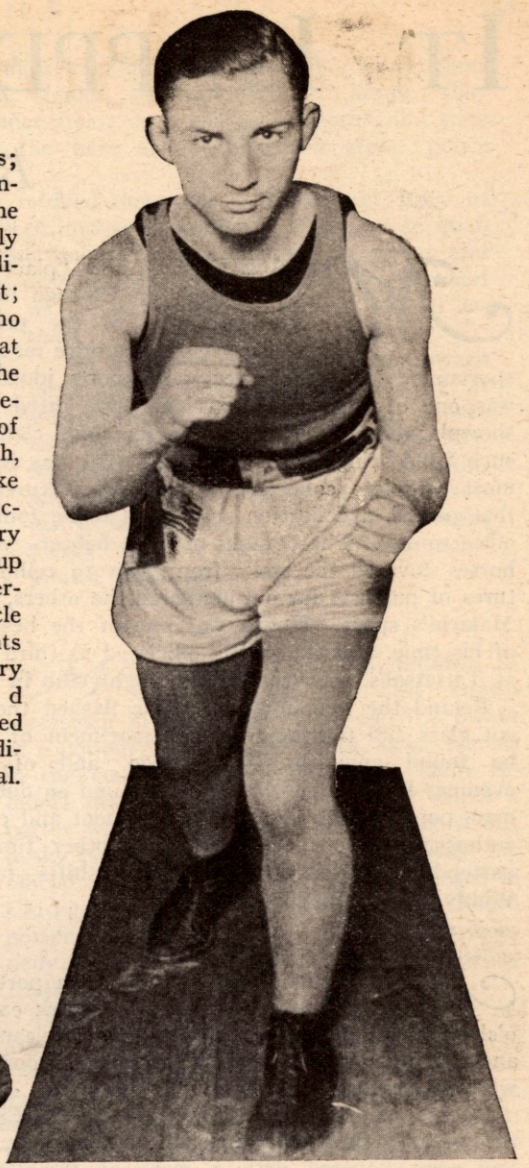
The welterweights of the present period, with such able performers as Jimmy McLarnin, Tommy Freeman, Jack Thompson, Jackie Fields, and Young Corbett, would have made trouble for many of the welters of the past, but Joe Wolcott in his prime would have gone through the best of the present crop in short order. In addition to Wolcott, there was Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy, Mysterious Billy Smith, Matty Matthews, Dixie Kid, Kid Lewis, Jack Britton and Mickey Walker—all great fighters.

That collection of ring stars would have been a hard bunch for McLarnin *et al* to move against.

As for the middleweight division of thirty years ago that also presents a serious challenge to the class of to-day. With Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Bob Fitzsimmons, winner of three titles; Tommy Ryan, Stanley Ketchel, the Assassin; Billy Papke, the Illinois Thunderbolt; Frank Klaus, who conquered the great Carpentier when the latter was middleweight champion of Europe; Jeff Smith, George Chip, Mike Gibbons, Eddie McGoorty, and Harry Greb, the line-up constitutes an overwhelming obstacle to the middleweights of to-day. Every man named above outclassed the present mediocre lot of material.



Jimmy Barry, one of the greatest bantams of all time



Benny Leonard, who in his prime would have ploughed through the present field of lightweights

Quite naturally, the heavyweight division of 30 years ago so far overshadowed the present line-up as to make comparison odious. With Jim Corbett, cleverest boxer of all time; Bob Fitzsimmons, most scientific hitter and leading strategist of the heavyweight class; Jim Jeffries, with the strongest jaw in the history of pugilism; Tom Sharkey, the pugnacious Sailorman; Peter Jackson, champion of Europe and Australia; Tommy Burns, the stumpy Canadian; Jack Johnson, second in skill only to Jackson and Corbett, facing the present crop, there would soon be a stampede on the part of Sharkey, Stribling, and the remainder of the present brigade.

The junior classes have been omitted from the comparison for the reason that they were conspicious by their absence thirty years ago.

The chief trouble with modern boxers is that they are not taught boxing in their early days. Boys are tossed into the ring to fight as best they can, while in the olden times the youngsters were for the most part shown the fine points by expert handlers.

IT HAPPENED AT HOGAN'S

By EARL McKEE

MALACHI HOGAN'S "place" on Clark street in Chicago in the opening years of the present century was a favorite resort of sportsmen, sports followers and sports idols. It was one of those barrooms that was rated as a showplace in the Windy City, its chief claim to such fame being that it contained what was supposed to be the most complete collection of sporting pictures in existence at that period, a collection such as is to be found in THE RING office to-day. Photographs of prize fighters, wrestlers and race horses covered the walls from floor to ceiling. But the pictures of pugilists far outnumbered the others, for pugilism was Malachi's sport. Hogan was one of the best-known referees of his time, and frequently officiated as third man in the ring at Tattersal's, then the greatest fight club in the middle west.

Behind the long mahogany bar flashed the finest array of cut glass and the most varied assortment of liquor brands to be found anywhere in Chicago, and of afternoons and evenings Hogan himself could be found on duty, a genial Irishman, popular with the sporting element and considered a final authority on sports matters. At other times smart young bartenders divided up the different shifts, for in those days Windy City bars were never closed.

* * *

CAN "institution" at Hogan's was a porter, a white man named George, who came to work each morning at 3 o'clock, when he mopped the place out, cleaned the cuspidors and engaged in other menial tasks until noon, when his day's work was ended.

George was the living image of Bob Fitzsimmons, with the sparsely-thatched dome of reddish hair, his face, neck, and arms covered with a mass of freckles, and with the broad shoulders and skinny legs of the great Ruby Bob himself. The likeness was really startling, and lots of fun was had around Hogan's palming off the porter on unsuspecting strangers as the champion himself.

George entered whole-heartedly into these impositions, and was so intensely proud of his resemblance to Fitzsimmons that he read every scrap of information he could get concerning his idol. He even went to the extent of having some of the sports who visited the rendezvous outfit him from a seond-hand shop in a silk hat, a Prince Albert coat and a gold-headed cane, these being the outstanding features in the get-up of the real Fitzsimmons, as revealed in the photographs of the champion which adorned the walls of Malachi's barroom.

These satorial treasures George kept in a mop closet in the rear room, and at times he would don the regalia and pose before the mirror. Hogan and his bartenders, when they wished to pull the old joke on some one, would casually remark to the sucker:

"By the way, Bob Fitzsimmons was in town to-day."

This was the cue for George to slip into the back room, put on the Fitzsimmons "scenery," go out the back door, hurry around through the alley to the front entrance, and casually stroll in. He would be greeted with a shout of welcome from the man behind the bar, the sucker would be introduced to the "Champion," and immediately the victim would start buying champagne for the pretender. It never failed and many a subject was found.

Bob Fitzsimmons in his "topper"

* * *

CALL this leads up to an amusing incident in Hogan's place early one morning almost thirty years ago. It was about 3 o'clock, still dark, and three cattle-men entered. They had come into Chicago during the early part of the night with shipments of stock, had transferred their cattle to the stockyards pens, and were now downtown to have a little fling before returning to the west.

Lining up at the bar, they called for drinks and soon were looking at the fighters' pictures on the walls.

"Interested in fighters, gents?" politely queried the bartender?

"Yes," answered one of the men, "we don't get to see many fights, but we follow them in the newspapers. I saw the Fitzsimmons-Corbett scrap."

"Is that so?" the bartender exclaimed. "Well, you'll perhaps be interested to know that Bob Fitzsimmons was in town yesterday, and was in here for about an hour talking with Malachi, his old friend."

George, the porter, scrubbing in the back room, got the "cue." He laid aside his mop, washed up, and, going into the mop room, quickly donned his silk hat and Prince Albert, and picking up his gold-headed cane, darted out of the back door.

The stockmen were all interest when the bartender told them of the visit of Fitzsimmons, and were eagerly listening to the details of the call when the front door swung open and George, in all his hastily assumed dignity, strolled up to the bar swinging the cane.

"Well, Bob Fitzsimmons, you old son-of-a-gun, I thought you were leaving town last evening," exclaiming the barkeeper, wiping his hands on his apron and rushing to the front end of the bar to shake hands.

"Missed my train, and decided to stay over another day," replied the pseudo Fitz. "Couldn't sleep, so decided to run over from the hotel and have a shot or two."

"Well, Bob, we were just talking about you. These gentlemen here—er, by the way, I've forgotten your names, gents. Shake hands with the champ, anyway." And an eager trio, with eyes popping, crowded forward to grasp the hand of the great man, and as one man, all three ordered champagne.

* * *

FOR three solid hours "Fitzsimmons" regaled the visiting stockmen with stories of his fights, both in this country and

Australia, vividly illustrating the various blows which had won him victory after victory, for the porter was a keen student and had studied his part well. The cattleman, who had seen the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, was in his glory as he recalled the high spots of that great battle and was furnished with a lot of the real, inside dope by the supposed heavyweight champion.

At six o'clock the stock of champagne was exhausted, and the party broke up with much handshaking and expressions of good wishes, the stockmen to seek a hotel and snatch some sleep before they caught a noon train to Kansas City and "Fitzsimmons" to return to his "hotel."

It was noon when the three cattlemen, nursing rather acute hangovers, checked out at the hotel desk, and as they paid their bill, one of them casually observed to the clerk:

"We met Bob Fitzsimmons this morning."

A broad grin lit up the clerk's face as he remarked: "Over at Malachi Hogan's, I suppose?"

"Why, yes, that was the place. How did you know?"

"So you fellows fell for that old gag, did you? That joke is so old it's got whiskers. They play it on every sucker who comes to town. That wasn't Bob Fitzsimmons, it was just the porter there who cleans the cuspidors. He looks like Fitzsimmons, but that's all there is to it. He is all shot from bad booze and couldn't fight his way out of a paper bag. Bet you bought him a lot of drinks, too, didn't you? That's what they pull the racket for."

* * *

Malachi Hogan, famous mid-western sportsman

BUT the cattlemen had heard enough. They had an hour until their train was due to leave, and a quick consultation resulted in a unanimous determination to descend on Malachi Hogan's place and commit bodily assault on all and sundry concerned in the swindle.

Striding down Clark street, with blood in their eyes and murder in their hearts, the trio approached Hogan's. When about a quarter block from their destination, they stopped stockstill, for, from the barroom entrance stepped a familiar figure—silk hat, Prince Albert, gold-headed cane and the freckled visage so vividly imprinted on their memories. What a break had come to them! They had caught the villain alone, and with one accord, they rushed at him.

Pop! Crack! Smash! Just three blows were struck, and as each blow landed, an amazed cattleman crashed to the gutter.

A passing cabbie, in response to a signal, slowed up long enough for the silk-hatted gent to climb in and then proceeded up Clark street. Police came running, seized the discomfited cowboys, called a patrol, and within ten minutes the Kansas City trio was behind the bars of the Harrison street police station.

Due to their unfamiliarity with the proper procedure, it was almost mid-afternoon when they had arranged for bail. While signing the necessary papers in the captain's office, a reporter approached and handed them a copy of an afternoon paper, with an item on the front page, which the reporter had marked with a heavy leadpencil. It read:

BOB FITZSIMMONS, HERE ON VISIT,
ATTACKED BY RUFFIANS ON CLARK ST.

"Robert Fitzsimmons, world's heavyweight boxing champion, who arrived in Chicago this morning to confer with local promoters about a fight in Chicago, was attacked by three ruffians on Clark street this noon just after leaving Malachi Hogan's place where the champion stopped, as is his custom when in this city, to pay his respects to his friend, Hogan. Needless to say, Fitz's fists found their mark and when the police arrived, they found three battered figures huddled near the curb. As the three were somewhat under the influence of liquor, they were placed under arrest on a charge of assault and were placed behind the bars at the Harrison street police station.

"When they revived they told an incoherent story of how they had been imposed upon by Fitz in the wee small hours of the morning at Hogan's drink emporium and they decided to even matters when informed at the hotel of the game that had been played on them.

"As Fitz had not arrived in Chicago until eleven o'clock in the morning, it was obvious that an imposter was responsible for the hoax. The judge, on hearing their story, dismissed the complaint and warned the cowboys to be on their guard in the future and not to make merry with a man of Fitzsimmons' known fighting ability."

* * *

MALACHI HOGAN, in addition to being one of the best known sportsmen in the middle west and the owner of a famous cafe, was one of the best referees in the country. The Fitzsimmons affair reminds me of another encounter in which a porter was involved, this fellow being a big, husky Negro managed by Frank Kennedy, the official timekeeper at every big fight staged in Chicago years ago. The name of this Negro porter was Klondyke and, so much did Kennedy think of his ability, that he kept hurling challenges on all sides.

It happened that George Siler had just returned from Springfield, Illinois, where he had refereed a battle royal, and as he entered Stillson's Cafe, another gathering place for the sports elite, he met Carroll, the owner of the Illinois Athletic Club, and remarked:

"Did you see that big Negro who won the battle royal?"

"No," replied Carroll, "I left before the fight was over."

"Well, you missed something. That fellow has a left hand that's a corker. He's a peach of a prospect."

That gave Carroll an idea. Here was a chance for him to tease Kennedy. Tipping his mitt to the rest of the fans, they sat at a table and began to discuss this great Negro with the powerful left hand. As was expected, Kennedy was soon attracted to the table, and after listening in on the conversation, he arose, threw down a wad of bills and shouted:

"Here's my fifty dollars that says my Klondyke will put this big "Shine" of yours out inside of six rounds."

That's exactly what the mob was waiting for. A message was flashed over the wire to John Connors, who kept the Senate Bar in Springfield, asking him to send to Chicago the winner of the Battle Royal and when he arrived, a match with Klondyke was arranged, with Malachi Hogan, the referee. The Negro, incidentally, was none other than Jack Johnson, later world's heavyweight champion.

In the first round, Johnson cracked Klondyke on the head and Klondyke went down.

"One!" shouted Hogan.

Klondyke didn't move.

"What's the matter?" asked Hogan. "Ain't you going to get up?"

Klondyke was silent. Also inert. Hogan looked at him for a moment.

"Two!" he roared.

Klondyke still hugged the canvas and Hogan prodded him with his foot.

"Get up!" he commanded.

Klondyke merely shut his eyes.

Hogan walked over to where Ken- (*Continued on page* 42)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Edgren's Appointment Will Save Coast Boxing
Len Harvey Makes an Auspicious American Debut
N. Y. Commission Should Revise Method of Judging

CALIFORNIA, which has experienced many boxing ills during the last two years, has hailed the appointment of Bob Edgren, famous sports writer; B. W. Gearhart, California State Legion Commander, and Dr. Harry T. Martin, of Los Angeles, as members of the boxing commission. The appointment of Edgren, in particular, meets not only with the approval of Coast fans who want to see boxing occupy a high place in California sports, but with that of thousands of friends who know Edgren either personally or through his writing.

In New York, where Edgren served for many years as sports editor of The Evening World, his old colleagues feel confident that if any person can lead boxing out of the rut in California, that man is the fearless Bob Edgren. An upstanding fellow with an exceptionally wide acquaintance, a sportsman who has held American and world championships in weight throwing, an amateur boxer of ability—his contact with sports, boxing in particular, give him qualifications that make him decidedly fit for the post.

It is indeed gratifying to see that at last the profession which should be in a position to furnish the proper men for boxing commissioners, is honored by the appointment of Edgren. Unfortunately, too many politiciains who do not know a boxing glove from a pillow are named to rule over a sport, which is tossed from pillar to post by those who seek self-emulation. Bob Edgren will have no need to exploit himself. His great record as an athlete and writer have done this for him years ago.

* * *

Calling the Proper Turn

COMMISSIONER EDGREN'S first official act was to refuse sanction for an overweight match between Tommy Freeman, welter king, and Young Corbett.

"California has seen enough of these matches," said Edgren. Corbett, forced to come in overweight, defeated two welterweight champions when they were still title holders but didn't win the crown. Now he'll either get a fair chance at the title or he won't be permitted to fight the champion in this state at all."

Well spoken, Mr. Edgren. If other boxing commissioners took the same stand, some of our "cheese" champions who keep going out of their class or compel legitimate contenders to scale beyond the class limit to protect the title, would soon see the light.

* * *

Len Harvey Makes Good

ANOTHER British champion made his bow to the American public recently in the person of Len Harvey, and for a change, the fight fans were satisfied that they had seen a real scrapper. Len is all of that despite his defeat, by a hairline margin, at the hands of Vince Dundee in a twelve-round encounter in Madison Square Garden. Although Harvey lost the verdict, there were many among the 10,000 who felt that he had won, or at least, was entitled to an even break.

The bout was exceptionally close, and could have gone to Harvey by a shade, because of the two knockdowns he scored in the opening round. I gave Harvey six of the twelve rounds and Dundee six, but even with the score even, it is my opinion that when a man scores two knockdowns for counts of nine he is entitled to the decision.

Regardless of that, however, Harvey made many American friends. He is not in the same class with Mickey Walker, who I believe, would win by a knockout, but he is the equal of America's best except the champion. Analyzing his style in his debut, I find that he lacked initiative—he was not sufficiently aggressive even when he had Dundee going. He changes his style too frequently and he holds too much. As these faults may be easily corrected, I think Harvey would find himself a far bigger attraction here were he to eliminate them.

* * *

The Draw in Boxing

THERE are three sets of persons who like to see the announcer wave both arms to indicate that the contest is a drawn battle. First are the boxers who have lost the fight by a narrow margin and are delighted to escape with the verdict of an even break. They may have been defeated clearly, but it is much easier to face the home adherents with a decision of draw than to have to admit defeat.

The second contingent is composed of the boxers who really have won the bout by a shade, but who thank their stars the decision did not go to their opponents.

The third and last collection is composed of those who bet on the fight, their money being placed on the boxer who really loses, but is rescued by a draw decision. The money wagered is saved to the bettors for which they are thankful.

It does not follow that these decisions of a drawn battle are given through timidity, or aversion to receiving the denunciation that might have followed a correct ruling, but they certainly do indicate a lack of fearlessness on the part of the ring officials who thus decide.

In 999 instances out of 1,000 there is no excuse for a decision of draw. One or the other is sure to have a certain amount of advantage, but as a decision in favor of either is sure to call forth a torrent of abuse from the losing bettors, many of the ring jurists prefer to take the easiest way out and thus placate the bettors.

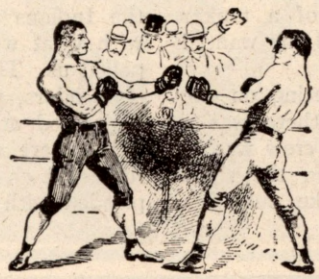
There is no reason for a draw verdict. The Boxing Commissions should reinstruct their judges on the proper way to judge a fight, especially on the value of aggressiveness minus effectiveness and vica versa. The commission where boxing is judged as in New York, should also instruct its officials that where the fighters each have gained the same number of rounds, the fellow who has landed more solidly and has been the aggressor, is entitled to the honors, all other things being equal. What we need is a revision of the method of judging and an instruction of the judges on their duty.

PIONEER DAYS *in* NEW YORK

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

DURING the life of the Horton Law, from 1898 to 1900, more important pugilistic history was made than in any other two years of the calendar in New York City. Especially was this true of the heavyweight division when nearly all the great performers of the class were seen in action in the metropolitan district.

Jim Corbett, the cleverest boxer in the heavyweight brigade! Jim Jeffries, the iron jawed, steel-muscled giant of the Pacific slope; Bob Fitzsimmons, the most effective hitter and greatest strategist of the class; Tom Sharkey, the hardy sailorman who feared no one on land or sea; Peter Maher, from Erin's Green Isle, with a polthogue second to none; Joe Choynski, good boxer, hard hitter; Sam Langford, a real and much-feared black menace; Kid McCoy, tricky, clever boxer and effective hitter, and many others of more or less renown exhibited their wares.



It was on a sultry night, August 2, 1898, that the Man Mountain from California, James J. Jeffries, made his initial bow to New York. He was towed to this city by Billy Delaney, one of the ablest managers in boxing, though not especially successful financially. Delaney took his charge to the Vanderbilt Hotel, on 42d Street, near the Grand Central Station, and notified the gentlemen of the press to gather there and take a peek at the big fellow.

In fact Delaney put Jeff on the hotel scales, which registered 245 pounds. As Jeff wore a light alpaca coat over his shirt and lightweight trousers, it was evident that the 245 pounds consisted almost entirely of bone and muscle. Due to the effects of the California sun, Jeff had the complexion of a mulatto, with the black, turbulent hair of a Filipino, and he was surly to the last degree.

* * *

HE evidently had been training in his home town, for there was no evidence of superfluous flesh in his makeup. As soon as he jumped off the scales, Jeff ran up to his room and remained incommunicado the remainder of the night.

Delaney, however, who surmised that he had uncovered a pugilistic magnet, went into details anent the big chap. He declared that Jeff was sure to capture the heavyweight crown and that he had come to New York to show the benighted denizens what a real fighter looked like.

Delaney said by way of giving New Yorkers a good opportunity to judge for themselves as to Jeff's ability, the fighter would undertake to stop two well known heavies in one ring on the same night. The victims selected were Bob Armstrong, a tall, dark-skinned negro, who knew how to box and could hit with much force. The other sacrificial offering was none other than Steve O'Donnell, a chap who could outpoint Corbett in gymnasium but could not beat anyone else in or out of the ring.

Jeff was to take on both men, one down the other to enter, at the old Lenox A. C., 106th Street and Lexington Avenue, on August 5, and the club still stands on the same spot. All that was known of Jeff in the East was that he had boxed 20-round draws with Joe Choynski and Gus Ruhlin, and had a 20-round decision over Tom Sharkey.

On that record it was decided that Jeff ought to make short work of both Armstrong and O'Donnell, and the small crowd that turned out to the expected slaughter was prepared to see the big fellow's opponents roughly handled.

To the astonishment of the onlookers, Armstrong, who was named as the initial victim, not only held Jeff even in a 10-round bout, but in the writer's opinion Armstrong had a pronounced advantage in the matter of points. The decision, however, went to Jeff, and all hands retired to their dressing rooms.

* * *

AFTER a reasonable delay, O'Donnell entered the ring and waited for the Goliath to appear for the next test. In very truth, O'Donnell was by no means in a comfortable state of mind. He had seen the big Coast man throw some annoying left hooks at Armstrong, and O'Donnell was by no means certain he could duck them in the matter of fact way that the negro did. Therefore as time wore on, O'Donnell developed much nervousness and apprehension.

Presently the spectators became cognizant of the delay in putting on the bout, and began calling for Jeff to come out and show himself against the trembling O'Donnell. But the transplanted Ohioan failed to appear, and Delaney, who was bustling about the ring, was asked to call his man to the fray. Delaney hustled to the dressing room and called for Jeff. No response. Delaney then got the Vanderbilt Hotel on the phone and asked if Jeff was there.

"He was here," replied the room clerk, "but he packed up and checked out for San Francisco half an hour ago."

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said the astonished Delaney.

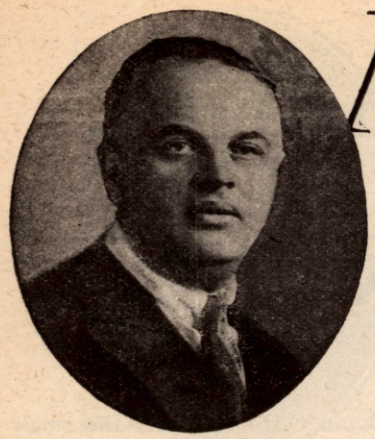
When Delaney and the writer reached the hotel later on, the clerk added that Jeff had said he hurt his thumb on Armstrong's head, and did not propose to fight any more that night. When O'Donnell heard the news, he heaved a sigh of relief and got into his street clothes without delay.

Despite the run-out, Delaney had faith in the giant and sang his praises so all could hear. However, Delaney was lacking in the required capital, and he made little progress until William A. Brady came to the rescue with the needed backing.

* * *

AFTER his precipitate flight from O'Donnell, Jeffries, on reaching the Coast, engaged in no bouts for nearly a year but began systematic training under the watchful care of Delaney. Then came one of the most astonishing moves in the history of boxing. The big chap, who had boxed practically a draw with Bob Armstrong, and had fled from Steve O'Donnell, and whose previous record included drawn contests with Gus Ruhlin, Joe Choynski, and a questionable 20-round decision over Tom Sharkey, was suddenly precipitated into a match with Bob Fitzsimmons, conqueror of Jim Corbett and the most dangerous hitter and ablest ring general in the heavyweight class.

At this time Fitz was 37 years of age and Jeffries was in his 24th year. Jeffries had engaged in ten contests at this period, none of his opponents being of the dangerous sort and none of which had the Boiler- (*Continued on page 42*)



MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART ELEVEN

THE European trip on which I embarked with Doctor Roller in July of 1910 was planned solely for pleasure, but, as it developed, our plans were subject to change.

As I have said, we sailed on the Carmania on July 8, when the world still throbbed with the outcome of the Jeffries-Johnson fight. In that era, ships other than those which carried passengers were not, as a rule, equipped with wireless and great excitement was created on board the Carmania when we had reached mid-ocean by the sight of a tanker steaming toward us and flying flags that indicated she wanted our aid or assistance.

Passengers lined the rails of our ship, speculating on the cause of the tanker's concern. One guess was there was a mutiny on board. Another that a member of the crew was ill or injured and needed medical treatment. When the ships had drawn close to each other, the tanker broke out flags which, in the code of the sea, spelled:

"Who won the fight?"

The tension on the Carmania was relieved and every one laughed except, perhaps, the captain, to whom the interruption of his finely drawn schedule was no joke. However, he was gracious about it.

"Johnson," signalled the Carmania.

"Thanks," came the answering flash from the tanker and both ships proceeded on their way.

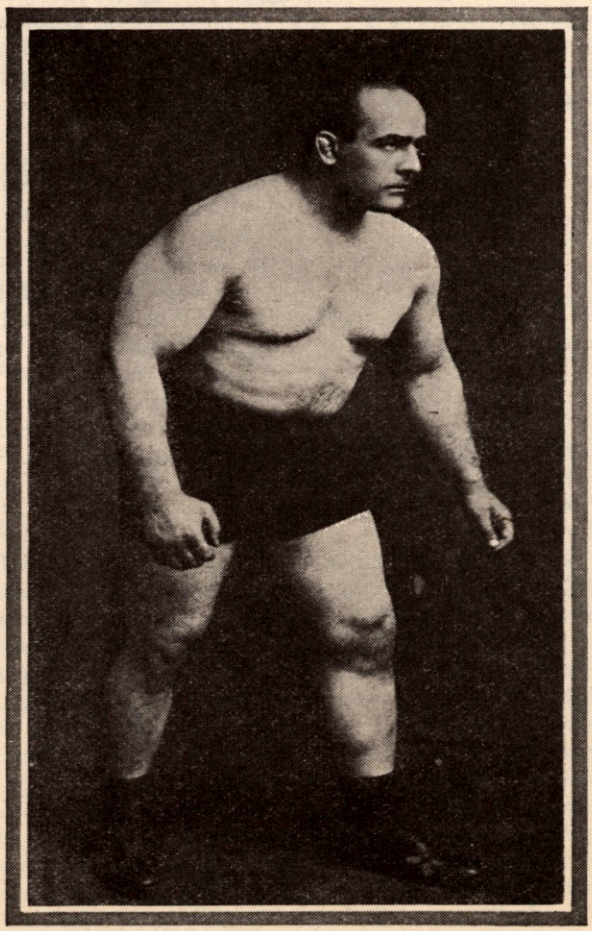
* * *

ON our arrival in London, Roller and I were sought out at our hotel by newspapermen who wanted our impressions of the fight. We hadn't seen the fight, of course, but we did not disillusion them. Indeed, we gave them graphic blow-by-blow descriptions of the hopeless struggle of the weary Jeffries against the superb fighting machine that Johnson was that day.

The interviews, printed in all the newspapers the following day, centered attention on us and we were visited by a number of English and American sportsmen, all eager to talk with us about the fight and to discover the reason for our presence in England. We assured them, and at the time we were sincere in our statements, that we were there only for pleasure. I had not been in Europe since I was a child and there was much that I wanted to see. The trip represented the fulfillment of a desire I had had in mind for some time.

Among our callers was an American named Bob Benjamin, whose brother, a member of the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, was a friend of mine. After introducing himself, he told us he had brought with him from India a troupe of fifteen wrestlers, whom he had quartered in a village on the Thames. He was enthusiastic about them, especially one by the name of Gama who, he said, was a really great wrestler. In response to his urgings, Roller and I went with him to visit the Indians in their quarters and were not much impressed with what we saw. For one thing, their living conditions repelled us. They were huddled in one cottage, permeated with stale odors, where, as nearly as we could judge, they cooked their food, ate it, slept and spent nearly all their time.

We were rather glad to quit the spot and it would have remained as a half forgotten incident if Benjamin had not pleaded with us for a match between Roller and Gama. We were cold to the proposition at first but when he convinced us that there were many wealthy Indians of the highest caste in London who would pay well to see such a match, we warmed up to it. It was our opinion that Gama would be soft picking for Roller and if, after all, we could make enough money to cover the expenses of our trip by means of such a match, we would be foolish to refuse it. Therefore, we agreed to it.



Stanislaus Zbyszko

* * *

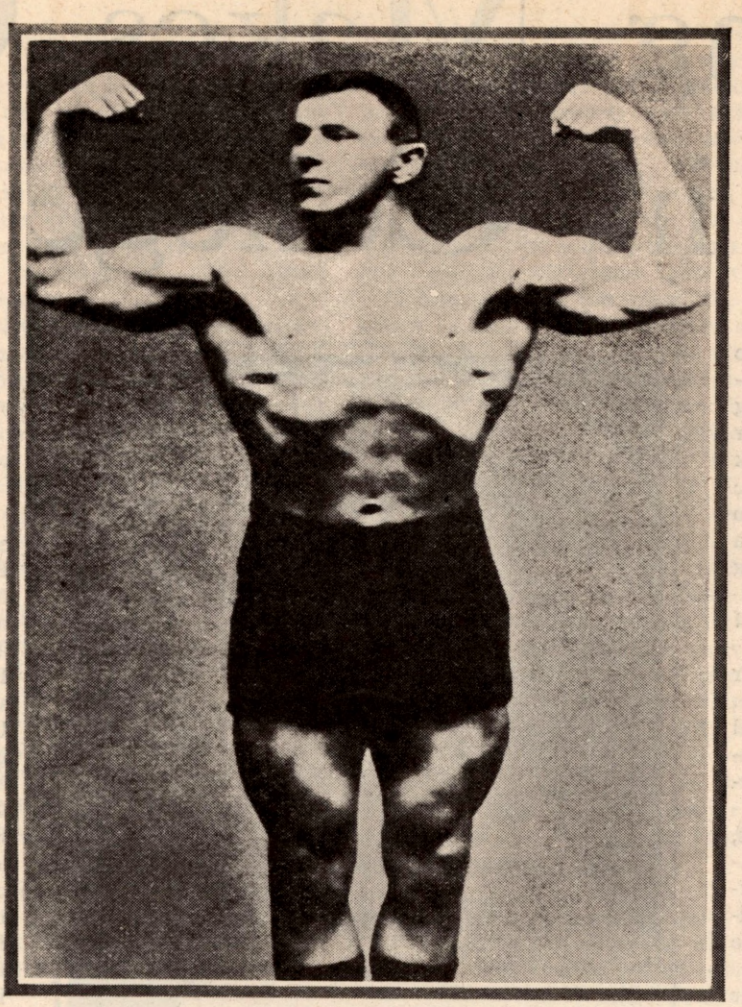
COL. ALFRED BUTT, now England's greatest theatrical magnate, was at that time the general manager of the Alhambra Theatre in Leicester Square. I met him and arranged with him to engage the theatre for the match, which was set for the afternoon of the Bank Holiday. We then sought the support of the newspapers and sporting periodicals.

The situation in regard to publicity was a peculiar one. The newspapers gave little space, if any, to advance notices and promoters were forced to depend for their space on Sporting Life, the editor of which was the nationally celebrated Will Will, or The Sportsman. It was the custom to make matches in the offices of these publications and as the rivalry between them was intense, a promoter who

made a match in the office of Sporting Life forfeited the support of the Sportsman, and vice versa. That state of affairs may have suited the English promoters but I saw no reason why I couldn't get the support of both publications and the newspapers as well.

My first move was to give a dinner for representatives of Sporting Life, The Sportsman and all the daily papers at the Waldorf Hotel off the Strand and, ostensibly, make the Roller-Gama match there. In that fashion, no jealousies were aroused and interest in the match was created.

My next move was to organize a publicity bureau along the lines with which we are familiar in this country. To the astonishment—I may say almost to the horror—of Charles Cochran, now famous as a promoter but then press agent of the Alhambra, we pounded out our publicity, sent it around to the newspaper offices and, to Cochran's utter amazement, had it printed in full. It was the first introduction of our American methods in London and in the eyes of Cochran and other ultra-conservatives was viewed as almost scandalous.



George Hackenschmidt

Within a few days of the match, I was summoned by the Foreign Office. I could not guess why but obeyed with alacrity and was received by a smiling, exceedingly polite Secretary. He informed me that, since I had proceeded so far with my arrangements, the Government had no wish to cause me embarrassment or financial loss and so would not halt this match but—and here he ceased to smile—there must be no more matches between Indians and Caucasians in England.

The danger that the Indian might triumph was inimical to the security of Great Britain's hold on the subject races. It would not do to get it into the heads of these races that one of their number could humble a white man at anything. Did I understand? I did.

The Secretary smiled again, thanked me for calling, apologized for having to trouble me and bowed me out. Well, it was all right with me. I had no intention of promoting any more wrestling matches in London. Roller and I were to leave for Paris within a few hours after the match with Gama.

* * *

THE match was a sell out. As a matter of fact, the theatre was too small and when the men stepped on the mat there were more people in Leicester Square than there were in the theatre, although, it being Bank Holiday, we were competing with rowing races on the Thames, foot races at Stamford Bridge, horse races at a nearby track and family outings in the wooded sections on the outskirts of London. Col. Butt had persuaded me against my own judgment to set the price scale from six shillings to three guineas.

I had thought £1 would be correct for "tops" but he said I would sell more seats at three guineas than I would at £1. I guess he was right. Anyway, we couldn't have sold more seats than we did. It was a brilliant assemblage, the stalls being filled with Indian potentates in their huge and colorful turbans.

The match, sad to relate, did not last long. Gama, having completed what apparently was a prayer ritual in his corner, grunted once or twice and, with a cry, leaped at Roller, hurled him to the mat, flattened him and broke three of his ribs.

Roller was removed to the Charing Cross Hospital where, said the physician who attended him, he would have to remain for several days and must not think of travelling for at least ten days after he was allowed to leave the hospital. So much for our plan to start for Paris within a few hours after the match.

* * *

I TOOK to wandering about London—Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, Piccadilly, the Strand, Hyde Park, the Chelsea Embankment. In Lyle street, near Piccadilly Circus, was the American Artists' Club, with a coffee room where I used to sit sometimes of an afternoon whiling away the hours in conversation with the members.

One afternoon, as I was in Lyle street on my way to the club, I caught sight of a familiar figure across the street. It was George Hackenschmidt, whom I had met in Chicago a couple of years before. I hailed him and at first he did not recognize me but merely gave me a salute such as he might have given to a stranger who had spotted him, but when I crossed the street he saw who I was.

"Jack Curley!" he said. "I am glad to see you. I never have forgotten the nice times you gave me when I was in Chicago."

He referred to the time he stopped off in Chicago on his way from Australia to New York, where he was booked to wrestle Tom Jenkins. At the suggestion of Harry Pollock, Charles Cochran, who was associated with Hack, had gone on from New York to Chicago to meet the big fellow and start the ballyhoo for the Jenkins match. I was greatly impressed with Hack, both as an athlete and as a man and we had some pleasant evenings together.

Subsequently, he had defeated Jenkings and, on a second visit to America, had engaged in a very unsatisfactory match with Frank Gotch in Chicago. For a long while there had been in the back of my mind a scheme for another Hackenschmidt-Gotch match and I was doubly glad to see George for that reason.

I knew he was making his home in Paris and asked him what had brought him to London.

"I am here to see my boot maker," he explained. "I shall return to Paris in a day or so."

"Roller is in the Charing Cross Hospital," I said. "He had three ribs broken in a match with Gama the other day."

"I read about it in the newspapers," Hack said. "I am sorry he was hurt."

"Let's walk around and see him now," I suggested. "I know he would be pleased to have a visit (*Continued on page* 45)

Boxing Makes Good in College

By SPIKE WEBB

Boxing Coach U. S. Naval Academy

A FEW years ago most colleges associated boxing with cauliflower ears and black eyes and brave indeed was the athletic salesman who dared to breeze into a college with a stock of boxing gloves. Boxing had been condemned by the colleges—and that was the end of the matter.

Then came the World War and by a strange turn of fate, college men were put on trial in the very element their institutions had condemned—personal combat!

This is what Dr. Raycroft, representing the War Department on Training Camp Activities, put up to the college men who had become officers—

"An efficient fighting soldier must not only be trained in the technique of offense and defense, but must be charged with the proper fighting spirit. We are dealing with men who are strangers in the main to personal combats of any nature, and it is toward this class of soldiers that the major portion of athletic and boxing activities should be directed. Forward action and aggressiveness in bayonet fighting is most essential. Aggressive action in boxing tends to the same end."

Spike Webb, Annapolis and U. S. Olympic Boxing Team Coach

* * *

WHAT the colleges had failed to teach, the college men learned in the mud of France. It was here that all opposition to boxing in college was broken down. From the fields of France came the boxing rules now used in college. College men in the war camps learned to box and liked it. They returned to their colleges and when they continued boxing, the colleges liked it.

I have on my desk before me a mud-stained copy of the first rules in boxing as issued by the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities. I remember how we thumbed the pages when some fellow turned up quite overweight, with the nearest scales twenty miles away. I can still hear men laughing over Rule 1, Section 2, which required that the floor of the ring should extend beyond the lower ropes for a distance of not less than two feet. In truth, the floor generally extended into a thick woods beyond which it continued on and on into enemy territory.

The intercollegiate boxing rules were founded almost word for word upon the original War Department rules and in the first intercollegiate meet held in America after the war, college men competed who had boxed under the rules in France.

Outstanding among veterans of college boxers is Eddie Eagan, who left Yale in his second year to serve as an officer in France. After serving in the war, he won the Inter-Allied boxing championship for America at his weight. Upon returning to Yale, he was instrumental in establishing boxing there and was elected first boxing captain of 'Y' men. He became the first intercollegiate heavyweight champion of America. He then served on the 1920 Olympic team which I took to Belgium and won the Olympic Boxing Championship in his weight. Later, he won the Rhodes scholarship and while in England, annexed the championship of that country as well.

* * *

SINCE the founding of the Intercollegiate Boxing Association in 1919, many college men have won championships for their colleges and with it have added interest to boxing and credit to themselves.

As organized at present, the Intercollegiate Boxing Association is somewhat similar to the football association. There is a central board of officials governed by a director known as the head referee. At the beginning of a boxing season, the colleges submit their schedules to the central board whereupon referees and judges are appointed for each meet of the season. Officials must be satisfactory to both colleges holding a meet, but when a college protests an official, it must have a good reason for its objection.

Many of the officials are sport writers from big newspapers without direct interest in the colleges competing. Of late, graduates who served on the early college teams, have been coming in as officials, chiefly in the capacity of judges.

Practically all college boxing coaches are former professional ringmen, though in this branch, too, members of the early college teams are taking a hand.

* * *

AN interesting point connected with college boxing is the requirement that spectators must remain silent during the progress of the rounds. Before the bout starts and during the rest periods the crowd can make "whoopee" in worthwhile proportions but with the ringing of the bell, lights are extinguished except directly over the ring and all sounds except

those made by the boxers are outlawed. This is in the interest of good sportsmanship.

When this rule was first put into effect, it resulted in many minor contests outside the ring and several challenges were issued by bellicose referees, with plenty of takers, but due to side exits, the contests never came to pass.

Referees are urged by the central board to prevent knock-outs wherever possible and in this connection they have a wide range of power. There have been instances in the past where referees have stopped an opponent, the other boxer being momentarily dazed from a punch.

After a rest, the bout is permitted to continue as before. The referee attempting this maneuver, is taking upon himself a grave responsibility, for it is just possible that the dazed man may recover in the next round and slip over a punch that sends his opponent stem-winding into a deep sleep. In such a case, the referee is hard pressed for an explanation and probably equally as hard pressed for an early train.

The bouts are held before two judges who must agree at the end of the third round for a decision. In the event that the judges do not agree, the boxers are compelled to waltz for another two minutes. If the judges again disagree, the referee comes forward with a deciding vote.

In one instance votes came out as follows: one judge draw, one judge voted Smith and the referee votes Jones. The referee declared the bout a draw but certain technical followers of the game demanded that the referee show cause for his decision, insisting that two of the votes must agree for a decision. A solution might have been obtained by turning out the lights and locking the doors as in jury cases, but to date the experiment of turning out the lights has not been attempted.

* * *

CAN advantage college boxing has over the professional game is that promoters don't have to rent a hall for their meets. In almost every instance large gymnasiums are available, though attendance is generally limited by seating capacity to about five thousand spectators for an A-1 meet. As college boxing grew in popularity, the demand for seats far exceeded floor space so to speak, and it became necessary to issue seasonal passes. Even this led to difficulties in some institutions, whereupon a system of tickets, ushers and reserved seats became necessary.

Several colleges issued rulings that spectators must attend all boxing bouts in formal dress. This increased the wealth of college tailors and set Chinese laundries to work on boiled shirts, but instead of decreasing the demand for seats, actually had the opposite effect, if for no other reason than that every man in town wanted the world to know that he owned an outfit of "soup and fish" and furthermore, that he knew how to dike himself out for the occasion. This added a new and unexpected burden to the already hard working seats because it brought women into the show!

College meets today are attended by a large section of girls, perhaps just a few less than half the spectators belonging to this side of the family. Social activities such as dances and musical shows generally follow boxing contests and as a result girls attend in evening dress with colored fans, silver buckles and gleaming eyes.

Eddie Eagan, former Intercollegiate and Olympic Heavyweight Champion

At first a few of the grandmother "flappers" were known to faint simultaneously with a knockout, but today women generally are the most ardent advocates of a quick ending for one and on with the next. The sight of blood no longer sends ushers scurrying for cold water; rather, it keeps them busy maintaining silence until the end of the round.

Boxing as introduced into our colleges has shown that it is a clean and wholesome sport when properly supervised.

Within the past few years, the professional ranks have had added to their coterie a number of former college champions. The latest new comer who is making good, is Les Marriner, former Illinois boxer who is one of the good heavyweight prospects now parading before the public. Then there is Ad Warren down South, who although not a top notcher, is a pretty good fighter. He got his start in the college ranks. And poor A. Lassman of N. Y. U., had not fate dealt him such a cruel blow he might now be among those competing for the crown which Tunney abdicated.

No longer do the college professors look down upon boxing as a degrading sport. Most faculty members encourage the boys and almost every big institution in this country where sport finds a place in the daily activities of the students, boxing is part of athletic curriculum.

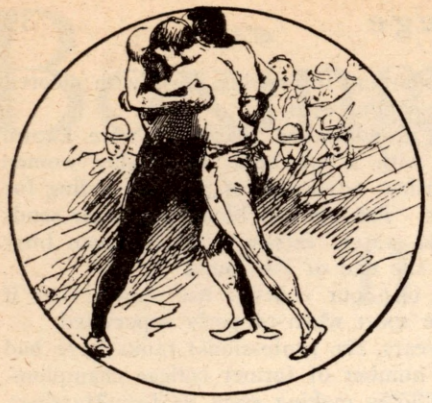
Harvard, Princeton, Penn State, Cornell, New York University, Columbia, Dartmouth, Maine, Pittsburgh and Yale among other great Eastern seats of learning, have splendid boxing teams. This is as it should be, for boxing teaches self-control, confidence, perseverence, determination, courage, keenness of eye and the never-give-up spirit that makes for good citizenship.

BOXING is one of the most healthful of all exercises. It is a sport that develops all muscles of the body. Like a game of chess, boxing, when properly followed, is a sport of wits. The art of hitting, blocking and getting away, is truly an art for it embodies real science. The fellow who takes up boxing with the mere intention of developing his hitting power, loses nine-tenths of the benefits he might derive from the sport.

That is why our college boxing directors give their charges a wide range of instruction. Boxing in our colleges is not given for the purpose of developing the muscular power of the students. It forms part of the recreational period and, as such, affords considerable enjoyment to those who take it up.

In boxing, the lungs, heart, limbs, trunk, eyes perform their share. Each is thoroughly exercised, hence aids in the proper development of the body, and, as such, also adds considerably towards the proper development of the mind, for such development goes hand-in-hand.

The inestimable value of boxing in the disciplinary training of our youths has long been recognized by the greatest advocates of the Spartan system, including Theodore Roosevelt, an ardent follower of the sport. Educators who heretofore saw nothing but brutality in boxing, have come to see the light and that is why boxing is making such splendid progress in our institutions of learning.



JUST AN AIR BUBBLE

By
DOC ALMY

I AM moved to tell a story—one never told or ever even hinted at before—a brand-new tale of a great ambition in days of flaming youth—a flare of young blood which was both wild and weird as I now contemplate it in its telling. I feel quite sure that it would have furnished wonderful copy for a while—would have provoked plenty of merriment and some speculation. At the time, to those actively involved, it seemed serious enough.

To let the world of sport in quickly on what it missed, it was an attempt, or rather, perhaps, a feint, to stage a fistic carnival in the face of law and order in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky—a replica, in a sense, of that famous series of ring meetings at New Orleans in 1892, when Sullivan lost his title to Jim Corbett.

It was back in the early fall of 1909 that this Mammoth Cave dream got going, the precise and exact spot of its birth being the club car attached to a train bound north from New Orleans to Louisville, Kentucky. Card players, temporarily wearied, were having a chatfest at one of the tables.

"Boys," remarked one of the group, a railroad magnate, "here we're back in Old Kentucky. It won't be long before we are in Louisville. I'm glad to get home."

"Say, isn't that Mammoth Cave up around here somewhere?" queried another. "I plan to see the place. Have always wanted to look it over. Friend wife wants to see it, too."

"Yes, it's over there," replied the magnate, indicating the general direction of one of America's natural wonders. "It is a great piece of work—something well worth seeing. Our road owns it—an asset and not an asset. A show place, but could be better. Say, I'd give $1000 for a really bright and workable publicity idea concerning it. Yes, gentlemen, $1000 in cold cash for a real idea."

No one having any workable publicity ideas to offer, the card game was resumed and the cave was forgotten.

* * *

IT so happened that I had a pal in that club car—a newspaper chap whom we will call Garland—who overheard the conversation, particularly the remark about the $1000. His thoughts went into third speed at once.

Just before the train pulled into Louisville, Garland tackled the railroad man.

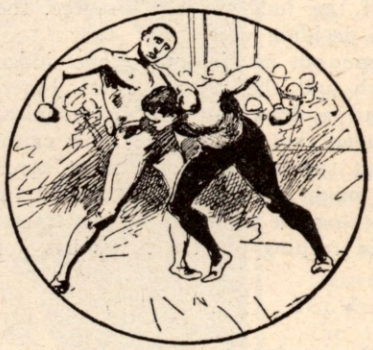
"I am a newspaper man from Boston," he explained, "and I happened to overhear your remark a while back about the Mammoth Cave. Do you really mean that you will pay $1000 for a marketable publicity idea? If so, I am a bidder—a prospective claimant."

"Yes, young man, I mean it. I will pay one thousand cold smacks for a real idea," was the rejoinder of the magnate.

Evidently Garland impressed him for they had a huddle that evening at the railroad man's home, the upshot of which was that Garland was given a month in which to produce results.

Boston was Garland's next stop—he brought me into the picture a few nights later while we were having a heart-to-heart in the sports department, where we both were employed.

"You know something about the fight game," said Garland, paying me a compliment. "Do you suppose we could stick a fight into that cave and get away with it? Would the paper stand for it?" I, with 50 per cent of that $1000 in mind, sort of reckoned that it could be done; futhermore, that perhaps the paper wouldn't fire us. But, it would have to be thought over. It was a subject requiring much thought — I am sure all will agree on that point. I was hopeful.



For several days we worked our thinking departments overtime—established an individual record for deep thought—and guardedly conferred with veterans among "the boys." Finally, out of it came a grand idea—a three-days' fistic carnival to be staged in the spring of 1910 in one of the halls of the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Championship battles! Jem Driscoll vs. Abe Attell, Bat Nelson vs. Freddy Welsh and Jack Johnson vs. Sam Langford were proposed. An ambitious card, alright, none better ever was put on. Had we been able to have gone through with it, it would have given the fight fans of 1910 something to look at and talk about—fighting fights which could not have been easily duplicated.

* * *

BACK in 1909, all of these ringsters were way out in front, masters of their profession and known as such to the entire world of sport. Between these pairs as we had coupled them up, existed the most intense rivalry. The matches were "naturals" from every angle. Today as I look back at that card, I fail to see wherein there existed a single flaw. Oh, for a Tex Rickard in our set at that time!

While Johnson and Langford were colored, and Negro warriors in the windup feature of a three-days' carnival may not sound over impressive to present-day followers of boxing, back in the immediate vicinity of 1909-10, Johnson and Langford were the two most formidable heavyweights in the game. Jeffries, at that time, was in retirement—merely a shell of his former greatness—Johnson was world's champion and Langford a close runner-up.

Between these two great Negro fighters the feeling was most bitter at that time, even as it is today.

In 1909, when the action of our story began, Langford was hounding Johnson from pillar to post and back again for a chance to attempt to wipe out the defeat which we saw him suffer in the ring of the Douglas A. C., at Chelsea, Mass., April 26, 1906. That fight, in which Langford gave away about 40 pounds to Johnson, was a fight—no fouling, faking or frame-up—nothing to gum up the works. It lasted the limit—15 terrific rounds—the toughest melee in which either man ever engaged. Johnson won the decision, but Langford left the ring on his own feet and not without honor—also, with plenty of marks of the fray. Johnson, too, big, strong and clever as he was, also bore more than one sign

How a Governor's Edict Halted Mammoth Cave Fistic Carnival

of having been in a terrific mill.

However, getting back to the story, the card looked wonderful to us—a real publicity attraction for the Mammoth Cave. We put it up to the managing editor of our paper, a man whose cool judgment and opinion have made him an oracle in the newspaper field. At the start he greeted the tale with a smile—then amazement—then became seriously interested.

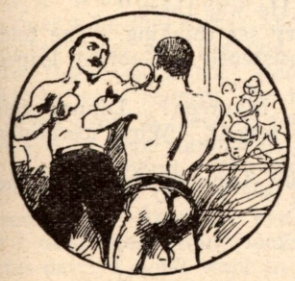
"I don't know whether you can do it or not," was his comment, "but certainly you are in line to start something. Go to it if you want to—nothing like trying—but don't forget your paper. We want the 'dope' when you get ready to spill it, but don't mess us in." Good scout, our managing editor—a man always loved and respected by all real workers under him.

* * *

THE card all mapped—who was going to do the refereeing? That part of it wasn't so tough for there were Charley White, of New York; Jack Sheehan, of Boston and J. Frank Bradley, of England. Type mills and telegraph wires got going. There were numerous personal conferences. The railroad magnate warmed to it, and so did his fellow magnates.

While our dealings with those who were actively to participate were necessarily tentative, we experienced very little trouble. The very audacity of the thing—its uniqueness; a bolt, as it were, from a clear blue sky, all presaged its success. One thing was certain, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky would have plenty of publicity before we got through with it.

But where were we, Garland and I, two poor newspapermen, to get the money to finance all of this business? Easy. We hadn't overlooked that part of it at all. As the thing unfolded, a certain big railroad with plenty of cash came into the festivity and arrangements were made that it was to do the financing. Garland and I were each to receive $10,000 for our end and the magnates would take care of the rest of the gamble, either for better or for worse.



It was figured that the tourney, staged in late April or May, would draw from all parts of the country and that the gentle sex would accompany their men folks, the former to see the wonders of the cave, the boys to see the fights and make whoopee in Louisville at the great annual Derby.

At first the housing problem for the expected throngs looked tough; but the railroad people finally decided that they could shunt in enough Pullmans to take care of any overflow from the Louisville hostelries. The lighting of the cavern arena selected for the combats was to be done by portable generators of the circus type used at that time, and negotiations were opened with one of the large detective bureaus for the proper policing of the place.

All of these details were to be gone into and all possible angles considered and you may believe the "Board of Strategy" and the few active workers behind the scenes had plenty to do.

The entire proposition looked better every day, so good, in fact that it finally attracted certain would-be holders of concessions—seekers of privileges for selling booze and peanuts, picking pockets, etc.—to which matters, however, belonged to the railroad, as all privileges had been tossed into the general agreement.

Naturally, there were many obstacles to be overcome—plenty of them—but the worst of the entire lot—a full-grown mountain of the hardest granite right in the path—were the laws of Kentucky against the holding of fights. "Prizefights" they were termed in the Blue Grass State.

Garland and I had not overlooked this angle—had tackled it at the very start. We fully realized that the finest fighting show on earth wasn't worth a cuss if the right to legally stage it could not be secured—a point which in the old days of fisticuffs caused much grief from time to time.

Well knowing that our influence, or any influence of a personal nature which we could bring to bear in the State of Kentucky would amount to nothing, this problem of the big scheme was turned over to the railroad, and the magnates agreed to see what could be done about it. Railroads, along with other lines of Big Business, can, you know, exercise lots of influence, and in cases where they really want something, politicians very often can hear them calling.

* * *

I WILL omit some of the details, but what was wanted was either the waiving of the laws of Kentucky relative to prizefights for just about one week; a tangling up of correct legal interpretations concerning sparring, boxing, fighting, exhibitions, etc., or some kind of a brand new law. Anything which would allow the tourney to be staged with a clean and clear getaway for all of those directly concerned was acceptable. If arrests had to be made after the show to appease the wrath of the outraged citizenry of Kentucky, straw men would be provided—the law department of the railroad to take care of them.

A lot of work was put in along this particular angle of the forthcoming and-to-be world's biggest, best and busiest. The railroad folks tackled the proposition like good fellows. Just what was done, or not done, the details were not given to us. But, for a while, all signs were most favorable. Then came a final conference of railroad and Kentucky officials. It was the grand finale for, at that conference, whatever was said or done, the whole thing crashed—the world lost one mighty bid for much gaiety.

* * *

PUTTING the result of this conference into brief and concise form, the message from the powers-that-be was this:

"The Governor of Kentucky will not stand for a fistic carnival such as is proposed. He has stated, and that clearly, if any attempt is made to over-ride the laws against ring fighting, all concerned will be arrested, and, if he can bring such about, imprisoned. We have employed every bit of pressure possible, but the Governor is determined and will use troops if necessary.

"Under such circumstances and because of our wide business interests, the railroad deems it advisable to drop the entire matter, and urges that you do the same. We will not attempt to carry on further negotiations."

This knocked the feet from under Garland and me. We were licked and counted out. Governors usually have their own way about such matters in their own state and under the circumstances it was useless to attempt to put anything past the Kentucky executive. If the railroad magnates couldn't do it, we couldn't, that was sure. It was tough to see our air-castle thus blasted and tough for the others directly concerned to see their dreams vanish into smoke but, all in all, perhaps it was just as well. No one really knows.

As it was not long after the explosion that they began to warm up Jeffries for his match with Johnson at Reno, Nev., on July 4, 1910, all prospect of a meeting ever between Johnson and Langford faded from sight. Garland and I forgot our bid for promotional greatness and got to the grind in the sports department of our paper—and so the story endeth.

It was all a wonderful thrill while it lasted. Had the plans materialized, the promotion would have been a big feather in our caps, but as things turned out, it proved nothing but a thrilling air bubble.

Wrestling Revival

(*Continued from page* 19)

ran was one of the promoters, the same Charley Cochran who is now one of the leading showmen, the man who promoted the Carpentier-Beckett battle and who started out with Billy Brady and the late Tex Rickard as one of the promoters of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. But that wrestling show in London was a church gathering compared in enthusiasm to the Garden show the other night.

I WAS one of the promoters of the Gotch-Yousoff Mahmout match at Dexter Pavilion, in Chicago. Forty-six thousand dollars was taken in at that gate and many were turned away because we couldn't pack any more in. That show compared somewhat in crushing at the gates to the Garden show.

Then again, I was one of the promoters of the Gotch-Hackenschmidt match, at Comiskey's Park in Chicago, where $94,000 was taken in, and that established a world's record for any sort of a wrestling gate. That show was unsatisfactory because Hackenschmidt lacked confidence on account of a damaged knee cap.

In my opinion, Commission regulation has brought about a change in wrestling methods, in matchmaking, in presenting the cards and in handling the crowds, that has worked for the betterment of the sport. The '11 o'clock closing' regulation, which at first was thought to hamper finish matches, has added zest and speed to wrestling. The fan doesn't like the all-night matches. He turns out for the present day fast contests which seldom last more than an hour, where you couldn't drag him out before. The rule of enforcing advertised mat artists to appear, barring a legitimate excuse, has established great confidence in the sport.

A patron knows he is going to see the fellows who are advertised and not substitutes. The rules and regulations of the commission to permit the staging of wrestling only before legitimate organizations, and the driving out of burlesque theatres, large halls, the so-called burlesque wrestling, is one of the greatest assets of present day success.

In New York, there are three big organizations that cater to the wrestlers—the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, the Ridgewood Club and the Garden. Out in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn, from where the hottest wrestling fans of the city hail, wrestling has always been a money maker. Messrs. Floto and Hamer, and Rudy Miller, their matchmaker, have arranged cards that have brought out capacity houses all season. The shows they put on are with men who later appear in the Garden. They get their acid test in Brooklyn and must make good there if they hope to get the bigger shot in Manhattan.

So long as the promoters continue to feed the public with the kind of matches that have been placed before them for the last four months, and the wrestlers continue to give the public the best in them, the mat sport is certain to continue in good favor with the sports enthusiasts.

Saps Go Courting

(*Continued from page* 11)

kid, not she! It's only saps go courting.

"Over at the Enderley Club they had a wild night after the fight, McCartney and Kay Gordonere, and about a hundred sports.

"Three days later Manners packed up and left for New York. It took him a whole year to get over that fight, and he never was much good thereafter. He thought everybody was razzing him. The story had got around the country and some of the scribes had begun to call him Kay Manners.

"Well, kid, about a week after the big fight McCartney goes to New York and Broadway for a flying visit. 'I'll be back and we'll get married,' he tells this girl from New Orleans.

"THE very day McCartney lands on Broadway, with the old gang at the Hoffman House, he reads it in the evening papers, page one, big headlines—

"KING HADDER, LION OF GRAIN PIT, AND KAY GORDONERE MARRIED AT ST. LOUIS.

Chicago's reigning beauty and Millionaire admirer elope and are on their way to Japan.

"McCartney went on a week's drunk, but he came out of it all right. He even answered a telegram from Manners, reading, 'Hello, sucker.'"

Chick Martin imbibed another whistle wetter. "So you see, kid, this business of trying to mix dames and the fight game never turns out well. Take my advice. Step out of this competition with Meehan. Let him have the girls, and you get that championship.

"Remember Manners and McCartney. You don't have to take it from me. Ask Jack Curley. He was there."

Georgie Leary sat thinking. The telephone rang insistently. Georgie leaped to it.

"Well, well, Maureen! Dinner this evening? At seven? Why, certainly, sweetheart."

Chick Martin slammed the door, and spat derisively.

Pioneer Days in New York

(*Continued from page* 35)

maker won by a wide margin. On the other hand, Fitzsimmons had met the best heavies in the world and had defeated them in masterly manner. Yet the fight was made and Jeff stopped Fitz at the Coney Island A. C. to win the world crown. Of this fight I will tell more in a later issue.

Yet Jeffries, in a contest that brought forth much adverse comment, knocked out the Cornishman in the eleventh round and won the heavyweight crown. In this bout it was obvious that Fitz was not fighting at his best for he permitted Jeff to strike him almost at will.

But three years later, when Fitz was 40 years old and Jeff only 27, Fitz tried to regain the title on the Coast and, although Bob hit Jeff only one good wallop at Coney Island, he fairly slaughtered Jeff for seven rounds in the return mill. Every blow he let fly, hit Jeff somewhere.

Then Fitz's battle-scarred knuckles yielded to the impact, and when he could no longer punch, he took one solid whack on the jaw and the count. I saw Jeff and Fitz in Considene's three weeks later, and Jeff's face was replete with black and blue welts as though he had been hit with a baseball bat.

It Happened at Hogan's

(*Continued from page* 33)

nedy sat peering at the motionless Klondyke.

"He's a dog, Frank," he said.

He walked back to where the fallen Klondyke lay.

"Three!" he bellowed.

It was the origin of the long count in Chicago. The house was convulsed.

Hogan must have used up three minutes reaching a count of nine, when Klondyke finally got up.

The Negroes mauled each other again until the fifth round when Klondyke landed a terrific left to Johnson's belly and he went down and was even more obdurate than Klondyke had been. He rolled over and assumed a comfortable position while Hogan was counting, again making a burlesque of it, and when the count of ten was reached, Johnson arose and left the ring amidst mingled hoots and laughter. Yet a few years later, this same Negro took his place in ring history as one of the greatest fighters of all time.

Those Hardy Perennials

(*Continued from page 23*)

pitched forward on his face. He was dead to the world.

"I won't try to describe the scene. Montieth burst into tears as he worked to revive Dundee. They were as thick as brothers then. A half hour later, as Jackson and I were leaving the club, we passed Dundee's dressing room. Johnny was sitting on a cot, still dazed.

"'Come on, let's hurry up and get the fight started,' he was saying to Montieth. Even then, he did not know what had happened. He wouldn't believe them when they told him he had been knocked out.

"That was the beginning of a series of fights between Jackson and Dundee that brought a lot of money to all of us and a lot of enjoyment to fans in several cities. If I had to-day my cut from those fights, I would not have to worry about anything. But it's all gone.

"After the fight, Jackson and I started to celebrate. Before we finished, I had spent the $400 and had to borrow money to get us back to New York. Jackson tried to head me off. 'You're spending all the dough, Doc,' he would keep saying. 'Don't worry, Kid,' I would reply, 'there'll be plenty more after what happened to-night.' And there was.

"Indirectly, though, that fight caused me a lot of grief. Hanlon asked us to come to Philly the next week, when Benny Leonard was boxing Eddie Wallace, so that Jackson could be introduced. Naturally, we went. The house was packed and we sat so close to the ring that my face was almost inside the ropes in Wallace's corner. It was wet and musty in the corner and a load of powdered rosin was dumped there.

"In those days the seconds swung towels between rounds. The breeze from the towel drove a piece of rosin into my right eye. I kept rubbing it. That night my eye went blind. The pain was terrific. For eight days I was blind. The doctors finally fixed the eye, but that's why I wear these funny looking cheaters to this day. I don't want to get another load of rosin."

Bagley wears the largest pair of glasses I ever have seen. Maybe you have wondered why. Well, now you know the answer.

THE second meeting between Dundee and Jackson took place at the St. Nicholas rink, in New York. The place was sold out, and then some. So great was the crowd that the street was closed to all except those holding tickets.

Jackson, eager to prove that his Philadelphia victory was not a fluke, tried to finish Dundee in a hurry, and for a time in the first round it did seem that he would flatten Dundee again. But that master ring general weathered the storm. It was a no-decision bout. Dundee, despite his bad start, was given the honors by a consensus of opinion of the attending critics.

By the way, in all their fights Dundee failed to gain a decision over Jackson. Nor did Willie ever again have Dundee on the floor. Jackson took one decision, in fifteen rounds. Four times they went to a draw. The others were no-decision brawls. Still, every one of their meetings was a rip-snorting fight.

Passing over the intermediate contests, we come to the eleventh and last of this famous series. It took place in the old Madison Square Garden during Tex Rickard's regime, with Leo Flynn serving as matchmaker. Tex and Leo both have passed on.

Rickard and Flynn wanted to put a five-dollar top on the match, though the boys had never worked, after that first engagement, for less than a ten-dollar top. Bagley held out for ten dollars. Rickard and Flynn couldn't see it his way.

"They have boxed ten times, Doc, and we won't do so well if we try to get ten dollars for it," insisted Rickard. Bagley offered to bet that the Garden would be sold out at a ten-dollar top.

Everybody else wanted to cut the prices. Dundee, who had a stable of horses at that time, had just received a call for a wad of dough for hay and oats. He joined in pleading with Doc to get in line. Finally Bagley agreed.

It is history that the show set an attendance record for the old Garden and also a high water mark for receipts gathered by a five-dollar show. More than 14,000 paid admissions were counted in the capacity crowd. The gate was around $47,000. Bagley had the satisfaction of saying "I told you so" to Rickard and Flynn, but, as he points out, that did not make up for the added money everyone would have made at a higher tariff.

* * *

THROUGH all their warring with the gloves Dundee and Jackson remained the best of friends. Johnny held no resentment against Willie for marring his record with that one-round knockout. They were good friends, but in the ring they tried to murder each other. Later, when Jackson was through, Dundee drafted Bagley to work with him in many important fights.

"How that Jackson could sock with his right," sighs Bagley. "If I only could find another like him. Say, you know that cauliflower ear that Tunney has? Do you know where he got it? No? Jackson gave it to him in the gymnasium, with his right hand wrapped in a twelve-ounce glove."

The mention of Tunney recalls that Gene was another of Bagley's boxers. After the Marine won the American light heavyweight title they parted company. Bagley sold Tunney's contract to Tunney himself for $5,000 and a cut on his next three starts. It looked like a smart deal to Bagley at the time. But it is doubtful if any man ever swung a more disastrous transaction in the buying and selling of fistic goods.

Tunney went on to win the heavyweight championship of the world. To-day he is a retired millionaire. Bagley is still looking for another Jackson and eking out a livelihood by seconding fighters. Bagley is a game guy. He can even laugh when he tells of selling Tunney's contract. "A guy can't always be right," he says. No, Doc, but that was one heck of a bad guess.

Bagley's hopes for a comeback to the big money lie in Roberto Roberti, Italian heavyweight; Abe Callahan Lipshitz, former University of Pennsylvania football player, who also aspires to the heavyweight crown, and Salvatore (Red) Affinito, a welterweight who has won twenty fights in a row since he turned professional after copping a couple of amateur titles.

Discoverer of Dixon

(*Continued from page 29*)

the Boston Strong Boy. He admired him, as did all others of his period and was eager to emulate the great "John L."

"It wasn't long before Dixon took to fighting and I got my first peep at him at one of the Cribb Club's special meetings at which he was to meet a fellow named Paddy Kelly of Cambridge. It was from this club that such stars as Sullivan, Kilrain and others of their skill, migrated.

"I was the guest of David Blanchard, the owner of Mystic Park and the promoter of private boxing matches. Blanchard, it will be remembered, also was the originator of the Blanchard Fair Play Rules which were adopted by the Boston Clubs. Well, to make a long story short, Dixon in that mill went fifteen rounds to a draw. He weighed only 93 against 116, and his opponent, Kelly, had a reputation of having licked everybody in sight.

"I noticed in the fight that Dixon used only one hand, his left. He did not try to stop a blow with the right but how he did slam home that left. I immediately decided that here was a jewel in the rough and I took him under my wings with the result that, ere long, he was one of the greatest attractions in all America. Dixon held the championship for nine years, from March 31, 1891, when he whipped Cal McCarthy in twenty-two rounds until Terry McGovern stopped him in eight rounds in New York on January 9, 1900.

Mysterious Billy Smith, Joe Walcott, George Dixon, Tom Sharkey, Al Palzer —all good men, were among O'Rourke's talent.

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express

Continued from page 9)

seaboard. Petrolle did not meet with exceptional success. Fargo fans were disheartened, but not Hurley and Petrolle. Eddie (Kid) Wagner of Philadelphia, a leading contender for the lightweight championship, came to Fargo in 1926. For nine rounds they fought with Petrolle only carrying a slight edge. Then came an opportunity in the last minute of the tenth and final round. Petrolle rushed in to catch Wagner along the ropes. A perfectly timed right felled Wagner, and he lay limp on the canvas while the referee tolled off the dismal dirge. Petrolle was made.

Detroit grew to like Petrolle through several pleasing fights he staged in the automobile city. He was matched with King Tut in September of 1929. That was Petrolle's last fight for six months. He was forced to undergo an operation. His condition, everyone agreed, was primarily responsible for his defeat. Hurley, after it was over, admitted he was wrong. He never should have allowed Petrolle to enter the ring that night.

Petrolle's great comeback already has been related. When he tackled McLarnin, the odds, 6 to 1, meant nothing to Petrolle. "Nobody's 6 to 1 over Willie," said Hurley as he planked down $500 that McLarnin would not get the decision.

"I HAD McLarnin licked from the first punch I threw," Petrolle said. "Hurley instructed me to throw a left, cross with a right, and in case I missed these, I would be in position to throw another left."

That procedure was rehearsed. Petrolle was instructed to duck under McLarnin's right hand punches. "They'll either go over your head or he'll hit you on top of the head," Hurley said. McLarnin said he broke his hand when a right landed squarely on top of Petrolle's head. "He can thank Hurley for that," Petrolle offered.

"I learned a long time ago to do as I was told," Petrolle says. "Results count and I think I've done pretty well by stringing along with Hurley.

"I learned plenty of times that Hurley's advice was good. I don't listen to these outside advisors any more. They had me believing one time that I was all through, but Hurley convinced me that all I needed was a good long rest. They told me I needed glasses. Hurley threatened to lick me himself if he ever caught me with glasses on again. I only wore them once. I don't need them. Hurley was right again," Petrolle went on.

Petrolle comes by his fighting naturally. It runs in the Petrolle family. There are three boys. All are fighters. The parents have never disapproved of the vocation of their sons.

"A good boy, Billy," Frank Petrolle, his father, a railroad employe, says of his fighting son.

His mother, says Billy, is prouder of a medal he won in an amateur tournament some years before than any of his other possessions.

"He's lots better now, though," she tells you in her Italian accent, for the Petrolles emigrated from Italy when Billy was barely able to toddle along.

And there's many a fighter who meets Billy to-day who is not even able to toddle when the Fargo Express turns on full steam.

Beauty Really Only Skin Deep "Bull" Proves

(*Continued from page 27*)

his mouth and this, with his thick set lips, his deep eyes, broken nose and cauliflower ears, not to mention the big, ham-like hands gave Bill the appearance of a most hard-hearted criminal.

When Montana went to his dressing room, Fairbanks has some one show Bill how to paint his face. The actor's make-up paint can only be removed with grease but to play a joke on the newcomer, no one tipped him off about this. When the day's work was over, Bull tried to get the scar and other ugly lines off his face but without avail. He was told to scrub his face and for several hours he kept at it with a brush but the paint still remained.

FURIOUSLY he sought out Fairbanks and pointing to his face he shouted: "I quit. I go back to New York. For no job do I go through life with this kind of face. I wash and wash and scrub and this, the scar and lines, they don't come off."

Fairbanks, put wise to the trick played on Bull, laughed heartily, dipped his fingers into a jar of cold cream, rubbed them over the scar and lines and they disappeared as if by magic. Bull was astounded. He asked how it was done, learned the "trick" from Fairbanks and decided to stick to the picture game in which field he has become a noted character actor and has drawn down far more than he would have, had he remained in the wrestling game.

It is ten years now since Bull entered the field of silent drama and during that time he has appeared in many pictures. Whenever a human monster is needed, Bull Montana has first call and his wicked scowl, forbidden countenance and ferocious demeanor is known wherever a moving picture is shown.

Sixteen Big Bouts for 1931

(*Continued from page 4*)

a willing campaigner, so choosy. This class needs rebuilding, but nothing can be done while the title holder refuses to fight anybody of class at the weight.

A Corbett-McLarnin fight would be a natural, but I cannot get Jimmy into a ring with the California southpaw. McLarnin no doubt feels that Corbett's style would puzzle him.

A McLarnin-Freeman fight for the welterweight title would draw well, but Freeman has been ill and it will take some time before he is ready for such a match.

A battle between McLarnin and Billy Petrolle would draw. It would not develop into a sufficiently important attraction to warrant its being staged in one of the New York ball parks, but would be a Garden sell-out.

I think a lot could be done with Jackie Berg, but he feels that the big match for him is a lightweight championship affair and no man is better entitled to a chance with Canzoneri than the Englishman.

Canzoneri could make himself some change by meeting Suarez, but only indoors. The South American has a big following and a Canzoneri-Suarez contest would pack the Garden to the rafters.

A Berg-Suarez fight would draw well.

As for a Berg-Petrolle fight, well, try and get them together for a rematch! Here is a certain sell-out, but naturally both Berg and Petrolle are angling for the titular with Canzoneri and neither is willing to take a chance on elimination.

I believe that a lot could be done with Max Baer. He would make a corking match with Tuffy Griffith. They are aggressive fighters of similar styles, and would keep the house in an uproar, with a knockout always a probability.

Walker ought to step out against Dave Shade. Or let Shade take on Len Harvey of England, with the winner fighting Walker for the title. The winner of the Vince Dundee-Harvey return match, with Walker, would be a natural.

This lad Battalino, featherweight champion, ought to strike out for the big money by meeting real fighters. He made a good start in the Chocolate fight, and he should keep on meeting good ones.

A return match between Battalino and Chocolate would go well anywhere. Earl Mastro and Battalino is another standout match. Battalino and Kid Francis is still another possibility and a LaBarba-Battalino bout would be a Garden sell-out. All these are fine matches.

Battalino would like to meet Berg, and Jackie wants to fight Battalino. But the New York Commission points to the fine matches which stand out for these men in their own classes and very wisely insists that these be taken care of before the boys forage out of their weights.

Let the fighters realize that the customers must be brought back by real, hard matches that mean something and my list above so far as I can see, is the real answer to 1931 boxing success.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 37)

from you. Will you accompany me?"

He was agreeable and we spent an hour or two with Roller. Then, as is the European custom, I escorted Hack to his hotel. When we arrived, I went in for a few minutes at his invitation. When we had sat down, I said:

"George, I'd like to have you go to America again and wrestle Gotch for me. The promoters of that other match handled it badly and I would like to see you try it again."

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Do not talk about it now, Jack," he said. "I am not in the mood for it. But when you are in Paris come and see me and perhaps we shall be able to do something about it."

THUS was the ground work laid for the second Hackenschmidt-Gotch match, about which so much has been said and written and about which I shall have something to say myself later on.

Roller still was convalescing when Will Will resigned as editor of the Sporting Life to go with Horatio Bottomley, the publisher of what was at that time England's greatest and most spectacular weekly—John Bull. He promptly sent for me.

"Jack," he said, "we want you to arrange and promote for us a match between Gama and Stanislaus Zbyszko at White City."

"Not I," I said, remembering my brief but pointed interview with the Secretary at the Foreign Office not long before.

"Why not?" he asked.

I told him why not. Instead of my information dampening his ardor, it heightened it. I gathered that a clash with the Foreign Office was meat for Bottomley. He was at the zenith of his power then and he loved to exert that power in clashes with officialdom.

The fact that the Foreign Office opposed matches between Indians and Caucasians would have led him, I believe, to promote such a match even if he had had no intention of doing so until he learned the attitude of the Foreign Office. Assured by Will that Bottomley would see to it there was no interference, I agreed to help them, at least to the extent of getting the match under way.

* * *

I SENT for Zbyszko, who was at his home at Cracow in Galicia and installed him in training quarters at Rottingdean, near the home of Rudyard Kipling. Then, having made the match and started the publicity campaign, I withdrew and set out for Vienna to arrange, at Zbyszko's suggestion, a match between him and Roller. Roller, having recovered meanwhile, had gone to Frankfort-on-the-Main to study under the world famous Dr. Ehrlich, so I made the trip to Vienna alone.

I had no cause to regret not seeing the Zbyszko-Gama match, which Bottomley, true to his promise, succeeded in putting on in spite of the opposition of the Foreign Office. Zbyszko, contemptuous of Gama's vegetarian diet, contended that such a diet could not be productive of stamina and that the way to beat the Indian was to permit him to do all the work first and, when he had tired, to roll him over.

SO, with the bell, the men went into a huddle, with Zbyszko firmly planted on the mat and Gama tugging and hauling at him in an effort to dislodge him. The crowd called on Zbyszko time and again to get up but he paid not the slightest attention to their pleadings and stuck to his plan. Unfortunately, it wasn't a very sound plan, for Gama refused to tire and continued to tug and haul.

After three hours and a half of utter inactivity on Zbyszko's part and with darkness closing in, the referee called a halt and announced that the men would resume the following Saturday—which was the most original decision ever rendered in a wrestling match. Zbyszko hadn't the faintest notion of resuming the following Saturday nor, I suppose, had Gama. At any rate, by the following Saturday, Zbyszko was on the Continent and the match was awarded to Gama by default!

To this day Zbyszko is known in England as "The Man Who Would Not Get Up."

(*To be Continued*)

Florida East Coast

By PAUL A. SEEGER

MIAMI has more promoters and would-be promoters than it has boxers and we have more boxers here than Miami Beach has sand fleas. And one and all promise to put on a "big shot" here this winter.

Frank J. Bruen, formerly of Madison Square Garden, has the only real scramble in sight. Bruen has booked Carnera and Jim Maloney for March 5 and promises an all-heavyweight card that will take the curse off some of the affairs tossed here in recent years.

Ed Douglas has Babe Hunt booked for a bout in February and has city-owned Moore Park sewed up for this and any other big bouts he wants to put on this year. But to date Ed has been unable to get a good boy to sign for a bout here with Hunt. They all want everything in sight.

Young Strib is out of the picture for a bout here this year as "Pa" has finally got the boy on big time and will engineer no more of those grub acts with tankers. "Pa" and Douglas have hooked up in the wrestling game and have put on two good shows in the Coliseum.

Joe Chambers has been made matchmaker of the Coral Gables club but the outfit still is on the red side of the book on the season. The only really good show put on was the Art Dekuh-Jack Herman affair. Lew Diamond was back of this and it was a great card.

Sanator Durant of Connecticut brought down Al Rowe, lightweight, to meet Jimmy Reed and we were treated to one of the best scraps in years, a ten-round draw.

Johnny Blaine of New York has had six sensational fights at Jacksonville. He engaged in two ten-round draws with Baby Joe Guzman; knocked out Frenchie Roselle and Baby Miller, and caused Joe Teems to quit in the fourth round.

The Rizzo twins took a combined licking—Tommy at the hands of Eddie Reilly; and his brother went out in the third at the hands of Kid Aldo Linz.

Benny Goldstein of Baltimore gave Snooks Campbell an artistic licking in seven out of their 10 rounds, but lost the nod because he ran into Snook's right three times for counts in various rounds. It was a great battle.

Old Spiker Webb has won four or five in a row, including a kayo over Johnny Gerarden. Spike is a daddy now and says he is going up in New England this summer to earn plenty for baby's shoes.

Pal, by the way, went nine rounds with Relampago Saguero before he called it a day. The powers that be thought they were throwing Pal to the lions, but the lad gave the Tampa boy plenty of do before he ran into two stiff ones in the ninth.

Boxers with millionaire dads are advised to come here for the climate. Others will have to battle on street corners for ham sandwiches as we have two mitt slingers for every cop in town.

Ice Merritt dropped in the other night and gave Gus the most hectic bout of his career. It was a good draw and a great fight.

Tony Celmars is back in the game after a layoff and has $500 worth of backing that he can send Snooks Campbell to the cleaners if the sheik usher will make 126 pounds, which Snooks, of course, will not be silly enough to do.

I hold 100 bucks put up by Young Rubin that he can take Eddie Bishop inside of five rounds. Eddie agreed to the match, but I can't locate him. He knows my address.

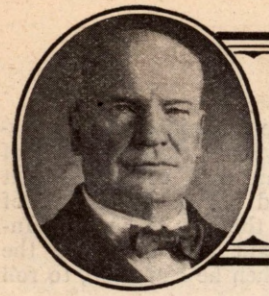
Will Rufus Joiner send in his address? I have a letter from a New York insurance company that they want to hand him some money from his late father's estate. Funny how these birds jump around.

Attention Mike Hurley. Dozens have asked me where at is Johnny Colangelo. We have an army of classy lightweights here now and Johnny is the one boy who could get plenty of bouts here. In two years boxing in Florida Johnny never lost a bout. A sweet boxer and a fine lad.

A Psalm of Strife

By Grantland Rice

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Strife is but an empty dream,
When the heavyweight that slumbers
Still can get his share of cream.
Strife is real! Strife is earning!
Where the kale is still the goal;
Gold dust art to gold dust turning,
Is the slogan of each soul.
Not employment, and not sorrow,
Is their destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds another paying prey.
Art is long and Time is skidding,
But their hearts are never raw
When they find promoters bidding
For their punches to the jaw.
Lives of heavyweights remind us
We can also cop the tin,
And, departing, leave behind us
Glove prints on a hostile chin.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a punch no cove can block,
Still in training, still pursuing,
Learn to counter and to sock.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

A Philadelphian.

Q.—When did Lomski and Francis fight in Philadelphia? What was the biggest purse paid in Philadelphia not including the Dempsey-Tunney purse?

A.—Jimmy Francis fought Leo Lomski on February 28, 1928, and was stopped in the third round. They fought at the Philadelphia Arena.

Carnera received the most money in Philadelphia, aside from the Dempsey-Tunney affair. He got around $40,000. The gate was $180,000.

B. D. of Atlantic City, N. J.

Q.—What year did Georges Carpentier fight Jack Dempsey for the championship?

A.—July 2nd, 1921.

N. H., Stamford, Conn.

Q.—Could you tell me the best and safest way to develop my neck?

A.—Take neck exercises—bending forward, sideways and backwards.

Q.—What is the best way to develop one's legs besides running?

A.—Rope skipping and leg exercises described in "Training for Boxers."

Q.—What are the best books in which to obtain information of this kind?

A.—Nat Fleischer's "How to Train" and "How to Box."

Reader, McBride, B. C.

Q.—I am 16 years old, weigh 150 lbs., height 5 ft. 8.5 inches. I am interested in boxing but have not had much experience. Kindly advise me as to what course to pursue and inform me of a good instructor in Vancouver, B. C.

A.—I would suggest that you write to Biddy Bishop, c/o Austin & Bishop, 1630 Ninth Avenue, Seattle, Washington—He handles Amateur and Professional boxing on a large scale for the Northwest and he could give you the proper information.

Lawrence Wheeler, Treece, Kan.

Q.—I have fought as an amateur twelve times, winning six by kayo, four on decisions and losing twice. Is that a good record? Who would win a Stribling-Sharkey bout? How do you rate Justo Suarez? Who is the greatest heavyweight in the ring to-day?

A.—A very good record for a beginner. Stribling would be favored to whip Sharkey. Suarez is ranked among the best lightweights. Stribling is the best in my opinion.

Ring Reader, Montreal.

Q.—Where can I obtain the complete record of Solly Green, a Canadian boxer of a few years ago?

A.—The only Greens mentioned in records, modern or ancient, are George Green, of California, who fought under the name of Young Corbett, Jackie Green, former featherweight champion of Australia, and Willie Green, featherweight champion of the United States Navy. I suggest that you get into touch with Armand Vincent, Montreal Garden Corporation, 8022 St. Catherine Street, East, Montreal.

Ring Reader.

Q.—Was Arnst heavyweight champion of England or Australia?

A.—Not mentioned in English or Australian records.

Q.—Could Battling Siki have beaten Tommy Loughran with both at their best?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Could Stribling have beaten Delaney, both at their best?

A.—No.

Q.—How many boxers have beaten Stribling?

A.—Battling Budd, Dick Leonard, Frank Carbone, Paul Berlenbach, Jack Sharkey, Babe Hunt, Carnera. Stribling engaged in a large number of decisionless bouts, with varying results.

Q.—Could Canzoneri beat Kid Chocolate, both at their best?

A.—Yes.

William Finkelstein, Buffalo.

Q.—Of what nationality are the following boxers: Leo Lomski, (Polish-American); Mickey Cohen, (Jewish-American); Young Zazzarino, (Italian-American); Benny Touchstone, (Jewish-American); Steve Halaiko, (Ukranian-American); Harry Sankey, (Jewish-American); Joey Goodman, (Jewish-American); Mike Sankowitch, (Polish-American); Tait Littman, (American-German); Perlick Twins, Herman and Henry, (Irish-German.)

Q.—How is one's reach measured?

A.—Extend the arms right and left, and measure from the finger tips of one hand to the finger tips of the other. Example: Chocolate has a reach of 67 inches, or 5 feet 7 inches.

Subscriber, 2107 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Fighting Dick Hyland, former lightweight—true name and present address.

A.—Hyland's family name is William Uren. Born at Grass Valley, California, October 12, 1885. Height 5 ft. 3 inches, weight 130-133. Write to the Sports Editor of a San Francisco paper for his address.

G. E. Duncan, Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—Why do modern boxers not use the light punching bag, which was so popular with old timers? The latter would beat tattoos with fists, elbows and even used their heads in an intricate series of movements that were marvelous and effective in the increase of speed. Modern boxers don't seem to know the art of bag punching. They slap the bag a few times with a one-two punch, which seems to be the limit of their knowledge.

A.—In view of the shortening of bouts in modern contests, the natural supposition is that the boxers of today would do all possible to insure speed in the ring. Quite the contrary. They all seem to ignore the benefits of hitting a lively ball and go in for rope-skipping, wrestling and give-and-take hitting with sparring partners. Sidestepping, ducking, slipping, feinting are lost arts, there being only a few instances of real cleverness, most of which are in England.

This situation apparently is due to the demand of modern patrons of boxing for slugging. Two men who will slam-bang each other continuously round after round are the recipients of tumultuous applause, while a pair of really clever, scientific boxers are practically certain of catcalls from the galleryites. It is questionable if Jim Corbett, doubtless the cleverest boxer in the heavyweight class, would find much favor before the spectators at a modern boxing arena.

Corbett by the way, used all appliances for conditioning a boxer, his apparatus insuring speed and strength. He utilized the light bag for speed when he prepared for his bout with Sullivan, and also employed a heavy bag to accustom himself to hitting hard blows. He also used a wrist machine, for hardening the muscles of the wrists and hands. This consisted of a circular bar to which was attached a rope with a heavy weight fastened to it. Corbett would wind the bar with his hands, thus drawing the weight up to the top of the rack. Yet Corbett was distinctly a scientist, and he seldom was known to mix it with an opponent, until the latter showed weariness.

Louis Cordero, Ring Reader.

Q.—My age is 16, height 5 ft. 7 3-4 in., weight 131 1-2 pounds. What will be my dimensions at full growth?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 10 in., 170 pounds.

Q.—Who would win in matches between Firpo vs. Carnera, Stribling vs. Jim Corbett, Dempsey vs. Harry Wills, each in top form?

A.—Carnera, Corbett, Dempsey.

Q.—I have been training for three years. Would it be advisable for me to start as an amateur?

A.—Yes.

Louis Rohmeyer, Auburndale, Wis.

Q.—Did Georges Carpentier ever fight Harry Greb?

A.—No.

Q.—Could Jack Dempsey have defeated Harry Wills in his prime?

A.—Yes.

Reader, Hazleton, Pa.

Q.—Who is the world's heavyweight wrestler champion. Jim Londos or Don George?

A.—Londos.

Q.—Who is the better wrestler of the two?

A.—Londos.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

DUE to various causes, very little activity was shown throughout the country last month and all classes suffered. The headliners have adopted a policy of "Watchful Waiting". They are looking for lucrative matches to develop, hence are keeping idle. All the attention that Schmeling, Stribling and Sharkey have been receiving has detracted from the general interest in boxing and the decline has been shown all over the country. The only matches that developed of more than passing interest was the American debut of Len Harvey, who suffered a defeat at the hands of Vince Dundee in a closely fought match. In the outstanding matches, Benny Bass successfully defended his junior lightweight crown again Lew Massey; Paulie Walker held Young Corbett to a draw on the Coast, and Midget Wolgast battled Frankie Genaro to a fifteen-round draw, thus keeping the flyweight class in an unsettled state.

AMONG the heavyweights, George Godfrey made one of his periodical recoveries when he kayoed Salvatore Ruggirello in one round at Mexico City. Godfrey has also extended his activities in the wrestling game, with a successful debut in Mexico. Max Baer was credited with a three-round knockout over Tom Heeney, but the victory failed to bring additional laurels in his direction as Heeney beat him readily in two rounds and then had the misfortune to be pushed out of the ring and lose the bout on a mix between the referee and timer. Charley Retzlaff, considered a prospect of unusual standing, came through with knockouts over Tommy Havel in one round and George Neron in six.

Ralph Ficucello regained his winning stride by kayoing Johnny Grosso in three rounds. Stanley Poreda, another of the unusual crop of heavy prospects, kayoed Tony Starr in two rounds. Dick Daniels scored over Al Friedman. Tony Galento disposed of Phil Mercurio in two rounds. Pierre Charles outpointed Jack Renault at the Garden. Jose Santa whipped Roberti Roberto in the battle of giants.

JIMMY SLATTERY, outstanding light-heavyweight contender, turned the tables on King Levinsky, Chicago heavyweight, in their return go. Lew Scozza turned in a surprise victory by winning over Larry Johnson in Buffalo. Johnson has also stepped out of the 175-pound division. Billy Jones turned in victories over Yale Okun and George Nichols.

Tait Littman kayoed George Courtney in the fourth round. Courtney defeated Owen Phelps, while Phelps whipped Tony Marullo. Charley Belanger split a pair of decisions with Leo Lomski; defeated George Cook and George Manley. Lomski also kayoed Young Firpo in two rounds. Al Gainer scored over Leo Larrivee.

Rosy Rosales drew with Battling Bozo and defeated Joe Sekyra. Harry Ebbets drew and whipped Battling Tracey. Gary Leach kayoed Young Jack Dillon in three rounds. Abie Bain won on a foul from Doc Conrad in the second round. Willie Oster flattened Edgar Norman in the first round. Tony Ferrente bested Leo Williams, Tony Shucco scored over Joe Tinsley and Osk Till kayoed Harry Feurstein in the first.

MICKEY WALKER is still creating havoc but outside of the middleweight division. If Mickey were inclined, he could save plenty of trouble for the commissions and himself by tackling all the possible contenders in sight one after another in the middleweight class and get ready for the bigger fellows. During the month he kayoed Matt Adgie and Herman Weiner in one round each.

Vince Dundee stepped into the limelight with his victory over Len Harvey. Dundee also whipped Buck McTiernan in Pittsburgh. Dave Shade kayoed Joe Anderson in the last round of their ten-round bout at the Garden.

Harry Smith kayoed Frank Boja in the fourth round. Rene De Vos was stopped by Freddy Polo in the fifth round and fought a draw with Pete Suskey. Gorilla Jones kayoed Johnny Burns in seven and Clyde Chastain in four rounds. Jack McVey bested Vincent Forgione. Nick Testo kayoed Joe Grady in two rounds. Vincent Sereci kayoed Eddie Dempsey and Johnny Cucci in one round apiece.

Frankie O'Brien won the New England middleweight championship with a victory over Wop Manolian. Joe Sharkey scored over Haakon Hansen in Chicago. Johnny Roberts scored over Johnny Zawackie. Danny Devlin whipped Billy Alger. Clyde Chastain defeated Johnny Wagner. Young Terry kayoed Jack Kiernan in seven rounds. Mickey McFarland bested K. O. White.

TOMMY FREEMAN returned after a long absence since winning the welterweight title and defeated Pete August. Tommy has been handicapped through illness. Paulie Walker stepped into the picture with his draw over Young Corbett which can be counted as a moral victory. Jackie Brady whipped Abe Lichtenstein and stopped Joe Medill in five rounds.

Andy Di Vodi defeated Sammy Jackson and kayoed Zenda Chavez in the first round on the Coast. Bucky Lawless scored over Abe Lichtenstein. Jackie Horner was kayoed by Sam Bruce in four rounds and Billy Townsend in one. Paul Pirrone kayoed Pal Silvers in seven rounds. Madison Dix kayoed Joey Caruso in two rounds.

MANUEL QUINTERO was the most prominent junior welterweight to show any action during the month. He kayoed Mickey McAllister in four rounds and drew with Dick Gore. Tommy Grogan whipped Young Firpo and Eddie Ran. Solly Schwartz won over Phil Rafferty.

Herman Perlick defeated Bobby Burns. Henry Perlick drew with Alex Miller and was beaten by Buster Brown. Relampago Saguero whipped Jack Purvis and kayoed Pat McDonald in nine rounds. Mike Sarko scored over Paul Canamere and Hubert Gillis. Jimmy McNamara won over Eddie Shapiro.

BILLY PETROLLE engaged in one bout during the month and defeated Billy Light, a full-fledged welterweight. Steve Haliako reversed the decision against Wesley Ramey in their second match. Harry Dublinsky whipped Bruce Flowers in Milwaukee. Maxie Strub stopped Bobby Mays in eight rounds.

Andy Callahan defeated Hy Diamond. Eddie Anderson lost on a foul to Lew Bloom in the last round of their ten-round bout. Joey Kaufman and Nat Arno battled to a draw. Harry Carlton stopped Maxie Leiner in the fifth round.

BENNY BASS still reigns as the junior lightweight leader. He whipped Lew Massey in a titular match in Philly. Freddy Miller won over Roger Bernard in Cincinnati. Mike Dundee outpointed Mickey Cohen. Harry Blitman is cutting a big figure with his comeback. During the month he kayoed Al Gordon in one round; Mickey Blair, four rounds; and Joey Williams in four.

Dom Volante turned in kayos over Tommy Dexter and Peter Nolan, three rounds each, in England. Steve Smith beat Oscar Bernard. Koli Kolo drew with Johnny Brennan, bested Jimmy Batchelor and kayoed Long Sing Que in two rounds. Santiago Zorilla drew with Frankie Klick. Marty Fields whipped Joey Rivers. Teddy Watson scored over Bobby Brady and Sid Silas defeated Joe Paradise.

EDDIE SHEA is heading the list of featherweight contenders. During the month he kayoed Andy Martin in two rounds. Bushy Graham scored over Davey Abad. Andy Martin beat Tony Leto. Johnny Datto whipped Jackie Rodgers. Bud Taylor won from Joe Lucas.

Lew Feldman outpointed Vidal Gregario. Mike Gelb won on a foul from Johnny Erickson in the second round. Hymie Wiseman outpointed Archie Bell. Pete De Grasse scored over Charley Raymond. Tracey Cox drew with Midget Mike O'Dowd and kayoed Babe Ruth in two rounds. Joe Ryder won the National Guard featherweight title by knocking out George Goldberg in seven rounds. Tony Morgano kayoed Sammy Novia in two heats.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

The following are my ratings for the month ending January 22:

Heavyweights	Light Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Tommy Freeman	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Jimmy Slattery	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
2—Young Stribling	Lew Scozza	Dave Shade	Paulie Walker	Tommy Grogan
3—Tuffy Griffiths	Tait Littman	Len Harvey	Jackie Fields	Solly Schwartz
4—Primo Carnera	Billy Jones	Harry Smith	Jimmy McLarnin	Ralph Lenny
5—George Godfrey	Bob Olin	Angel Cliville	Y'g J'k Thompson	Stanislaus Loayza
6—Ernie Schaaf	Pete Latzo	Vittorio Livan	Johnny Indrisano	Joe Glick
7—Tommy Loughran	Joe Banovic	Gorilla Jones	Baby Joe Gans	Herman Perlick
8—Johnny Risko	Charley Belanger	Jack Hood	King Tut	Jackie Shupack
9—Max Baer	Leo Lomski	Ben Jeby	Jackie Brady	Joe Medill
10—Charley Retzlaff	Rosy Rosales	Jack McVey	Bucky Lawless	Johnny Lamar

Lightweights	Junior Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Freddy Miller	Eddie Shea	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Al Foreman	Fidel La Barba	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Justo Suarez	Roger Bernard	Kid Chocolate	Joe Scalfaro	Ruby Bradley
4—Louis Kid Kaplan	Johnny Farr	Earl Mastro	Pete Sanstol	Art Giroux
5—Tony Herrera	Lew Massey	Tommy Paul	Vidal Gregario	Steve Rocco
6—Steve Haliako	Maurice Holtzer	Bushy Graham	Archie Bell	Phil Tobias
7—Sammy Dorfman	Mike Dundee	Johnny Datto	Newsboy Brown	Marty Gold
8—Maxie Strub	Pete Nebo	Bud Taylor	Willie Davies	Speedy Dado
9—Harry Dublinsky	Harry Blitman	Jimmy Slavin	Harry Fierro	Jackie Harmon
10—Andy Callahan	Davey Abad	Lew Feldman	George Nate	Antol Kocsis

KID FRANCIS leads the list of bantam contenders. Francis likes to fight both in the bantam and featherweight division and is aiming for a crack at Al Brown to settle the question of who is the real bantam champ. Francis whipped Jimmy Slavin in his bout. Pete Sanstol conquered Johnny Erickson. Domenico Bernasconi bested Oscar Goldman. Willie Davies whipped Marty Gold and Phil Tobias. Tobias was also beaten by George Nate.

Johnny Pena defeated Charley Raymond, Fred Monte and stopped Artie Siederman in three rounds. Charley Von Reeden scored over Happy Atherton. Joey Eulo defeated Frankie Kid Anslem for the bantamweight championship of the National Guard. Anslem has outgrown the flyweight class.

Lew Farber bested Sammy Tisch. Johnny Edwards kayoed Luis Carpentero in four rounds. Johnny Peters whipped Frankie McKenna. Britt Gorman whipped Ernie Peters and Ollie Bartlett. Bartlett drew with Mickey Cohen. Peter Jackson drew with Lew Franklin. Juan Cruz whipped Al Smith and Petey Hayes trimmed Mauro De Los Reyes.

THE flyweight supremacy question was left unsettled. Midget Wolgast and Frankie Genaro battled to a draw in their fifteen round bout. Speedy Dado kayoed Jackie Evans in the second round and Antol Kocsis whipped Freddy Lattanzio.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Billy Passamento, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bantamweight — Johnny Gale, Three Rivers, Mich.
Featherweight—Ray Meyers, New York, N. Y.
Junior lightweight—Billy Gladstone, Chicago, Ill.
Lightweight—Lou Saunders, Beaver Falls, Pa.
Junior welterweight—Al Rivers, Denver, Colo.
Welterweight—Roger Brooks, Cleveland, Ohio.
Middleweight—Ambrose Palmer, Australia.
Light-heavyweight—Humberto Arce, Argentine.
Heavyweight—Battling Redman, South Bend, Ind.

Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

THE latest blunder committed by one of the New York State Athletic Commission's officials in the Max Baer-Tommy Heeney fracas was most unfortunate, coming as it did at a time when boxing is drawing none too well.

Tom Heeney was officially counted out in his bout with Baer in the third round after he had won the first two rounds and was pushed out of the ring by Baer and then counted out by the knockdown timekeeper, Arthur Donovan.

Dempsey, officiating as referee, counted until eight and when Heeney arose to resume battle, was notified by Donovan that Heeney was counted out. The timekeeper insisted that he had counted eight seconds in the ring and two seconds while Heeney was trying to regain his balance. Heeney was strong and was merely resting on one knee, when the bout was stopped. He was not hurt and could have arisen immediately but took advantage of the legal rest of nine seconds.

It was an unfortunate break for Heeney, who fought a commendable battle and was headed for victory. He was strong, aggressive, and fought a determined fight and suffered the consequences of too much rules. Dempsey was absolved from all blame as his instructions were to follow the count of the knockdown timekeeper. He protested with Donovan and wanted the fighters to continue, which they were ready to do but Donovan insisted that Heeney was counted out.

It was a disappointing finish and added greatly to the discontent of the fans who are turning to wrestling for their pleasure. At least the wrestlers are certain to provide the spectators with satisfactory entertainment.

Stanley Poreda showed impressive form when he kayoed Tony Starr, a Coast product, in the second round at the Garden. Poreda has come along in leaps and bounds and is headed for stardom. Frank Flournoy has been handling him with care and Poreda is destined to be one of the Garden's headliners.

Duke Barry, hustling manager from Davenport, Iowa, is now handling the affairs of Jake Warren, Negro heavyweight. If Warren can still handle his mitts Barry will get him somewhere.

According to Jimmy Amann, our Cincinnati correspondent, Max Koshover, Cincinnati's crack featherweight, is a second Benny Leonard and if handled properly is destined to occupy the mantle worn by Leonard. Koshover has everything and is only eighteen years of age.

Lew Diamond has removed his belongings to Florida for the winter and is making matches at Miami. He can be reached at 1 S. W. 1st St. Suite 16, Miami.

Sammy Shack writes from Cape Town, South Africa, saying that he is booked for several engagements there and wishes to be remembered to his New York friends. Sammy has visited Australia, England and France and is a real peregrinator.

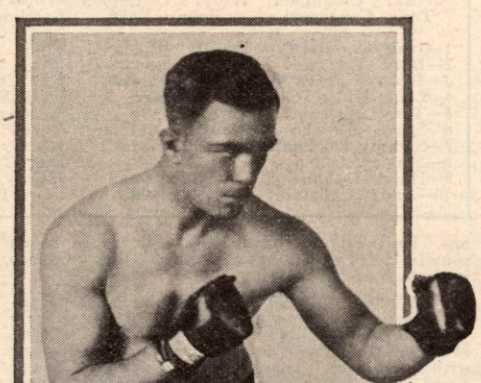
Lew Raymond returned to New York after an absence of two years. Raymond went on an expedition with a few boys to the Coast and shifted his activities to several mid-western cities. He staged a gigantic boxing show in St. Louis recently and the card equalled that of any boxing show ever gathered together in the country. Here is the card that he assembled: Eddie Shea vs. Andy Martin; Bushy Graham vs. Davey Abad; Jackie Brady vs. Joe Medill; Tommy Grogan vs. Eddie Ran; Mike Dundee vs. Mickey Cohen; Sammy Offerman vs. Lew Terry, and Joe Rivers paired with Marty Fields. The show, due to present business depression, did not draw much money and Lew is around town trying to make connections to stay in the East.

They were supposed to have taken Mickey Walker's title away from him but that doesn't stop him from rolling up those one-round kayos. His latest victims via the one-round kayo route were Matt Adgie and Herman Weiner. Walker may still cause some dissension in the heavyweight ranks.

Jack Dempsey has been performing as referee around the East these past few weeks and is doing well both artistically and financially. Can you conceive any individual being offered fifty percent of the receipts for acting as referee? Dempsey is doing it and also manages to see that the promoter is left with some of the profits. He got over $6,000 for refereeing a wrestling match in Dallas, Texas, in which he was credited with scoring a knockout over the wrestler who took a punch at him. Leonard Sacks has been advanced from secretary to business manager and is doing wonderfully well with the Dempsey bookings.

Have you noticed the unusual array of Italians who are prominent in the featherweight ranks? Headed by Champion Battling Battalino, there is Earl Mastro, Eddie Shea, Fidel La Barba, Lew Massey, Tommy Paul and Kid Francis.

New Jersey is noted for having inefficient referees. Nowhere in the country have there been so many complaints registered against bad decisions as the Mosquito State. Which makes it a pleasure to boost the workings of one, Gus Waldron from Trenton, who believes in fairness to all, whether they are outsiders or local talent. He manages to inject a personal spirit in the ring which creates more action for the fans.



Freddy Polo of New Jersey who came into fame by stopping Rene De Vos

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Midget Wolgast and Frankie Genaro did not help to settle the muddled state of the flyweight division. They went fifteen rounds to an official draw and opinion was divided as to the winner. Lew Feldman banged out a corking victory over Vidal Gregario and Kid Francis outpunched Jimmy Slavin on the same card.

Vince Dundee halted temporarily the aspirations of Len Harvey at the Garden. Dundee was floored twice but his courage asserted itself at the right moment and he outfinished Harvey in a thrilling twelve-round go. Harvey needed a fight under his belt and this was the one. Harvey is a good fighter.

Pierre Charles outpointed Jack Renault in ten listless rounds and Ralph Ficucello showed his class when he stopped Johnny Grosso in three rounds on the same show. Ficucello and Poreda appear to be the class of the coming heavies around New York and a match between them is something to look forward to.

Phil Buccola of Boston, is dealing exclusively in Italian material. He is handling some of the best of the New England fistic talent. He has Vittorio Livan, Michel Bonaglia, Riccardo Bertazzolo, Oddone Piazza, Werther Aicelli, Sammy Fuller and Joe Venuti.

Harry Cohen, brother of Mickey, a Cleveland bantam, made his initial start as a boxing promoter in Cleveland and came through the winner by six hundred dollars. It was a remarkable feat for these times and Harry expects to continue his success. He is giving them local talent shows at popular prices. Above all Harry is endowed with a great personality and a pleasing faculty for making friends.

Johnny Peters, English bantam, who came here with Jack Berg and Sol Gold, started off well by winning over Frankie McKenna in Newark. Peters is a combination boxer and fighter and is good enough to give our leaders some tough times.

Good judges of fighters claim that Barney Ross is the country's most outstanding prospect, regardless of class or weight. Ross hails from Chicago and in fifteen professional starts held Harry Dublinsky even, whipped Henry Falegano and kayoed Petey Mack and Sammy Binder. Ross is said to have everything.

George Sheppard and Jack Laken are partners in an Argentine light-heavyweight who answers to the name of Humberto Arce. In his two starts here he whipped Patsy Pirrone and Frankie Wine.

Harry Ebbetts, Freport's hard hitting middleweight, is in the throes of another comeback. Harry, with lots of natural ability behind him and a murderous puncher in the bargain, is still a youngster but generally gets lazy after winning a few starts and becomes lackadasical in his work. Ike Dorgan is putting up with the headache in commendable fashion and still believes that Harry will make the grade. Dorgan deserves a good break and if Ebbets attended strictly to business, he'd make Dorgan happy.

Baltimore played to the biggest boxing crowd they have had in years when Jack Dempsey officiated as referee and the two Perlicks boxed different opponents on the card. Herman whipped Bobby Burns, of Baltimore, while Henry was beaten by Buster Brown. The show was staged in first class fashion and there was nothing but praise for the promoters: Benny Franklin, Lew Fisher and Max Waxman. It was a great boost for boxing and things should liven up considerably for the future.

Tony Canzoneri went to New Orleans to tackle his old, rough playmate, Johnny Farr, in a non-titular bout. Farr can always be relied upon to give the opposition plenty of trouble and Tony exhibited for the first time as the world's lightweight champion.

With all the wholesale suspensions that the commission is administernig maybe they will start meting out punishment to their own officials. No one is infallible and if there be incompetent fighters, managers or seconds, so must there be judges, referees and timekeepers.

Max Waxman received an offer of $10,000 for Vince Dundee to clash with Jack Hood at Albert Hall from Jeff Dickson but Max tabled the offer in preference to an expected return match with Len Harvey at the Garden.

Short and Sweet—Eddie Walker is waiting for Maurice Holtzer to return from the Coast and start life anew—Willie Britt is making his headquarters around Chicago—Skip Broadbent, besides running shows in Paterson, is managing Jackie Shupack—Tom McArdle had plenty of trouble during January in getting some high class talent to appear at the Garden—Nate Lewis spent ten days in New York trying to make some headway with the Schmeling-Stribling fuss—Earl Mastro is resting on the sidelines after going through an operation for hernia.

Lew Feldman is coming around to form and looks like one of the best featherweights in the East—Billy Petrolle and King Tut was one of the biggest matches in the country and it landed in Minneapolis with Petrolle getting a guarantee of $12 000—George Smith is now a resident of New York, having vacated European

soil—If Dempsey continues refereeing around the country, it will do more to revive boxing interest—Dempsey manages to attract the finest people to boxing events, persons who ordinarily would not attend a boxing show—Leonard Sacks is expected to take the final plunge any day now with Miss Gladys Bagwell as sparring mate.

THE RING started the boxers' ratings back in 1924 and now it is a national institution—Ratings are being picked in all quarters of the globe, but there's nothing like the original for satisfaction—Whitey Bimstein was reinstated by the Boxing Commish—To right a wrong takes courage and the Commission showed they were not lacking in that quality when they restored Whitey into good standing—Babe Barron went to Miami for the winter and will probably see his pal, Tony Canzoneri, in New Orleans.

Hymie Wiseman, of Des Moines, is doing very good work—Tait Littman got off the floor to come back and flatten George Courtney—Harry Dublinsky, a classy looking lightweight, stepped into elite society through his victory over Bruce Flowers—Harry Blitman looks better now than he has in years—Turned in five straight kayos, his last victim being Al Gordon in one round—Blitman is fathered by Robert North.

Dave Shade picked Vince Dundee to win from Len Harvey which proves something or other—If Ernie Schaaf continues to show his present form maybe Sharkey won't have to fight any more—Andy Callahan and Sammy Fuller mustn't fight in Boston because their enmity is too keen—Tommy Grogan licked a tough bird in Philly when he whipped Young Firpo—Nat Rogers claims his bantamweight, Lew Farber, is so good that no one cares to tackle him—Woodman and Lawrence, that great pair of hustlers, hope to land in the big money soon with some of the boys under their tutelage.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

BENNY FRANKLIN reopened his Olympia Club in Baltimore with Jack Dempsey acting as the third man in the ring and the famous Perlick Twins opposing two local lightweights, Bobby Burns and Buster Brown. Hermen Perlick won as he pleased over Burns, but twin Henry had plenty of trouble going the route with Buster Brown who punched him for a fare-the-well. The prelims to this show were also above the average. Herman Perlick is coming back to Baltimore and meet Brown with an idea of getting even for his brother Henry.

Franklin followed with Mickey Walker showing his wares against Herman Weiner, local heavy. Weiner fresh from a good showing against Al Friedman, started out like a lion against his tiny opponent, who was more than thirty pounds lighter and six inches shorter, but in less than two minutes Herman was doing a Rip Van Winkle.

Al Martin and Jimmy Tramberia, local bantams, punched each other all over the ring with Jimmy getting the nod. Joe Finazzo and Joe Galzer, lightheavies also swapped blows for six heats with Glazer receiving the decision. Franklin grossed over ten grand on the two shows, not so bad for these times.

A new boxing club will open in Baltimore during the month with Max Prock as the matchmaker. Max will offer Walter Cobb and Emmett Rocco as his first venture. The shows at the Carlin's Arena, Hagerstown, Md., continue to play second fiddle only to Baltimore as a boxing center in these parts. Herman Weiner and Al Friedman packed the Armory there recently with the Boston heavy getting the decision. Reds Barry and Joe Galzer, lightheavies, also boxed to a large house there. Barry flattened the Baltimore boy in three heats.

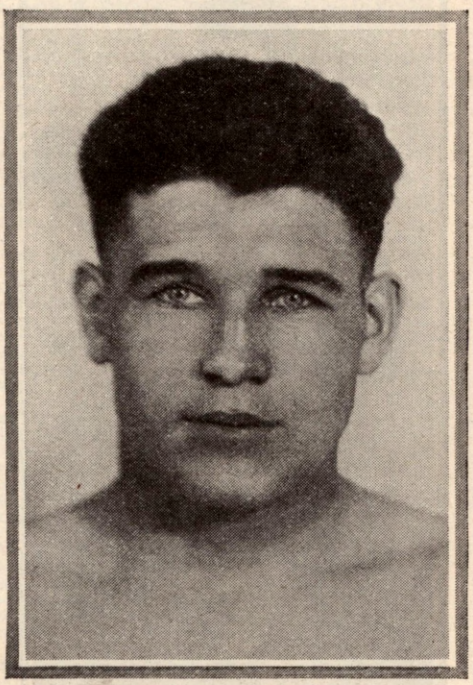
Pokomoke City, Md., is the latest town to stage boxing in Maryland. Freddie Barth, Baltimore fight manager and promoter, is acting in the capacity as matchmaker. To date Barth has staged four shows at the Eastern Shore town and all have drawn well. Their largest house to date was between Danny Kid Russell and Bobby Greenwood with Greenwood getting the nod.

Sailsbury, Md., is holding its own on the Eastern Shore. Promoter Lee continues to run his weekly shows. In his latest shows, Danny Russell got the decision over Sailor McKenna and the Sailor besting Phil Roselli. Reds Barry, Washington lightheavy, was also carded to show there with Joe Kirckwood of Norfolk, Va., as his opponent, but Kirckwood refused to enter the ring with the Washington Red head, claiming that Barry was too heavy for him. This show was therefore staged without the windup and the fans were satisfied.

The best looking prospect to come out of Washington in many a day is Reds Barry, lightheavy, scaling 175 pounds and sixteen years of age. Barry has engaged in the neighborhood of forty bouts to date and has had a world of experience for a mere kid. Those looking after his interests have slowed his activities down and intend to do so for the next year or so. This kid is growing like a weed and in recent bouts has improved considerably in his hitting ability, something that appeared lacking in his early bouts.

Considerable interest is being shown as to whether the Kennelworth Arena, on the outskirts of Washington, will be granted a permit to operate by the new County Commission in Maryland. If not, Washington will be back on the Boxing Map this summer. Last summer Fort Washington, twenty miles from town, did a wonderful business and will do the same this summer provided Kennelworth is not permitted to operate.

It may seem strange to many of the RING's readers to hear that boxing is prohibited in the Nation's Capital City, but that is a fact. More than twenty years ago Congress passed a law prohibiting prize fights together with the likes of bull fights and etc., and the professional reformers have made the courts rule that boxing comes with in the scope of this act. The Wrestling Promoters are laughing at these paid reformers, as the act failed to mention wrestling and consequently wrestling is going over in Washington in big league style. An ordinary attendance for one of these shows in Washington is over four thousand with the Champions turning them away when they appear.



Harold Mays, rugged Bayonne, New Jersey, heavyweight

IN HOLYOKE, MASS.

By GEORGIE "KID" ROSS

HARRY EBBETS of Freeport, L. I., won decisively over Battling Tracy of Norway in ten rounds at the Holyoke Arena. Ebbets scored two knockdowns. Both boys weighed 165 pounds.

In eight rounds Lou Petrone of Worcester, Mass. won a close decision over Harry Scott of Atlantic City. Petrone weighed 137 lbs., Scott 135 lbs.

Al Palladino of New York stopped Ollie Koski of Worcester in the third round. Each weighed 153 lbs.

Rolond Lecuyer of Hollyoke, Mass., kayoed Harvey Peete of Worcester in the third round. Lecuyer weighed 131, Pete 129 lbs.

Al Gauther of Ludlow, Mass., won in six from Alexandrian of Worcester. Both weighed 136 lbs.

The Pittsfield A. C. has closed its doors until the depression is over as it has lost money on every show this season. The same holds true of the Chair City A. C. of Gardener, Mass., which showed to two small houses and then closed up.

North Adams A. C. only ran one indoor show and will not do anything until next summer, when it will open up the Meadowbrook Arena.

Holyoke seems to be the only club running up this way now. Harry Ebbets seems to be the only drawing card for that club.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH PINTO

PAULIE WALKER, Trenton welterweight, and Young Corbett of Fresno, Calif., boxed a fast ten-round draw. Corbett was able to pull himself up to even terms with a furious finish. At the end of the eighth round Walker was leading by two rounds. Corbett earned himself a draw by winning the remaining two rounds.

In his last two bouts preceding his retirement from the ring tc take the post of boxing instructor at Bucknell University, Joe Reno, Trenton welterweight, lost a close decision to Jimmy Philips of Bernardsville, and beat Micky Tress in a return bout of eight rounds. Among the 300 or more foes Joe Reno has met are found such former headliners as Lew Tendler, Joe Tiplity, Joe Dundee, Vince Dundee, Willie Herman, George Erne, Ray Mitchell, Jimmy Goodrich, Sailor Freeman, Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Harry (Kid) Brown, Phil Salvatore, Charlie Pitts, Charlie Pilkington and a host of others too numerous to mention. Only once was Reno knocked out, and that was in the past year. Ruby Goldstein was the one to pull the trick. If Reno is one-third the success at his new post as he was in the square circle, there will be no stopping him. Best wishes to you, Joe.

Jack Parker made a poor substitute for Johnny Oakey. The result was a poor bout for the fans. Johnny Pepe won the decision.

Willie Smith and George Sacco saved the show. Smith started right out to end matters and came near doing it. He landed a left hook to Sacco's jaw and down went Sacco. Sacco barely got up at nine. From then on Sacco used the bicycle plenty. In the fifth Smith again floored Sacco for a nine count. Smith won six rounds and two were even, yet Referee Harry Lewis called the bout a draw.

One of the biggest surprises as far as Trenton fans are concerned, was the knockout of Ralph Fulton by Al Rossi of Newark at Asbury Park.

Willie Smith, dusky lightweight of Trenton, received another raw decision in his bout with Jimmy Donano of Red Bank. Smith positively won every one of the eight rounds, scored two knockdowns, yet Referee VanKirk raised Donano's hand.

Jackie Baldwin of Trenton lost to Marty Martell of Philadelphia on a technical K. O., when the referee stopped the bout because of a bad cut over Baldwin's eye.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton featherweight, won an eight-round bout over Mickey Ratner of Newark at Sea Girt. Brennan scored two knockdowns.

Monk Fue, ex-sailor, hurled a challenge at Sailor Fisher, another ex-gob. While in the Navy these boys fought twice. Each won a decision. As yet there has not been a reply from Fisher.

HUDSON COUNTY AND VICNITY

By EDWARD ZANFRINI

SAM COHEN is running shows at the Hollywood Arena, Jersey City, a new place especially fitted for boxing enterprises. Joey Kaufman of New York and Nat Arno of Newark went through ten gruelling rounds of fighting that ended in a draw. Most of the fans thought Kaufman entitled to the decision. Al Ridgeway, making a comeback, disposed of Willie Martin in two rounds and Benny Levine kayoed Herman Wallace in the fifth round of scheduled eight-rounders.

Harry Carlton was credited with a kayo over Maxie Leiner in the fifth round of their bout at the Oakland Club. Leiner claimed a foul which was disallowed and Harry was credited with a knockcut.

Jack Dempsey refereed in Newark, Paterson and Trenton during the past month and drew big houses wherever he was scheduled. The promoters are always certain of making money when Dempsey is concerned because he never allows any of the promoters to take a loss, even if he has to take a reduction.

Teddy Watson defeated Irish Bobby Brady and is looking for another crack at Young Zazzerino who stopped him some time ago.

Ralph Lenny is booked for several out-of-town battles and the chances are that he will not show here for months to come. Lenny has come along tremendously and Jerseyites are expecting a future champion out of Lenny's busy fists.

Vince Dundee, formerly of Baltimore, but now living in Newark, helped to put New Jersey on the map with his fine victory over Len Harvey. Dundee has a good chance to win Mickey Walker's crown if he ever gets the chance.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

THE second largest boxing club in this vicinity, the Chicago Coliseum, was dark to boxing during the month of January, because its matchmaker, Jim Mullen, was busy campaigning for the Democratic Mayoralty nomination. For the following month, however, Mullen expected to open the doors of the Coliseum once again with George (Scotty) Ferguson acting as promoter.

Mullen had a hard time convincing his followers that he was serious about the Mayoralty nomination. Even after his petitions were out the genial matchmaker's public thought he was kidding. When Jim filed his petition of 3,200 names, his boosters realized he threw his hat into the Mayoral ring to stay and said he'd fight to keep it there.

Kenneth Fry, Sports Editor, *Chicago Evening Post,* all but filled his "Postscripts" column one day, telling his readers about "Mullen for Mayor."

One paragraph of Fry's comment had this—"A gent connected with the mitt racket should know a good bit about building up a political campaign. They can take a couple of ordinary guys, grind out pages of slippery adjectives that bring forth all the great deeds and none of the mistakes of their proteges, and presto—fellows who are fundamentally sound in business matters will flock to the box offices to lay it on the line for tickets."

Barney Abel, one of the grand old men of the boxing game who makes his headquarters at Howard Carr's Arcade gym on West Madison Street, announces he has several relations with Cecil (Seal) Harris.

Abel started Harris in the fight game four years ago when Cecil was a big overgrown kid, weighing 255 pounds, with the hope that he could be developed into another Jack Johnson, but Harris failed to make the grade.

The Chicago Loop Gym on West Randolph street received a break when Jimmy Slattery was so peeved at King Levinsky that he wouldn't work out at the same gym as King, for the return match between the two. As a consequence Slattery journeyed to the new Chicago Loop swat emporium and brought along Mickey McFarland and Mickey Patrick as sparring partners. The present managers of the new training quarters are the popular Bill McCarthy, theatrical and Peewee golf promoter, and Joe Brown, his well-liked assistant.

Arcade gymnasium visitors, one afternoon, saw Young Stribling and Tuffy Griffith fight again—on the screen. Films of this heavyweight fracas held at the Chicago Stadium several weeks ago, were shown through the courtesy of Jack (West Side) O'Keefe, Griffith's manager, and Kid Howard, Arcade proprietor. O'Keefe emphasized the fact Stribling did a lot of holding and Tuffy scored the cleaner punches. According to the pictures the meeting could easily have been called a draw.

Ed Purdy, popular Illinois state referee, is at Miami Beach, Florida, and making good as the Sunshine Inn proprietor. Purdy's hotel caters to men only.

Matchmaker Nate Lewis and President Sidney Strotz of the Chicago Stadium are going great guns and boast they are staging prize fight productions at the huge west side sports palace at a profit, something only one other such organization can ballyhoo.

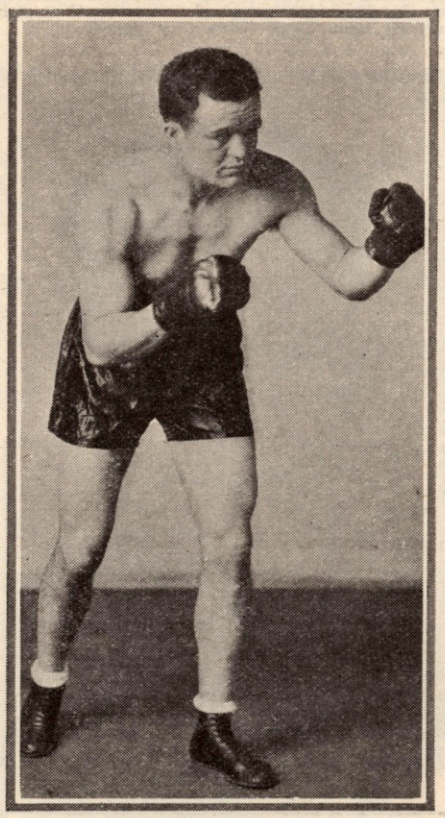
Stotz and Lewis, for one of their most recent shows, acquired Jackie (Kid) Berg's and Manager Sol Gold's signatures to contracts to appear at the Stadium at a time when the wiseacres were saying the pair didn't have a chance to use Berg as Manager "Goldie" wouldn't fight for the Stadium. The smart ones were stunned and Lewis' and Strotz' backers cheered when they secured Berg to defend his junior-welter title against Goldie Hess. As a twin feature on this card Eddie Shea, who is looked upon as a featherweight leader following his defeat of Fidel LaBarba, hooked up with Champion Bat Battalino in a bout at 127 pounds, one notch over the featherweight limit, thus making the contest a non-title match.

Earl Mastro, Chicago 126-pound buzz-saw who really has the prize baby face of 'em all, letters from Los Angeles where he is recuperating from the effects of an emergency operation, that he will be on the shelf about two more months.

Earl suffered a number of low punches in his most recent LaBarba scrap, which were so serious that for a time it was thought the featherweight brother was ruined as far as future bouts were concerned. He left for California soon as he was able, against his doctor's advice, who thought the long trip would do him no good although he knew the California sunshine would help Earl recuperate. After some months of rest and medical attention, the Chicagoan was pronounced fit and ready to go to the post once more.

Earl topped the most gigantic charity boxing show ever staged on the west coast, knocking out Les Domingo in the fourth round. However, the fast going aggravated the injured lower part of his body, and after the Domingo kayo, he collapsed and an emergency operation was performed for hernia.

Billy Cepak, the most successful of the small club promoters, was all smiles subsequent to his third fistic bill at the new $200,000 Cicero Stadium, the "Miniature Chicago Stadium," which seats 3,500 persons, which was a huge success.



Dan Gasparo, light-heavyweight from Chicago, coming along rapidly

Dr. Mitchel, chiropractor at Three Rivers, Mich., is one of the reasons for the ring successes of Peewee and Johnny Gale, who haven't lost a clean cut decision in over three years of battling with the best bantamweights in the "sticks" throughout the middle west.

The popular Swedish-Italian-American Gales think the doctor's advice about their physical condition and his adjusting of bruised bones helped them a long way. Now they announce they would like nothing better than meeting the best 118-pounders in the country, having not a mark of the roped square to show for their many thrilling fights with such as Wilbur Chevalier, Georgie Nate, Babe Kellar and Willie Pellegrini.

Just between you and me—Billy Petrolle, who came back to defeat Tony Canzoneri and Jimmy McLarnin, returned to the hempen pit against the wishes of his pilot, Jack Hurley . . . A scoreboard, telling the fans who is winning, may be erected soon at Chicago boxing clubs . . . Harry Winkler, the Knockout magazine contributor, had a sensible story entitled "Corbett Made the Boxing Game" . . . Eddie Stanton, who books ringsters here, there and everywhere, collected Delmont's money but worked in the opposite corner to Danny, but really tried to beat Delmont . . . Slanz Gambino, who is barbering in the neighborhood of Roosevelt road and Paulina street for the past 22 years, has a nephew who aims to be a high class boxer some day.

Martin J. Healy, ex-Chicagoan who is a dyed-in-the-wool sports fan, was named a possible "czar" of west coast boxing, according to a tip from San Diego . . . Fred Martin is the sole owner of Paul (Leberto) Dazzo, who is trained by Don Davis . . . Lou Diamond, *Daily Times'* fight expert, picked four winners in six bouts of a Stadium show.

Eddie Shea Jr., is over a year old . . . Griffith wears eye-glasses outside the ring . . . Georgie Kerwin, local welterweight, is to be married . . . Eddie Siegal wears a smile from ear to ear, which displays his two front gold teeth whenever a protege wins . . . Abel was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, but left when seven years of age . . . Charley Arthurs, Sioux City, Iowa, light heavyweight, who is fighting for some years, has three fingers missing on each hand, and when not throwing gloves is a structural iron worker.

Frankie Hughes, formerly of Kenosha, Wis., but now of Clinton, Ind., sends word he has had thirty-six professional matches and lost but one, scoring sixteen knockouts. In his latest scrap here he won a decision over Jack Kane, Cicero (Ill.), welterweight.

Maybe I'm wrong—Detroit announcers don't identify the winner of a bout and a victor doesn't know whether he won or no until he arrives in the dressing room. The spectators don't know who won until the next morning when newspapers publish the results of the tilts . . . Lou Sangor, brother-manager of the former featherweight star, Joey Sangor, now pilots Dave Maier, pronounced Meyer. They were to leave for the Pacific coast, returning home to Milwaukee in June . . . Sandy Garrison, who boxed in this town as a welter, now scales 185 pounds . . . Fifteen-round bouts will become legal in this state. Gen. John V. Clinnin and his two associates, George F. Getz and Fred Gardner, drafted a bill, which was offered to the legislature at Springfield, to permit fifteen-round battles when world's titles are at stake . . . Larry Johnson outpunched and outscored Lou Scozza, Buffalo heavyweight, but lost the verdict.

Jose Santa won a thrilling slugfest from Roberto Roberti at Boston . . . Col. Earl Stewart of Wellington, New Zealand, was responsible for sending Tom Heeney to this country from the Antipodes . . . Joey Medill, local junior-welter, is far from through as a topnotch ringster despite reports to the contrary . . . Alvis didn't pay $9,000 for Levinsky following King's departure from Al Miller, the man who made the ex-fish peddler. . . .

There was a riot at Colorado Springs when Freddy Welsh successfully defended his lightweight title against Charley White, as the latter was a red-hot favorite . . . Battalino has a less-than-a-year-old daughter and her mother's name is Lillian . . . Bob Edgren, the famous sports writer-cartoonist, is one of the finest characters in sports in this country . . . Ed Purdy, Phil (Little) Collins and Harry Mueller are the best Illinois referees.

Harry Weiss, embryonic fight manager, is doing a good job of piloting Sammy Levine and Herbie Derex, both former amateur champs. Levine, who is graduating into the featherweight ranks, defeated Georgie Stokes recently while Derex whipped Bobby Allen on the same card.

Curly Jordan, Southern ring mentor, can't get a break with Quina Lee and Eddie Wilson, his two bantamweight charges. They've made good at the smaller clubs in this locality but the big arenas don't give Jordan or his fighters a tumble . . . Maurice J. Caplan, who replaced Dick Dunn as manager of the Detroit Olympia, is a director of the Detroit hockey club, a member of the board of governors of the International Hockey League and president of the Metropolitan Motion Picture Company. Dunn was appointed manager of the Boston Garden . . . Ed Fritz is promoting at Castle Bowl in Newcastle, Pennsylvania.

Ed Stevenson announces he purchased the contract of Baxter Calmes, Wichita, Kansas heavyweight . . . Jim Brown of Champaign was selected as matchmaker for the Order of Moose chapter of Bloomington, Ill. . . .

Jackie London, a sensation among the younger ringmen a few years ago, is back in training under the managerial wing of Joe Glaser . . . Joe DiLeo is the leading sportsman of the town of Forest Park and has a lot to say once you get him started about the time he sparred with Kid Black and that mob . . . Barney Smith is Mullen's head ticket man . . . Mickey (Soldier) Farr is reported replacing Billy Stevens at Nate Lewis' first aide.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

NOW that harmony reigns again between the wrestling and the fight promoters of Cincinnati, the fight fans will be able to view some more the thrilling grappling matches which went over big here last year. On New Year's afternoon they were treated to a fine card.

Jack Reynolds, Cincinnati and world's welterweight wrestling champion, safely defended his title against Iota Shima, Jap threat, in a two of three fall match. The brown man from the West captured the initial fall with a wing lock in 17 minutes and 4 seconds. The Jap cleanly outwrestled the champion all during the first fall and returned for the second completely full of confidence. The "Fox," ever dangerous, wrestled the invader in the next fall, outsmarting Shima as the latter made another wing lock start into action. Reynolds picked him up bodily, high into the air and slammed the challenger to the mat to win the fall in 4 minutes and 28 seconds. The Jap was unable to return for the third fall and once again Reynolds rested on the welter pinnacle which during 1931 will mark his eleventh year.

In the preliminaries, George Sauer, California light heavy, and Jack Humberto, Spain, wrestled to a thirty-minute draw; Billy Thom outpointed George Gable in a thirty-minute match in the middle weight class and Buck Weaver threw Black Smith Pedigo in 20 minutes of speedy work.

In the preliminaries, Jimmy Neal, of Cincinnati, and Al Gahn, of Columbus, fought six slow rounds to a draw, although I favored the Gahn boy. Manuel Castro, of Mexico knocked Joe Benziger kicking in the fourth round. George Ingram won on points from Pug Humphries in a four and Jimmy Brown outsmarted Charlie Thomas in a four.

Joe Lohman, the scribe's veteran heavyweight contender, may soon make a trip to the West coast. If advance data is completed, Joe may match his wares out in Seattle, Wash.

Milford, O., is fast coming to the front with the caliber of boxing programs this city is staging under the American Legion Post, Victor Stier Post, No. 450, with Jimmy Cutler in the matchmaker shoes.

During the past month, Cutler staged two wonderful matches. In one, Buddy Bezenah knocked out tough little Johnny Bass in the second round. In the six-round semi-windup, Jimmy Harriss and Frankie Mieners fought a draw. Jackie Raymond, of Cuba, trimmed Otis Williams in a six. Buddy Zimmer shaded Pete Leno in three. Young Guery beat Red Vaughn in three. Kid Katzie outpointed Happy Welsch in three. Red Speaks outpunched Jack LaMarr in three.

In the other match Culter staged, Howard Mitchell and Jess McMurtry renewed their ancient fued with the lanky Mitchell winning.

Promoter Lee Gunther, of Piqua, O., staged the long sought for Joe Walters-Eddie Dickey match at his arena during the past month. Both boys were leading contenders for Central Ohio middleweight honors. Walters, the colored ace from Springfield, won on a knockout in the sixth round. Mike Kelly, Springfield, and Lee Creager, of Piqua, fought six rounds to a draw. Kid Clemmons knocked out Kid Gilmore in the second round to win the 147-pound title of Piqua. Vern Wingert outpointed Sonny Darcy in a four; Gunboat Smith and Bobby Johns fought a hard four-round draw in the opener.

Jimmy Gordon, of Middletown, once a wonderful prospect in the bantam division, met a tartar in his comeback. Jimmy lost an eight-round decision to Sailor Grathwohl, of Hamilton.

Iota Shima and Tetsura Higami, welterweight contenders, clashed on the Quality Wrestling card at Music Hall Arena recently with Shima winning the match in a desperate two of three fall battle. Shima, the younger of the Far West threats, won the first fall with a series of flying mares in 18 minutes. Higami took the second after eleven and one-half minutes of rough wrestling with a series of vicious headlocks, but Shima came back to score the final fall with a pain-racking arm stretch in nine minutes and forty seconds.

In the preliminary bouts Scott Williams (Nashville) won over Joe Domar (Texas) in 30-minute match at 147 pounds; Leo Donague (Michigan) won a thirty-minute decision from Joe Parelli (New York) at 147 pounds; Buck Weaver (Louisville) pinned Jeff Porter (Atlanta) in 21:27 with an arm scissors and wrist lock. Jack Tibbetts, of Newport, Ky., refereed all the matches.

The best prospects around Southern Ohio at present are: Max Koshover, Cincinnati, 135; Paul Eviston, Cincinnati, 160; Ed Bennett, Newport, Ky., 160; Joe Walters, Springfield, 160; Young Heebe, Cincinnati, 112; Lou Glaza, Cincinnati, 147; and Ted Graham, Cincinnati, 185.

Izzy Schneiderman believes he has a world beater in his little flyweight contender, Ace Young Heebe, of Cincinnati. Heebe is flyweight champion of Greater Cincinnati and a great little fighter.

Johnny Mack safely defended his Greater Cincinnati heavyweight championship when he defeated Ted Graham, colored ace, in the six-round feature match at the Milford Legion show. In the semi-windup of six rounds, Billy Speaks won over Johnny Burns in the middleweight class. Tiger Lyons trimmed Pete Leno in the 126-pound class. Red Speaks beat Mickey Schisler in four. Clem Meiners defeated Art Whorely, Kid Katzie won from Red Vaughn and Glen Puckett fought a draw with Kid Christie.

Eddie Jacobs, a colored bantamweight from Chicago who is now making Indianapolis his home, is eager to get started in the Queen City.

At Dayton, O., Coleman Johns, of Dayton, and Vince Coogan, of Cincinnati, fought an eight-round draw at the Dayton F. O. E. show. Little Dillon shaded Windy Meyers in a six-round canto. Earl Baker took the duke from Mike Kelly in another six. Eddie Fischer kayoed Jack Dugan in round three. Harry Ward beat Phil Flint in four and Cyclone Gale stopped Roy Coulter in the fourth.

In the forthcoming column, I will make an attempt to class three different ratings with which I hope will fill the bill for the numerous fans in and around this city who have repeatedly written for such a rating.

Greater Cincinnati Amateur Champions: Heavyweight, Joe Rymkus (L. B. Harrison); Light-Heavyweight, Joe Muchorowski (Fenwick); Middleweight, Ray Reisinger (Fenwick); Welterweight, Dan Millilo (L. B. Harrison); Junior Welterweight, Maurice Frank (L. B. Harrison); Lightweight, Al Schwartz (L. B. Harrison); Featherweight, Abe Menachof (L. B. Harrison); Bantamweight, Ralph Hoeb (Blue Grass); Flyweight, Pete Milano (Friars); Special Weight, George Scheyer (L. B. Harrison).

Greater Cincinnati Pro Rating: Heavyweight, Johnny Mack; Light-heavy, Joe Anderson; Middleweight, Paul Eviston; Welterweight, Vincent Hambright; Junior Welterweight, Billy Rose; Lightweight, Howard Mitchell; Junior Lightweight, Freddie Miller; featherweight, Max Koshover; Bantamweight, Johnny McPherson; Flyweight, Young Heebe.

Southern Ohio Rating: Heavyweight, Joe Sekyra (Dayton); Light-Heavyweight, Joe Anderson (Cincinnati); Middleweight, K. O. Husk (Zanesville); Welterweight, Vince Hambright (Cincinnati); Junior Welterweight, Billy Rose (Cincinnati); Lightweight, Mike O'Dowd (Columbus); Junior Lightweight, Freddie Miller (Cincinnati); Featherweight, Max Koshover (Cincinnati); bantamweight, Georgie Annarino (Newark); flyweight, Young Heebe (Cincinnati).

Vic 'Sailor' Ostroske, a young former Navy heavyweight, may soon make his debut in a local ring. Ostroske would like nothing better than a crack at either Bob Rappaport or Johnny Mack. Promoters desiring Ostroske's service can sign him through the scribe.

Another former Queen City manager was heard from during the past month in G. C. Williams, former mentor of Johnny McPherson. G. C. writes that he has a new welterweight sensation and has just returned from a tour of the North, including Canada, where his boy has made a clean sweep of all the opposition.

In an overweight match, Tom Alley, Australian 180-pounder, surprised by winning two out of three falls from Hugh Nichols, the light-heavyweight champion at the Armory. The "lad from down under" won the second and third falls in a total of 21 minutes and 50 seconds with a double leg Nelson and a series of head locks. The champion won the first fall in 18 minutes with a leg split. Alley is one of the classiest matmen seen in these parts.

Scott Williams, of Kentucky, pinned Joe Domar, of Texas, in 20 minutes with a reverse jacknife; Buck Weaver, of Indiana U., pinned Ray Meyers, of Tennessee with a slam in 16 minutes; while George Gable, Cincinnati middleweight, won an unpopular 30-minute decision over Eddy Shaboo, of Seattle.

At Dayton, O., Memorial Hall, Rosey Rosales, Cleveland Mexican, won a 12-round popular decision over Joe Sekyra, of Dayton. Manuel Castro, of Mexico, knocked out Babe Pellico, of Jersey City, N. J., in the second round. Coleman Johns defeated Vince Coogan in eight rounds, and Griff Walker won from Jack Baker in the four-round opener.

The Newark A. C. staged a show in their city on January 12th with Young Tuffy Griffiths, of Paynesville, Ky., and Ray Ganshaw, of Newark, in the feature ten. At the final gong the bout was declared a draw.

All data on the boxing and wrestling game in this section should be at the desk of the writer not later than the 15th of the month. The shipment is due Eastward on the 20th.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

TOMMY McGINTY, manager of Tommy Freeman, world's welterweight champion, has arranged a conditioning program for the title holder before he pits him against a contender in a championship bout. In his first start in this campaign, Tommy whipped Pete August, of Syracuse, at Hot Springs. His manager then left for the Coast to see what bouts he could arrange there over the weight limit.

The Public Auditorium, idle since the News sellout benefit show, resumed its boxing shows a few weeks ago in the north wing, with a card arranged by Harry Cohen. The newspapers are urging that the smaller clubs open, but there is no club with sufficient space to permit a fight of any proportion except at the Auditorium. Gray's Armory can seat only 1500 and outside of the West Side Garden, the city is up against it.

Ed Barry has resigned from the local boxing commission.

The New Cleveland Stadium which will be built on the Lake Front along the lines of Soldiers' Field at Chicago, will be ready early next summer. With this completed, Cleveland will be in a position to bid for some of the big matches.

Rosy Rosales is very anxious to box Rolleaux Saguerro, as this Cuban won over him on a foul on the coast. They might be matched at Chicago. Duke Barry is the Cuban's manager. Barry is now at 1023 West Second Street, Davenport, Iowa.

Joey Goodman has returned from Miami. He reports that Lew Diamond is now the big match-maker down there.

My old friend, Mike McKinney, is back again in the boxing game. He is promoting shows at the Canton Auditorium and doing well. Mike always did have public confidence and is bound to bring the town back again.

Suey Welch has started promoting again at the Akron Armory. Welch is out on the coast with his Gorilla Jones, but his brother Shank is taking care of the Akron shows. Shank Welch is located at 219 S. Main Street, Akron, Ohio.

The Cleveland Athletic Club put on an inter-city amateur bout between Detroit and Cleveland teams and my little friend, Babe Triscaro, again was the hero of the hour. He is the same kid who boxed a few months ago at Madison Square Garden. Babe knocked out Steve Chivas, of Detroit in one round. What a sweet little fighter this boy is. Jimmy Oakland, Carmen Barth, Don Gonzales, Lew Jallos, Joeie Kushner and Babe Triscaro were the local representatives who scored victories over Detroit. Frank Vetch, D. Karp, Eddie Anderson, B. Marrone, Al Tuckwell and Steve Chivas were the Detroit victims.

Sammy Cohen, former Golden Gloves novice champ, knocked out George Wilson at Galion in the 5th round. Joe Panzello, Akron, 133, beat Zeke Wilson, 134, in the ten-round semi-final.

Rosy Rosales hasn't lost a fight since his contest at the Madison Square Garden against Lew Scozza. He defeated Jake Warren at Boston, Battling Bozo down in Birmingham and beat Joe Seykra. The Indian is craving a meeting with Mickey Walker.

Johnny Papke's few novices for the 1931 Golden Glove carnival total 29. He's the first manager to submit his list. The Plain Dealer will run the carnival on three or four nights at the Public Auditorium.

Tony Valore knocked out Phil Porris in the third round at the Armigo Club, Oak Pithian Temple.

Jimmy Dunn has caught the Golden Glove fever. He hopes to develop a future Carl Tremaine, Johnny Kilbane or Bryan Downey. He has almost 50 youngsters at his gym teaching them for this carnival.

Chuck McCarty beat Steve Blake, light heavyweight, in three rounds at Charley O'Connell's new gym on East 79th Street.

Mickey Falice knocked out Micky Burns, three rounds; Tony Farr knocked out Jesse Nolan in three; Jimmy Kavon K.O.'ed Danny Schalk in three; J. Dobler K.O.'ed Frankie Steele in one, and W. Williams kayoed Stanley Yeager in three rounds.

Jimmy Avon has Nick Martin, his middleweight, back again. Nick has won two fights since joining his first manager.

Joe Lawrence, Dayton, is now under the management of the writer. He is a strong lightweight.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

BRITISH boxing has suffered a severe loss owing to the tragic fate which befell Mr. J. H. Douglas and his illustrious son, Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas, affectionately dubbed 'Alphabet' Douglas. The two gentlemen were returning home from Finland where they had business interests, and they had hoped to reach these shores in time for the Christmas festivities but the voyage had barely commenced when the steamer in which they sailed came into collision with a sister ship and immediately sank. From the brief details available, it would appear that Douglas Junior perished because of his anxiety for his father's safety.

Both father and son were splendid amateur boxers in their day, and were renowned as referees of the first order. For a number of years the elder Douglas was invariably in charge of the leading bouts which were staged at the N. S. C. He was a stickler for the 'correct' and woe betide the boxer who attempted to take a liberty with the rules. It is a thousand pities that we possess so few referees with the same courage and determination. J. W. H. T. was in the limelight as a cricketer and for some years captained the Essex county team. He also captained England against Australia. The loss of father and son will be felt for a long time.

Jeff Dickson gave the fans the opportunity of judging for themselves the wonderful improvement that Carnera has made since he fought Stribling in London prior to his trip to America. Reggie Meen was paired up with the Italian 'mountain' within the hempen square at the Albert Hall, and to say that Primo has 'come on a ton' is putting it mildly. Carnera knocked Meen out in the second, but Meen was not disgraced. He simply clashed with a better man.

On the Carnera-Meen card, Ginger Jones, Welsh feather champion, was opposed by Luigi Quadrini (Italy), an ex-European champion and what promised to be a real classic was cut short in the sixth round, owing to the Italian being disqualified for a low punch. The offence was accidental, but rules are rules.

At Olympia, the N. S. C. staged one of their specials. The top-liner was a 15-rounder for the Lonsdale lightweight belt between Al Foreman, reigning champion, and Johnny Cuthbert, our featherweight king. In this new class Johnny proved as good as his 'master', and in some quarters it was held that Cuthbert had done sufficient to receive the verdict, but the referee's verdict was a draw. A return is certain to be staged.

On the Foreman-Cuthbert card, Harry Mason and Steve McCall boxed a 15-round return bout at the middleweight poundage. Although Mason would be giving weight away, he put up the performance of his life by magnificently defeating the Scottish title holder.

British fight fans were pleased to get the fine reports from America about Len Harvey's debut. Although Len lost a close verdict, it seems that the general opinion is that Harvey is one of the best British lads to show his wares in America in years. That is fine news and we hope that Len will do even better on his next shot out and show our American friends that our boys are regaining the prestige which was ours in the field of fistiana years ago. Len has a big following here and all England hopes he'll be able to bring back the world middleweight title.

At a recent Albert Hall show, Jeff Dickson introduced Teddy Berg to his patrons. This young brother of the now famous Kids', put up a real good showing in his debut. His knowledge of the game is of a very high order, and Berg the 2nd will bear watching.

Another youngster who will bear watching is Peter Price who hails from the Midland. He, too, showed his paces at the Albert Hall and was opposed by that 'comer', Jack Fiford. The combined ages of this duo reaches 33 years. Fiford is the veteran of the pair. Price made heaps of friends and his work was much liked but when I mention that Owen Moran is interesting himself in the boy, can one wonder that his 'education' is so good?

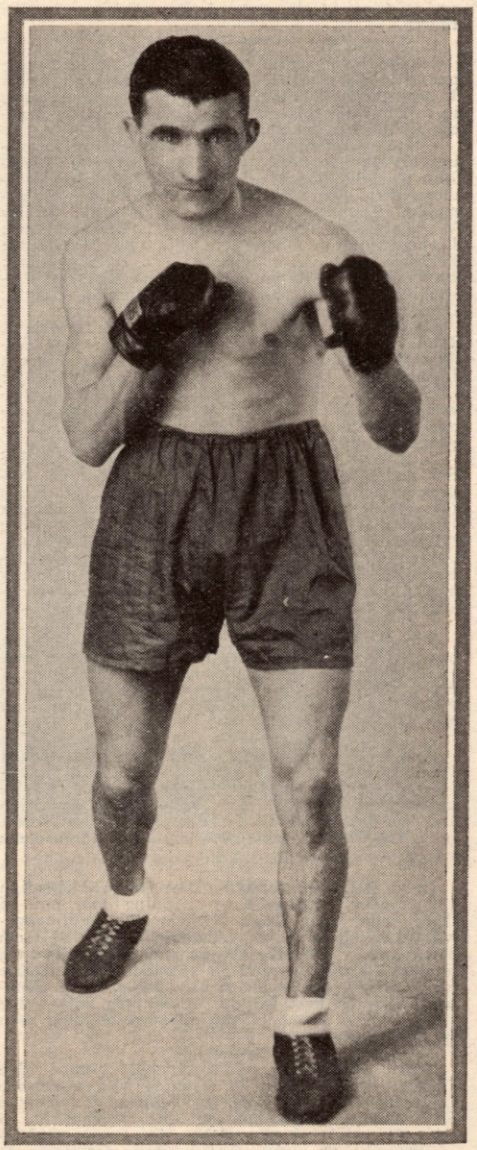
Bob Carvill defeated Gipsy Daniels in the fifth round, the latter being disqualified for low punching. The contest took place at Hull and a record crowd put in an appearance.

Liverpool will shortly have to say good-bye to its famous Stadium. In about two months time it is to be demolished to make room for a super-cinema. It is good to know that Mr. Johnny Best and a powerful syndicate have secured a very desirable site within a couple of hundred yards from the present building and all plans and details have already been completed for the new Stadium.

At Johnny Best's Stadium Liverpool, Dom Volante made his bow as a full-fledged lightweight and Mr. Best provided opposition in the shape of Peter Nolan for the occasion. Volante went after his man from the 'fall of the flag' and at the conclusion of round three, the bout was stopped upon the advice of the presiding doctor, and the verdict was awarded to Volante.

Patrons of Jeff Dickson's at the Albert Hall are speculating as to when Phil Sparling will be given the top-liner to handle. In the supporting bouts where he has officiated as third man, his work has borne the hall-mark of a real referee. This class of individual is not too plentiful by any means, to-day.

Larry Gains, the Negro Canadian heavyweight champion, recorded a notable performance when he easily outpointed Charlie Smith over a dozen rounds at Leicester.



Johnny McMillan, Scotland's great little featherweight, now in this country

Johnny Best, Liverpool promoter, staged an Anglo-Scottish program and two of the Liverpool stars shone resplendently. Alf Howard (Liverpool), the local 'thunder-bolt', K. O'd Sandy McKenzie (Glasgow), in the 2nd round and Harold Higginson (Liverpool), K. O'd Alister McInroy (Glasgow), in the 9th round.

At the Ring in London—Stan Waller outpointed Bill Webster over 15 rounds, and Joe Cadman scored in a like manner over Joe Bull. Jack Stone stopped 'Caveman' Spees in the 8th round. Two heavyweights, Jack Humbeck (Belgian) and Al Rioux (Canada) clashed over 15 rounds in a return bout, with Rioux winning. Glen Moody beat Les Ward. Al Miller K. O'd Willie Baker in the 8th round.

Despite the troubled times owing to the coal mining dispute, boxing appears to be booming in South Wales. A new and up-to-date pavilion which will be used principally for boxing, was opened recently at Ebbw Vale. The first promotion was a gigantic success. Many were unable to gain admittance. The top-liner showed us Jerry Daley, the Welsh middleweight champion, in opposition to Dixie Brown (Bristol). Brown was counted out in the fourth.

Mr. Jim Rice, the Irish promoter, staged a big holiday program in Belfast and was rewarded with a packed house. The top-liner was a 12-round mill between the Irish featherweight champion, Jack Garland (Belfast) and Di Cea (France), Garland winning. Another Irish champion figured in the bill, Jacky Quinn, flyweight king, boxed a good draw with Fred Bebbington, the clever Manchester boy.

At Ammanford, South Wales, a fight was staged for the Welsh featherweight championship between the holder, Ginger Jones, and Billy Evans found Jones an easy victor.

At Edmonton—Dick Jones (Wales) stopped Tom Davey in round 7, and Tommy Hyams caused Fred Patten to stop in the 5th round. Haydn Williams compelled Frankie Paul (Belgium) to retire in the 7th round, and Billy Bird beat Phil Green on points over the 15-round journey.

At Paddington Baths—Pat Daly stopped Dave Danahar in the 9th, Les Burns secured a points decision over Harry Johnson. Young Siki beat Teddy Lewis on points. Tommy Little was lucky to get the decision over Young Josephs. Pat Daly stopped Albert Ryall in 4 rounds, and possibly the best fight of the month was seen when Moe Moss and Young Joseph boxed a 15-round draw.

At The London Sports Club—Toby Noble and Red Pullen boxed a very good 15-round draw. Sid Raiteri beat Charlie Chew on points in a dozen rounds, and Dave Crowley beat Jack Connell in a 12-round bout.

At Shoreditch—Seaman Watson, who is now being labelled as a coming feather champion, readily stopped Jack Garland, the Irish champion, in the 7th round. Young Johnny Brown stopped Fred Cook in the 4th round. Seaman Watson easily outpointed Francois Machtens in a 15-rounder.

At Hoxton Baths—Bert Olley was disqualified in the 13th round of his bout with Kid Berry. Lew Pinkus stopped Bert Gallard in the 7th round, and Phil Myers comfortably scored a points decision over Harry Summers.

At Manchester—Bill Hood beat Gordon Cook on points in 15 rounds. Little Minor and Fred Bebbington boxed a 12-round draw. Eugene Drouhin (France) stopped Tom Cartwright in 10 rounds. Jack Casey got the points decision over Archie Sexton after a thrilling slam.

At Birmingham—One of the best fights seen here for a long time was that in which Alf Mancini lost to Cal Barton in 12 rounds. Ronnie Summerton K. O'd Ted Griffin in the 4th round. Al Kenney beat Tom Cartwright on a foul.

At Glasgow. Premierland—Jim McHarg, the Scottish flyweight champion, stopped George Aziz, the Egyptian champion, in the 12th round, and Willie Barr outpointed Tommy Atkinson.

At Glasgow. Wonderland—Frank Markey, Scottish bantamweight champion, stopped Boy Murphey, Irish bantamweight champion, in the 7th round.

At Govan. The Scottish Stadium—Jim Campbell (Glasgow) gained a norrow points decision over Billy James (Birmingham) and Alex Farris defeated Packy Cassidy.

Irish Items—Dan Gilmore staged a contest which involved the Irish flyweight championship, at St. Mary's Hall, Belfast. The contestants were Jackie Quinn (Belfast) and Bobby McGhee. It proved to be a very good and attractive scrap, but Quinn, the holder, had little difficulty in retaining the title.

Welsh Boxing Results—At Aberavon—Ginger Jones, feather champion, beat Selwyn Davies and Dai Davies stopped Walter Hardwick.

At Llanelly. Gordon Cook, the Welsh lightweight champion, K. O'd Sam McVea in the 3rd round. Joe Winter outpointed Dave Richards in 10 rounds.

At Penygraig—Jerry Daley, the Welsh middleweight champion, stopped George Smith in the 12th round.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THERE is now some opposition to Jeff Dickson's boxing promotions in Paris. Two new clubs have recently opened, the Ring de Paris, which operates at the Salle Bullier, in the Montpernass district, and the Paris Ring, which does business up Montmartre way. There are three other smaller clubs doing business which gives the local fans the opportunity of attending boxing bouts each night in the week. The city of Paris might support two big clubs giving weekly entertainments, but over two is doubtful.

Dickson has the best locations with the Salle Wagram and the Velodrome d'Hiver, and he will probably continue to attract big attendances if he continues to promote high class bouts as he has been doing in the past.

The boxing managers' boycott against Jeff Dickson did not get very far. Soon after its organization, the managers gradually began to desert the ranks and returned to the fold of Dickson, where the big money is for their battlers.

Nick Bensa, featherweight champion of France, defeated Jim Briley of England at the Paris Ring.

The French featherweight, Di Cea, was defeated by Jack Garland, Irish featherweight champion, in a bout held in Dublin.

Francois Machtens of Belgium met defeat from the lightweight, Seaman Watson, of England, in fifteen rounds of hard fighting.

Raymond Defer, former featherweight champion of France, defeated Dufur at the Central Sporting Club of Paris.

Vuillamy, lightweight champion of France, defeated the Belgium crack, Albert Poppe, in seven rounds at the Paris Ring.

At the same entertainment, featherweights Cornut and Delcy went eight rounds to a draw, and Welterweight Demangel obtained a decision over Dolensky in two rounds.

At Paris, featherweight Legras defeated Martinet in a ten-round bout on points.

Kid Nitram, the middleweight boxer, is back in harness and he is doing fine work. He has several matches arranged for in England, Germany and Italy.

Leon See, the main manager of Primo Carnera, before sailing for the United States, ordered his attorney to start suit against the Italian Boxing Federation for disqualifying Carnera in Italy and also in all of Europe through the International Boxing Union.

The reason for the disqualification was the protest of a promoter in Italy, who claimed that Carnera failed to keep an exhibition engagement for his club. Manager See denies that any such engagement was ever signed. In addition to the suspension, a heavy fine was attached.

The French heavyweight champion, Maurice Griselle, who some time ago stayed the limit against Young Stribling in a bout held in Paris, beat an Argentine Negro named Epifanie Islas in 10 rounds.

That fellow Islas has the making of a good boxer. He has a fine physical development and if he should fall into the hands of some clever trainer and manager he could be made into a very useful battler.

A German heavyweight named Froehmer defeated Hugon of France in an eight-round bout at the Salle Wagram.

Forgeon and Van Haecke, two heavyweights, met at one of the Salle Wagram all-heavyweight entertainments for eight rounds and Forgeon won on points.

There are six clubs doing business in Paris but there is not enough patronage to go around and many of the entertainments have not paid expenses. Dickson, however, continues to play to capacity houses.

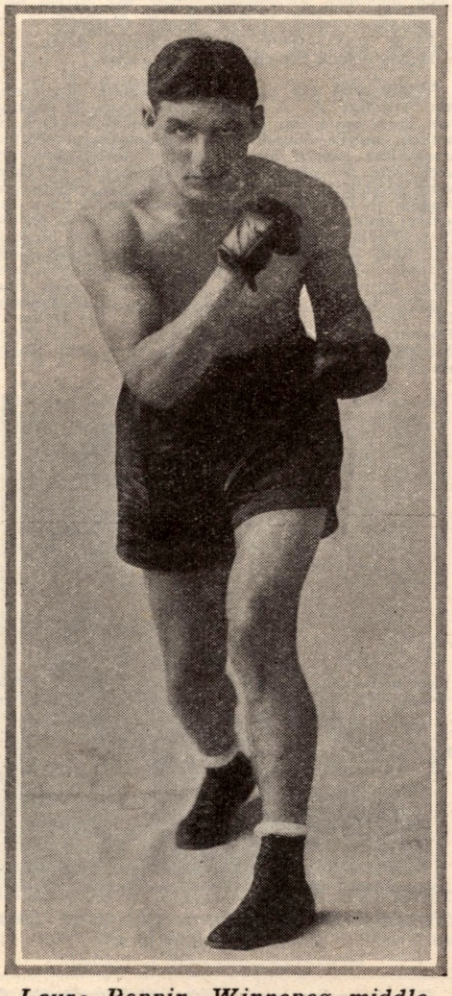
Welterweights Raphael, champion of France, and challenger Girardin, had a second match within a few weeks, both of which resulted in what were called draws. In Europe recently there has been an epidemic of drawn decisions and steps by the different control bodies are under way to curb such.

There is no such thing as a draw; one man wins and another loses. Many times when results are called draws under the one man stuff such as used in England, it is for the reason that the official is afraid to render a decision. Then again, if a bout is a fast one, it is impossible for one man to see that the rules are lived up to and also carry the fight along in his head.

Three officials should vote and each should be obliged to render a win or lose verdict. The boxing authorities should cut out the draw stuff. That is not a decision.

At Cologne, German light-heavyweight champion Pistulla defeated challenger Heuser in a fifteen-round title match on a point decision. At the same entertainment, Tobeck received a point decision over Nitram. Scheffer and Prudhomme went to a draw. Besselmann knocked out Batonnet in the second round, and Klintz defeated Berroiro on points.

Boxing has taken deep hold in all parts of Germany. Some very clever boxers at all weights are coming to the surface in all classes. Max Schmeling is the most unpopular champion Germany has ever had. Almost every paper in Germany feels he is afraid of Sharkey and is ducking a match.



Laure Peppin, Winnepeg middleweight star

At the Paris Ring, welterweight George Gupont defeated Depoorter on points. Flyweight Garnier defeated Bret on points, both above bouts over eight rounds. In 10-round bouts, flyweight Filhol knocked out Morphy in three rounds, and lightweight Viez gained a decision over Gianelli in the third round.

Eugene Criqui, the former world's champion featherweight, is now doing some refereeing and he is making good at it. Gene is one very popular fellow with the French boxing fans.

Marcel Thil, middleweight champion of France, defended his title successfully against M. Dhainaut in a bout held at Lille, winning by a knockout in the eighth session.

Harry Persson, the Swedish heavyweight, is making a comeback in the ring. He recently knocked out Mahieu in two rounds.

General Deschamps, the former manager of Georges Carpentier, has several boxers working for him and he generally manages to keep him all well engaged with fights. He is one clever manager and also a fine second.

IN CALIFORNIA

By THERON FISKE

A PRETTY swell New Year's present was handed the boxing brotherhood of this little community—a new commission—and all reports on the merits of the men appointed are flattering, to say the least. The new commissioners are Robert Edgren of Pacific Grove; Dr. Harry W. Martin of Hollywood; and Rev. Leslie E. Kelly of San Francisco.

Bob Edgren has long been known to boxing fans as a writer and cartoonist. He has been writing for twenty-five years. He was born in California and won considerable note as an athlete while attending the University of California. As a young man he was pretty handy with his dukes and found much pleasure sparring with the champions and near champions of that period. Mr. Edgren gives the new California Boxing Commission the keenest boxing judgment of any like body in the country.

Dr. Martin, chairman, is a leader among the younger surgeons of Los Angeles and has an enviable reputation among medical men hereabouts. He is a high-class gentleman and a rabid boxing follower.

Rev. Kelly is pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church of San Francisco. He has long been a supporter of clean boxing. In 1928 he made a tour of the state speaking in every ring against the repeal of the boxing law.

Dr. Martin started something right off the bat. He invited boxing fans to send their ideas and suggestions to the new commission, adding that such would be a favor conferred upon Messrs. Edgren, Kelly and himself. Just for the fun of the thing, this humble scribe would like to be present when Dr. Martin and his colleagues glimpse the first few loads of letters from the fans and volunteer reformers. Give the boys and girls a chance to air their ideas and they hop to it with all the carefree abandon of a kid with a new toy. Yes sir, Dr. Martin started something, something that may prove that he is a glutton for punishment.

Groping for a panacea for the foul evil, the alert commissioners ruled that in case of a foul, the contestants must go right back as an added attraction on the next regular show and do it all over again. Should their second meeting prove satisfactory, all will be forgiven and forgotten and their purse be paid as per their contract for the first fight, the second fight to be a disciplinary measure without pay.

In case of suspensions, the commission ruled that suspended fighters and managers must keep away from the fight clubs. A suspended fighter who slips away to some other state to ply his trade will find himself barred in California for the stipulated time dating from the time of his last fight, regardless of where he fights. Promoters doing business with suspended managers or hired dummies of suspended managers will have their permit revoked.

Champions must put their title at stake every time they enter the ring. All fighters must undergo a thorough physical examination every six months.

There will be no boxing czar for California. This bit of impending grief was dumped overboard at the commission's first meeting and with the announcement came no little moaning from quite a flock of patriots who were eager to serve their state. All sessions of the commission will be open to newspapermen.

The above is just a scratching of the new order of things in this little community. The future looks rosy and boxing men are a happy-appearing bunch.

The Hollywood Legion has definitely embarked on a policy of four- and six-round bouts. The purpose is two-fold—to develop the young crop and to throw a defy at profiteering managers of featured fighters. This new plan gives employment to 14 fighters a week, of whom 12 are virtually beginners.

Jack McAuliffe, retired undefeated lightweight champion of he world, was a California visitor, combining business and pleasure. In a few words McAuliffe handed boxing a sizzling reprime —"we're going through a pink tea era and have only a flock of cream puff champions." McAuliffe's next words were, "Hello Harry, you old son of a gun," an embrace followed and two grizzled old veterans locked arms. It was Harry Gilmore, lightweight during the palmy days of McAuliffe's reign, now 76, but as spry as a kid. Gilmore and McAuliffe fought 28 rounds on January 14, 1887, at Lawrence, Mass. McAuliffe retained his title when Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, seconding Gilmore, threw in the towel. They fought for a side bet of $500 and 83 fellows paid $25 a copy to see the scrap. McAuliffe is without a scar on his face.

Greater Boston and New England

By DOC ALMY

AFFAIRS fistic at the Boston Garden continue in the "River of Doubt" column despite the efforts being made to bring the glove game back to that fine arena and keep it going. Hoping to improve matters, the directors brought in Billy Ames, an experienced, wide-awake man, as matchmaker, he succeeding Alexander A. MacLean, but despite the time and energy Ames has put into the job, the big North Station arena continues dark as it has for many weeks.

The next move at the Garden was to embark in the wrestling business and three times tourneys have been staged there under the direction of Ray Fabiani of Philadelphia. As the "houses" on these occasions were pretty well "papered," the gate receipts were nothing to cheer about. In Boston, Paul Bowser, who has the toehold on the grappling game, has Ed George, the new champion; Everett Marshall, the heir-apparent; Gus Sonnenberg, the ex-champion; Ed Lewis and other popular idols of the mat under contract to show for him. It is a combination hard to lick in one of his best strongholds. Promoter Bowser knows his own sport and knows it well.

Within the month Richard G. Dunn—"Dick" to the sports world—for the past three years manager of the Detroit Olympia Arena, has been appointed to succeed John H. O'Brien as general manager of the Boston Garden. Dunn will be the second to take the position within a few months—the third manager since the Garden was opened about two years ago. Dunn, a member of the William F. Carey fold, is well known to New Yorkers. He comes to Boston with the best wishes for his success. O'Brien, whom he has succeeded, may or may not continue with the Garden though it is the desire of the directors that he shall do so. And, in the meanwhile, rumor has it that Major Patrick F. O'Keefe, president of the Garden board of directors, may step out to be succeeded by J. Frank Joyce, one of the vice-presidents of the Boston & Maine R. R., the latter believed to be a substantial holder of stock in the building. Mr. Joyce, former newspaperman connected with the Boston office of the A. P., has been with the railroad for several years.

While the Boston Garden is toiling with its own troubles, Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A., has been keeping very busy. Recently he staged a bout at the Boston Arena between Dick Daniels of Minneapolis and Al Friedman of Roslindale, Mass., Al Lippe's iron man, which has had the whole town talking ever since. It went the full route of 10 rounds and Daniels succeeded in reversing the decision which Friedman scored over him in the same ring a few weeks ago. It was one fighting fight. It had 6,000 fans in their chairs howling in a frenzy of delight and excitement.

In the eight-round semi-final, Werther Arcelli of the Buccola stable defeated Dick Howell of Roxbury—an orgy of punching. In another contest, Leslie Baker of Watertown, ex-national amateur welter champion, whipped Joe Venuti of the north end in a whip-saw six-rounder; while in still another fray, Pat Hayward of Philadelphia, a member of the Lippe troupe, registered his third win in Boston by defeating Pavesi Presido of Italy.

On New Year's Day, Eddie Mack put on Jose Santa of Portugal, weighing 267, and Roberto Roberti of Italy, 229 pounds. They went the full 10 rounds with Santa the victor by a small margin, but the real winner. There is a chance that they will clash here again at an early date.

While these events were transpiring in Boston on the holiday, in Salem, Jake Zeramby of Lynn—the boy who whipped Andre Routis while the latter was world's feather champion and got nothing but cheers—was having his second mingle with Johnny Hanlon, also of Lynn, a very good performer. Zeramby, now a lightweight, whipped Hanlon about five weeks ago and, on New Year's Day, repeated the performance.

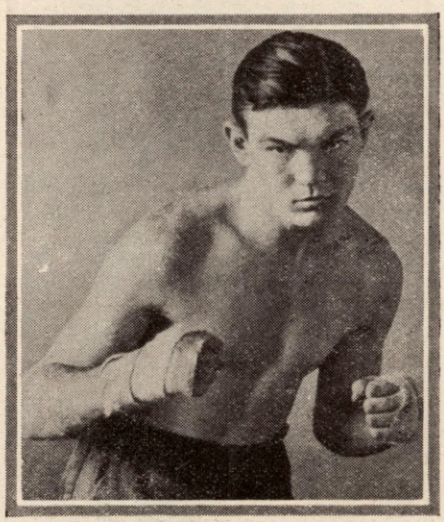
The special board appointed to investigate boxing and wrestling in this state is still grappling with the details of its report back to the Legislature, all of which may be taken as a good sign inasmuch as such delay would indicate that it will not be one of hasty conclusions. One of its expected suggestions for legislative action will be the appointment of one general boxing commissioner—a move similar to that in California—such a head to have assistant commissioners. Should such become fact, the chances favor that Alexander A. McLean, former matchmaker at the Garden, also associated for years with boxing, will be the man who gets the job. Several members of the special board are in favor of his appointment.

Attention has again been attracted to Midget Kid Lavigne, the Vermont veteran bantamweight, who, despite several announcements as to his intentions of retiring, keeps on going—also, keeps on winning. His latest was Johnny Vacca of Boston, claimant of the New England bantam title. They came into collision at Burlington, Vt., for the 'steenth time—both over the class weight—and, at the end of 12 torrid rounds, Lavigne was decided the winner.

As is the custom with many of the sports writers, not so long ago we came forth with our annual selection of the ring leaders of New England in the various divisions. We will not attempt the entire list here but will rate first and second performers in each class as they shaped up to us:

Flyweight—Art Giroux, Dark Cloud Bradley.
Bantam—Midget Kid Lavigne, Johnny Vacca.
Feather—Bat Battalino, Young Montreal.
Lightweight—Andy Callahan, Louis Kid Kaplan.
Welter—Johnny Indrisano, Lou Broulliard.
Middle—Vittorio Livan, Frank O'Brien.
Light heavy—Tony Shucco, Harry Allen.
Heavy—Jack Sharkey, Jim Maloney.

While with the exception of Eddie Mack and his Argonne A. A., the "pro" sport in Boston has been none too speedy, no fault for lack of action can be found with the amateurs. Not a week has passed since October which has not seen one or more tournaments—some of them very good ones. The first of the big events was staged at the Arena, an international, inter-city affair among teams representing Halifax, N. S., New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Boston. All told, 23 bouts were fought—there was one default. The winners were: 112-pound class, Paul Monar, Homestead, Pa.; 118, Frank Barranco, Boston; 126, Fred Delise, Philadelphia; 135, James McCarron, Boston; 147, Joe Delmont, Boston; 160, Al Zappala, Lawrence; 175, Dick Madden, Boston; heavy, George Perrung, Homestead, Pa.



Tommy King, lightweight star from Fall River, Mass.

The foregoing tourney, promoted under N. E. A. A. A. U. auspices, was followed by another when the various winners and runners-up in a series of eliminations conducted for several weeks by William H. Cuddy clashed in the Arena—the event attracting about 10,000 fans. These finals, which brought to each winner an emblematic golden glove with a diamond set in the center, resulted as follows. 112-pound class, Gene Merulla, Watertown, Mass; 118, Flavio De Bonis, Fitchburg, Mass.; 135, John Mack, Taunton; 147, Joe Delmont, Boston; 160, Milton Bishop, Soughton; 175, Dick Madden, Boston; heavy, Henry Surette, Leominster, Mass.

Another series of amateur eliminations for a diamond belt are now under way, the same being staged each Saturday night by the Irish-American A. C. in the Boston Arena. These various events are providing a lot of boxing, also hard fighting and are serving to bring to the front a most excellent array of mitt-slingers.

Tony Shucco of the north end, Boston, rated as the leader of the New England light heavies, journeyed down to New Bedford and handed a 10-round slamming to Joe Tinsley of Peekskill, N. Y.

Werther Arcelli, the Italian welterweight, will be out of the game for several weeks. In a recent winning fight with Dick Howell in a Boston ring, Arcelli put his left hand out of business.

Ed Don George, the new champion of the matmen—a chap of attractive personality and physique—made his Boston debut as title-holder at the Boston Arena—a Paul Bowser offering—and defeated Bob "Bibber" McCoy, of Cambridge, a former Holy Cross football star, in two straight falls. The time was 35 minutes, 45 seconds, and 3 minutes, 5 seconds.

This affair was a "shooting" match with McCoy out to bag George and his title, and only the champion's speed and superior wrestling saved him.

Speaking of the wrestlers, Boston is to have an early visitation from Jim Londos, the St. Louis Greek heavy, who is slated to meet Rudy Dusek of Nebraska, a three times winner here in tourneys promoted at the Boston Garden by Ray Fabiani. Londos will come here announced as the world's heavyweight mat champion, with which announcement many Bostonians will disagree. While Londos may be able to beat all comers, and has tossed plenty of them, the point that he is the champion because two boxing commissions and the N. B. A. has so designated him, is being disputed. The opinion prevails that titles must be won in actual contest—cannot be legitimately conferred even though precedent exists for such.

Many will recall Al Delmont, the former New England bantam and featherweight star—one of the best in the ring in his prime. Today Al is a boniface—a "mine host" at the Napoli in Friend Street. Though possessing none too much of worldly goods, on Christmas day he made a name for himself once more in Boston by throwing open his cafe to 400 hungry men, women and children and let them have all they could eat—and "on the house." "It was just great," remarked Delmont afterward, "and I got a big kick out of it. If alive, I shall repeat in 1931."

Eddie Sullivan of Walpole, Mass., former title holder among the amateurs of the 135 pound division, met with one of the few repulses which have come his way since he turned "pro" at the hands of Baby Jack Renault, of Cambridge, in the Arena in Brockton, Mass., where the Highland A. A. of that city now has its quarters.

Stanley Wynneryk of Lawrence, rated as one of the best of the New England feathers, tucked a win over on Johnny Delano of this city, another well thought of performer, at Lewiston. Wynneryk, however, did not have such good luck when he tackled Vernon Cormier at Worcester, losing a 10-round decision. This Cormier is the chap who has received considerable favorable mention—a boy who will bear watching.

While the powers-that-be are discussing the affairs of Jack Sharkey, the American heavyweight champion, and Jack's press department is issuing manifestos, the Squire is giving his personal attention to Ernie Schaaf, the ex-sailor heavy, now his stablemate. Sharkey is with Schaaf every day in the gym giving him instructions, boxing with him and speeding him up. Jack is re-vamping the big fellow into a pretty good looking fighting man.

Aside from his fistic engagements elsewhere, Schaaf is booked for an early appearance with Dick Daniels of Minneapolis in a Boston ring.

Harry Allen, the Brockton light heavy, former New England amateur champion in the class, got back to the wars, beating Gus Brown of Canton in a rugged 10-rounder fought at Brockton.

Tom Sawyer, now of Northboro, Mass., and former Lewiston, Me., welter, who, in his day, used to battle 'em tough and hard inside hemp, thinks that "13," the so-called hoodoo numeral, is greatly over-rated. "I never had any fear of '13'," said Tom to the writer a few days ago. "When I was battling, one of my best fights was with Bartley Connolly. It was staged on the 13th, was my 13th fight, and I stopped him in round 13. The number of my room at the hotel was 13. True, I got more than $13 out of it, but, after all the bills were paid, it wasn't a whole lot more than that. Fighting fights rather than great wealth was the lot of many of us old-timers."

Pending a return bout with Sammy Fuller—a 135-pound, New England titular fray—Andy Callahan, holder of the championship, is making hay about the local circuit. At Salem, he clashed with Hy Diamond of the Dan Carrol stable, winning the decision.

A new fight club may open in Boston at an early date with "Spider" Murphy, a local sporting man, as the head and front of the organization. "Spider" knows the game from alpha to omega, he having been a boxer, second, manager and promoter.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

By JAMES J. MANNION

THE unexpected defeat of Jack Haines by 19-year-old Ambrose Palmer, caused something of a sensation in local boxing circles. As a result, the crowd which saw their return bout in Sydney, this time for the middleweight championship of Australia, was the largest on record since the days of Les Darcy. The decision was a draw, and spectators witnessed the greatest fight seen in this country for some years.

Tony Tuzzolino, a recent Italian importation, had an exceptionally lucky win over Jimmy Pearce of Newcastle. He was on the floor three times and took a good deal of punishment. Pearce held an enormous lead in points at the beginning of the fifteenth, and last round, but an accident robbed him of certain victory. Signor Antonio unleached a reckless punch that K. O'd the Australian only 40 seconds before the round would have ended.

At the Fitzroy (Melbourne) Stadium, Jack Heeney easily outpointed Billy Negus. Both of these boys look promising. Bill Lang, former heavyweight champion, referees all the Fitzroy fights.

Gus Critcher outpointed Tommy Fairhall in Sydney, and his trainer, Harry Stone, has high hopes for him.

A Filipino bantamweight, Young Gildo, gave a fine display against Billy McAlister. This was their third meeting. Gildo handed Billy a hard drubbing and the local boy did not answer the gong for the eleventh.

Charlie Lucas has just arrived with two tough middles—Emilio Bernasconi, from Italy; and a Belgian, Walter Libert.

Bobby Blay is one of our most improved boxers. His latest doings are points decisions over Bert Osborne, at Fitzroy, and Tommy Crowle, at Sydney, and a knockout in nine rounds over Ted Nelson at Broken Hill.

Ron Negus defeated Alby Cardy on points in an even go. The distance was twelve rounds.

The new heavyweight champion of Victoria, Leo Bandias, was outpointed by Jack O'Malley in Sydney.

Miller Smith defeated Don Sharpe on points in a good twelve-rounder.

At Adelaide, Bruce Dawe outpointed Phil Sullivan of Victoria—good fight, close decision.

Young Lew Edwards, a good featherweight from Melbourne, is making a short tour of New Zealand. He gained a points decision over Johnnie Leckis in fifteen heats.

Phil Sullivan stopped Val Clayton in the eleventh.

After leading for three rounds against Norm Johnson in Brisbane, Clem Johns had to retire owing to a badly gashed eye.

Phil Sullivan, welter, outclassed Joe Murray over 15 rounds in Adelaide. He's good!

The most promising material in Australia at present is as follows:
Heavyweight—Leo Bandias.
Middleweight—Ambrose Palmer, Jack Haines.
Welterweight—Rus Critcher.
Featherweight—Young Lew Edwards, Bobby Blay.
Bantamweight—Young Gildo, (Filipino).

There are no outstanding men in the other divisions. Eddie Borden would be making a good selection if he included Palmer among his list of best prospects in THE RING.

The writer can be reached at 24 Farrant Street, Prospect, South Australia.

AT COLON, PANAMA

By ANTHONY CHARLES

PEDRO AMADOR successfully passed the first milestone in his comeback by outpointing Martinez Fort, of Spain, in twelve rounds at the Ideal Auditorium. In the semi-final Pedro Lemos lost to Len Leonard. Both boys weighed 118 pounds.

Kid Juancito won a six-round decision over Young Shadow. The fight between Young Renault and Kid Kellogg ended in the third round when the referee disqualified both men for stalling.

Kid Peralta and K.O. Kid fought a heated four-round draw.

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CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

WITH steady tread, boxing is slowly wending its way through the obstacles set up by the degrading talk of muckrakers and is gradually ascending the steps towards its former position of wealth and glory—thrills and satisfaction. New England is coming into its own as has been proven by the success of the many clubs which are in steady operation. The smaller clubs are keeping out of the red with satisfying success and the larger clubs are staging cards which appeal to the fans with promising results.

Wrestling has taken advantage of boxing's downfall and has brought forth new talent. College fellows, especially football players, have added much color to the former listless art of self defense.

Sonneberg led the way and now he has been supplanted by another spectacular champion, Ed Don George, of Java, New York. With these men in the roost and other college challengers ready to topple the champ, the previous foreign talent has not been needed as an incentive to draw capacity houses.

Here is a list of the first three outstanding lads in each division and the best prospect for New England territory:

Heavyweights—Jack Sharkey, Brighton, Mass.; Jim Maloney, Boston, Mass.; Ernie Schaaf, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Joe Barlow, Boston, Mass.

Light Heavyweights—Tony Shucco, Boston, Mass.; Al Gainer, New Haven, Conn.; Jimmy Mendes, New Bedford, Mass.

Prospect—Jack Perry, Worcester, Mass.

Middleweights—Frankie O'Brien, Hartford, Conn.; Vittorio Livan, Boston, Mass.; Paul Rojas, Hartford Conn.

Prospect—Oddione Piazza, Boston, Mass.

Welterweights—Johnny Indrisano, Boston, Mass.; Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass.; Werter Arcelli, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Leslie Baker, Watertown, Mass.

Junior Welterweights—Pinkey Kaufman, Hartford, Conn.; Bobby Mays, New Bedford, Mass.; Jimmy O'Brien, Bridgeport, Conn.

Prospect—Tommy King, Fall River, Mass.

Lightweights—Louis "Kid" Kaplan, Meriden, Conn.; Andy Callahan, Lawrence, Mass.; Sammy Fuller, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—"Red" Dupre, New Bedford, Mass.

Junior Lightweights—Young Montreal, Providence, R. I.; Steve Smith, Bridgeport, Conn.; Joe Belair, Worcester, Mass.

Prospect—Johnny Yagjian, Worcester, Mass.

Featherweights—Bat Battalino, World's Champion, Hartford, Conn.; Andy Martin, Boston, Mass.; Vernon Cormier, Worcester, Mass.

Prospect—Art Bergeron, Worcester, Mass.

Bantamweights—Johnny Vacca, Boston, Mass.; Midget Lavigne, Burlington, Vt.; Art Chapdelaine, Springfield, Mass.

Prospect—Sammy Caro, Lynn, Mass.

Flyweights—Art Giroux, Portland, Me.; Ruby "Dark Cloud" Bradley, Holyoke, Mass.; Gene Bianco, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Georgie Ostrow, Boston, Mass.

Vernon Cormier, New England featherweight title claimant, scored impressively in ten rounds over Stanley Winneryk, of Lawrence. Rene Fontaine, previously undefeated bantamweight, suffered a cut eye and had to stop in the fifth round of his bout with Sammy Caro, of Lynn. Johnny Thompson blew the verdict to Joey Cayer, of New Bedford in a six stanza affair. They are featherweights. Aldo Nocchi, undisputed ruling welterweight clown fighter, scored three knockouts in three consecutive shows in Worcester. Nocchi is the most colorful showman in New England and has been in great demand. He has appeared in Worcester in ten out of twelve shows. His last three knockouts were over Del Belanger, New Bedford, in the second; Jocko Hermans, Worcester, in one minute of the first round, and Leon Plaude, of New Bedford, in the third. Nocchi fights both from the port side and the orthodox style.

The return of Joe Belair to local rings was welcomed by his many followers. He had been in Gotham for the greater part of a year and compiled an impressive list of victories which in the last issue won him comment from Jack Dempsey who rated him close to Santiago Zorilla, Steve Smith, Young Zazzerino, Irish Bobby Brady, Al Tripoli and Dominick Petrone. Belair scored two impressive victories upon his return, defeating Harry Alexanian and Eddie Forrest.

Percy Bousquet, Marlboro welterweight, won in the third of a scheduled six from Danny Murray, Milford. Frankie Mills, in making his bow as a professional, stopped Kid Kelley, of Southbridge, in the fourth. Harry Alexanian lost in six to Al Gauthier, of Ludlow, at Holyoke. He later won at New London from Jules Sombathy, of Bridgeport, in six.

Harvey Peete was stowed away in the second at Holyoke by Roland Lecuyer, of Springfield. He later won in the first of a six at New London, stopping Walter Daniels. On the same card, Harry Devine won a ten-round decision from "Irish" Jimmy O'Brien, of Bridgeport.

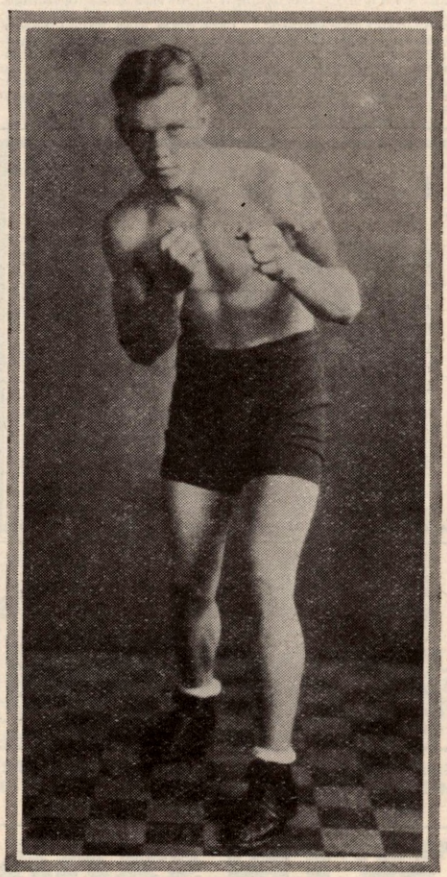
The wrestling went big here last month. The results of the most important cards follow:

Everett Marshall, heralded westerner, won from Axel Anderson in two out of three falls, taking the first and third. An airplane whirl scored the first after 31 minutes and 22 seconds. The second went to Anderson in 5 minutes and 31 seconds with a double leg hold and a flying fall. The deciding fall was in 8 minutes flat with a front crotch and flying fall.

Sailor Arnold was pinned by Oscar Nygren in 16 minutes and 57 seconds with a front crotch and head chancery in a one fall match. Louis Loew downed Abe Kaplan in 22 minutes and 43 seconds with a body scissors and a head chancery. Count Zarynoff disposed of Al Baffart in a three fall encounter, winning the first and third.

The first came after 34 minutes and 40 seconds. Baffert took the second in 13 minutes and 37 seconds by a flying fall from a reverse position turned into a body hold. The third was short with the Count applying a series of headlocks and Baffert fell exhausted after 5 minutes and 34 seconds. Louis Loew went to a sizzling 45 minute draw with Farmer McLeod in the semi-final. In the opener Oscar Nygren pinned Tony Guste in one minute and six seconds with a front crotch and head chancery.

Any information regarding boxing or wrestling affairs in New England will be mailed to the reader upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all communications to the writer to 68 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass.



Eddie Holmes, Junior welterweight from Providence

CONNECTICUT NOTES

By STEVE KELLY

AT Stamford, Willie Lewis, Stamford lightweight, won in eight rounds over Vic Morosco, of New York. Kayo Morgan, Stamford's eccentric bantam, won in eight rounds over Buster Moore, of New York. Frankie Cinque won a close decision over Jules Sombathy.

Mike Esposito rocked Tommy Brown to sleep in the fifth round. Tony Sessa, west side middleweight, stopped Roy Sweppie Malbore in the fourth round.

Wrestling has taken Connecticut by storm. Bridgeport is running weekly wrestling shows on Mondays and weekly boxing cards on Fridays at the Park Arena, under the guiding hand of Billy Prince, Bridgeport's popular sportsman. The National Guard of Norwalk, under Pat Lyden, has switched from boxing to wrestling and it is bound to go over big here due to George Hagen being a local boy, and a good wrestler.

At the Park Arena in Bridgeport, Eddie Moore, Bridgeport's sensational welter, stopped Tommy Loura, Olympic champion, in six rounds.

Jimmy Scott, Bridgeport, won over Eddie Conley, Danbury, in eight rounds. Ernie Palmer, Bridgeport, stopped Lou Piquette in the first.

Young Weinert, West End heavy, won by technical kayo over Gus Holmes in the third.

Georgie Russo stopped Nick Fargo in the fourth round.

Frankie Ketchell won from Young Bruce in the opening four.

At Waterbury, Al Gainer, Connecticut light-heavy champion, won over Leo Larivee, of Waterbury, in eight rounds. Lucien Larivee, Waterbury, 172, stopped Jimmy McLarin, of Watertown, 170, in two. Jack "Red" Knight, New Haven lightweight, beat Joe Barry of Brooklyn, N. Y. Carmen Knapp, New Haven lightweight, won from Manny Souze of Fall River. Tony Laviero, Bristol welter, kayoed Billy Husted, of Bridgeport, in two rounds.

Al Weill, former pilot of the New Haven Arena and the Queensboro Club, is back in harness and will open in opposition to Lew Brown and Al Caroly, who now do the honors at the New Haven Arena.

Promoter Joe Chimbole, of Stamford Sporting Club, started the year off with two real action cards in which local boys, Kayo Morgan and Mike Esposito featured. Waterbury, under the direction of Promoter Mulligan, drew the biggest house of the indoor season, with Al Gainer and Leo Larivee—something over $2,400. Joe Gillotti, Danbury promoter, put on a great show to a poor crowd, but they say a poor beginning make a fine ending.

Eddie Moore, sensational Bridgeport welter, chalked up his nineteenth consecutive win at the expense of Tommy Lown, whom he kayoed in six heats.

The writer wishes to thank Suey Welch and gang, J. Jimmy Amann, Myron Bradley, (Kid Sports Writer of Toledo, Ohio), Eddie Lawson, Charlie Pilkington, Billy Taylor and his many other friends for their fine Christmas cards. Hope to be with you all next year. And I almost forgot the splendid holiday greetings from the president and editor of THE RING. Nat Fleischer, himself. Thanks a lot, Nat.

A good way for the correspondents to get the low-down on all the fighters in his territory is to rate the three best in each division, then sit back quietly and await the deluge of letters from the various managers as to their boxer's abilities. Why don't the managers keep in touch at all times with the correspondents? THE RING, world's foremost boxing magazine, wants you to regard this as your column, for everyone connected with the game. So come on you fans and send along your comments to the writer, whose address appears at the bottom of this column.

Tony Leto, of Florida, took a beating from Andy Martin at Hartford, which by the way, kills a Bat Battalino-Tony Leto scrap.

Frankie O'Brien, of Hartford, middleweight, was named champion of New England by defeating the time-worn Wop Monolian.

Oscar Bernard, Panama, a featherweight, substituting for Johnny Gaito, lost to Steve Smith, of Bridgeport. Lou Bogash, Bridgeport light-heavy, was awarded a win over Gene Bryant, of Norwalk.

Bat Battalino has two fights lined up, one at Chicago with Eddie Shea, and the other at Hartford against Leonard "Young" Zazzarino, to whom Bat lost on a foul in Jersey City.

Joe K.O. D'Andrea, Stamford bantam, is laid up with an attack of grippe.

All inquiries for information regarding this section should be addressed to Steve Kelly, 42 Cedar St., Stamford, Conn.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND

By A. SOLOVEITZIK

JOE RUSSO, Westerly middleweight was kayoed by Al Paladino of New York in the third round. He had previously licked Paladino.

Although defeated, Russo still retained his Rhode Island middleweight crown.

The fistic game is at a standstill in this section.

Big Boy Burlap is raring to swing into action but as yet his manager has no fights lined up. There is still that tentative match with the heavyweight champ of Cuba, but no word has been received from that source for a few weeks.

FROM DETROIT AND VICINITY

By RAY BOUSLOG, Sports Editor, Detroit Daily Illustrated

THE fighters have taken a back seat in Detroit for the wrestlers. While the mat racket has not taken Detroit by storm as it has in New York and Chicago, the game has its faithful followers and each show is showing an increase in attendance.

Until a few weeks ago only one big club was operating. Jack Herman had the field all to himself at Olympia and in his seven shows here since the start of the winter season he showed two champions, Gus Sonnenberg and Don Ed George. Both drew about the same number of fans, 4,000 paid, and both gained enough followers to be welcomed back.

The other club is the International A. C., operating at the old Armory. In the first show Jim Londos threw Gino Garibaldi in 37 minutes and the Italian was unable to continue for the second and third falls. Three thousand fans saw the show and the police reserves were called to keep several thousand who milled outside from tearing down the doors in an effort to watch their Jimmy perform.

Adam Weismuller promotes weekly shows at Danceland, featuring the smaller boys. He has been drawing houses of 1,000 to 1,500 fans and so far has not had one bad show. Against this record, the fight clubs of Detroit staged only two shows in a month's time and both were in the smaller neighborhood houses and failed to attract the fans.

Olympia, under Matchmaker "Scotty" Montieth, ran into trouble when several bouts were cancelled because of injuries. But Montieth has an ambitious program of bouts for the remainder of the winter and with the automobile factories running full blast, Detroit may come back into its own.

Pee Wee Wilson, who broke his arm last fall in a fight with Billy Shaw, is in action again.

Patsy Suarez, popular manager of Tony Cancela, who has been confined to a local hospital with lung trouble, has improved and will be moved soon to a western city where he expects to convalesce. In the meantime Cancela has gone right along winning. He spent a month in Florida and won two fights before his home-town fans, Tampa.

Dick Dunn, for three years general manager of Olympia, Detroit, resigned and is now occupying the same post with the Boston Madison Square Garden. Maurice Caplan, secretary of the Detroit Hockey Club, operators of the Olympia, is acting as general manager until a new man is picked.

Kayo Clemmons, who flashed across the fistic horizon under the name of Frankie Simms and won a long string of bouts with knockouts, came back to the place he started, Ypsilanti, to knock out Tony Myzska, in one round. Clemmons always plays before a packed house.

James M. "Bingo" Brown continues as chairman of the Michigan boxing commission despite a change of administration. Brown, a former Colgate football star and later University of Detroit football coach, is popular with the ring followers and fighters. He is fair and while there are certain things he may not know about the game, he has kept himself from sitting on a limb so far.

Mt. Clemens resumed operating after the holidays and this popular club is running weekly again. In their first two shows Johnny Minella and Wilbur Chevalier fought a sizzling draw and Jack December walloped the Toledo southpaw, Tony Lombardo.

"Hap" Palmer is in Florida with his two charges, Whitey Gorsline and Harry Robertson. Gorsline is matched for several good heavyweight shots, while Robertson, a flashy colored lightweight, has two bouts in Havana lined up.

Ace Martin, local light-heavyweight, who has fought his way through three classes, will get a chance to meet Len Darcy, state light-heavyweight champion, soon. Darcy fought Mickey Walker and the bulldog should have softened him up for Martin. Ace can hit.

Roger Bernard, after a long string of victories, ran into a tartar at Cincinnati New Year's Day and lost to Freddie Miller, the southpaw. They have been rematched.

Detroit fight fans were not excited over the prospects of getting the Stribling-Schmeling bout but one between Mickey Walker and either Maxie or Willie would jam the ballpark here this summer. Walker established himself with Detroit fans by the convincing way he beat Johnny Risko here, flooring him once.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON

By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND News—On Ralph Gruman's card, Leo Lomski, Aberdeen Assassin, knocked out Young Firpo, Wild Bull of Burke, Idaho, in the second round. Red Barber, Seattle middleweight, drew with Neil Kilbane, Tacoma, in six. Tommy Pratt, Portland middleweight, kayoed Soldier Olson, Vancouver, Wn., in one.

For George Moore, Charley Belanger, Canadian light-heavyweight champion, won a very questionable decision from George Manley, Denver, in ten. Johnny Hansen, Portland kayo king, chilled Ted King, Oakland, in two. Tommy Pratt defeated old Jiggs Dossey in four.

Working for Promoters Moore, Hansen, and Gruman, Charley Belanger, Winnepeg, outwrestled Leo Lomski, Aberdeen, Wn., for the diamond-studded coast championship belt. Eddie Volk, Portland, and Mickey Dolan, Portland's fighting Irish lightweight, drew in six. Johnny Hansen kayoed Ted Evans, Klamath Falls, in one. Denny Lenhart, San Jose, Calif., drew with Jack Silver, Seattle heavyweight, in eight. Red Barber lost to Swede Nelson, Vernonia, in six.

For Promoter Gruman, Charley Belanger easily beat George Cook, Australian champion. Mickey Dolan drew with Eddie Volk in a grudge battle. Johnny Walker, Spokane, outboxed Tommy Pratt in six. Art Mayer, Portland examateur, decisioned "Spark Plug" Boyd, Aberdeen heavy, in four.

Jumbled Gems.—Belanger has improved his boxing greatly . . . Danny Matin is now managing "Bal" since his brother Abe's death . . . Firpo and Lomski drew the largest gate for several years and now Portland is on its old stride . . . Tex Salkeld developed many good boys in the past year. They are Dolan, Hensen, Edelman, and Israel . . . Ted King, who fought Hansen is a brother of Ritchie . . . The greatest fistic thrill of 1930 in Portland was either Dolan's kayo of Jean Boireau or Lomski's one-punch kayo of Firpo . . . During 1930 the Portland commission gave $12,463 to charity . . . Eddie Thomas, Bellingham lightweight, is back from a successful Californian invasion . . . Tommy McGinty was in Portland and may bring Champion Freeman here for a shot . . . Glen Edwards, All-American Washington State tackle, plans to become a boxer.

At Tillamook, Al Straub, 158, Albina, and George Becker, 163, Tillamook, drew in eight.

At Marshfield, Cyclone Joe Coffman, Portland lightweight, kayoed Lobo Billy Church, Portland, in ten.

At Coquille, Joe Coffman stopped Harold Westover, Portland, in three.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO

By EDDIE MAYER, Jr.

WILL MAYLON, Spokane promoter, took a number of Spokane boys to Wenatchee for bouts during the month. Don Fraser earned a draw with Tony Portillo, Seattle welter; Elgen Taylor stopped Johnny Purtee, Wenatchee middleweight, and Walt King of Spokane won his bout with Walt Woomaw by a knockout.

On Maylon's second invasion Del King and Ace Conlon, both Spokane welterweights, fought a draw. Bearcat Baker of Wenatchee beat Elgen Taylor of Spokane and Battling Roberts, Spokane heavy, fought a six-round draw with Bonnie Bennett of Wenatchee.

Mayor Funk of Spokane refereed one of the bouts on Will Maylon's charity card which was staged in the Post Street Theater in Spokane.

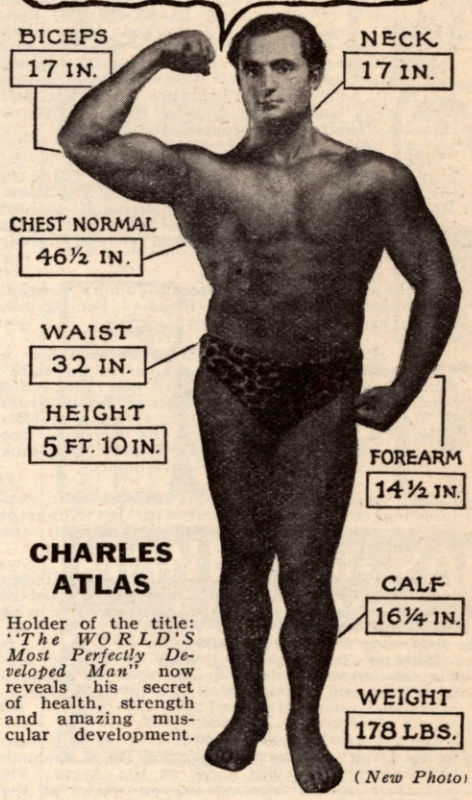
"Turk" Edwards, Washington State's all-American tackle, may be heard from in boxing circles. Edwards likes the fight game and a number of well-known fight magnates have been dickering with Glen to make the game his profession.

Spokane wrestling fans were given a treat when Dr. Karl Sarpolis and Charlie Hanson battled to a draw at the Post Street Theater. Jack Rutledge, veteran promoter of the northwest, staged the bout.

A card staged at Kellogg, Idaho, in the Y.M.C.A. proved to be a crowd pleaser. In the main event, Kid Sala, Kellogg middleweight, won from Floyd White, of Kellogg. Ralph Utt beat Elmo Thomas in the semi-windup. The boys are middleweights.

Flip Edwards, a former Spokane boxer, and Bob Jefferies, a California boy, arrived in Spokane from the land of sunshine and are looking for bouts. Flip is a middleweight and Bob is a light-heavy.

"Give me your measure and I'll PROVE that you can have a body like mine"



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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFMAN

BENNY BASS, world junior lightweight champion, knows entirely too much for Lew Massey, promising South Philadelphia contender. This was proven when they met for the second time in six weeks at the Arena, and the titleholder won virtually as he pleased in ten rounds. The show drew at gate of $19,765, which fell about $10,000 short of expectations. It was a blustry, rainy night.

The surrounding bill back of the Bass-Massey fight surely afforded plenty of fireworks. In one bout, Harry Blitman, former South Philadelphia featherweight ace, who is now boxing out of New York, knocked out Al Gordon in the first round. Gordon never knew what hit him. Blitman ripped across a wicked left which dropped him for a count of nine. Gordon's legs appeared paralyzed and Blitman again dropped him for a count of four. When Al arose again, his rival whipped over another hard left and down went Gordon for another count. Referee Herman Hindin then stopped the bout.

After a slow start, Jack Gross, Salem, N. J., heavyweight, finished big Roy (Ace) Clark in the sixth round. This was also part of the Bass-Massey show. A left to the stomach doubled Clark up and then a volley of lefts and rights on the chin sent the 249-pound colored fighter down for the count.

In the other bout, the veteran Tommy Grogan, of Omaha, defeated Young Firpo of Pennsgrove, N. J., in ten rounds.

Tony Lucci of Philadelphia was awarded a draw with Art Feeser of Lebanon in an eight-round bout at Reading. This was the semi-windup of the main bout between Wally Sears of Minersville and Frank Boja, German middleweight, in which Sears gained the decision. Leo Duncan of Philadelphia beat Johnny Haystack of Binghamton, N. Y., in eight rounds.

Eddie Dempsey, Philadelphia middleweight, sustained a cut eye in his bout with Joe Kuhns of Reading and was unable to continue at the start of the fifth round.

Those two rival up-state middleweights, Jimmy McAllister of Reading, and Battling Willard of Lancaster, hooked up at Reading recently with the former winning in six rounds.

Herman Taylor, of the firm of Taylor and Gunnis, left Phillie the second week in January for Florida to help Frank Bruen in the Carnera-Maloney bout at Miami.

More than 10,0000 fans braved a driving rain to turn out for the Jim Londos-Tony Roebuck heavyweight wrestling show at the Arena. It was their second meeting in two weeks at the West Philadelphia indoor stadium and drew a capacity crowd of 10,000, the gate receipts amounting to a trifle more than $20,000. Of this, Promoter Ray Fabini turned over $5,000 to the unemployed fund. Once again Londos won, the bout going fifty-seven minutes and forty-four seconds. Londos conceded forty-five pounds but was too clever for the Indian grappler.

Billy Passamento, a former amateur star, who has been brought to the front in the gym of Otto Hughes, made his metropolitan debut by winning from Mickey Donato in one of the preliminaries to the Wolgast-Genaro tiff in the Garden.

Jimmy Dougherty accompanied George Godfrey to Mexico City for the latter's New Year's day clash there.

Jack Reck, a middleweight who appeared in Quaker City rings ten years ago, is now a member of the police force.

Cliff Morgan chaperoned a squad of Philadelphia amateur boxers to Boston for the inter-city matches against Halifax, Pittsburgh, New York and Boston. The Phillie boys included: Harold Kutzer, 118 pounds; Freddy de Mallici, 126; Tommy Brown, 160; and Ben Linder, 175.

Frank Weiner has been re-appointed member of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission by Governor Fisher, subject to the O.K. of Governor-elect Pinchot. There were many candidates in the field to succeed Weiner.

Joey Hadfield, veteran Conshohocken mittman, and Mike Marshall of Nicetown, battled eight rounds to a draw at Norristown. In the other bouts Fats Shirey of Pottstown defeated Frankie McCann, Philadelphia; K. O. Craven of Conshohocken continued his undefeated pace by knocking out Al Corbett of Pottstown in the second round and Salvatore Burdo of Manayunk dropped a six-round decision to Jack Zerena of Reading.

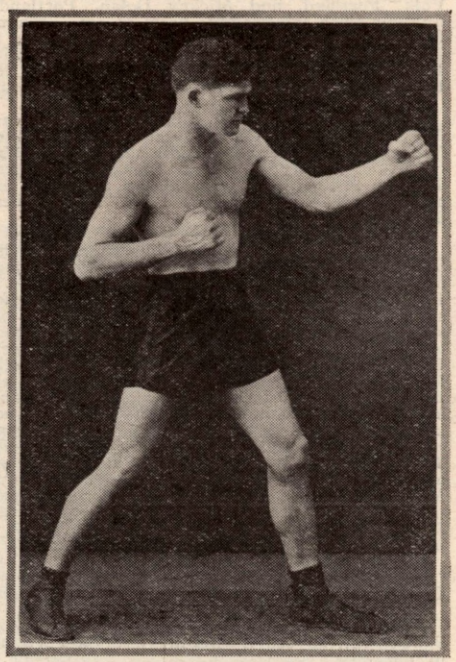
Jimmy Smith, Kensington favorite, displayed his real fighting spirit when he gained a ten-round decision over Johnny Pepe of South Philadelphia at the Cambria club.

For the first time in his boxing career, Matt Adgie, West Philadelphia light-heavyweight, was knocked out. It remained for Mickey Walker, middleweight champion, to turn the trick at the Arena, in the first round. Adgie was not knocked cold but Walker had spilled him with a wicked left hook to the jaw and the former iceman got up groggy. Referee Tommy Reilly, seeing Matt was in bad shape, stopped the affair and the 7,000 spectators agreed that Adgie was simply fighting out of his class.

Billy Jones, colored fighter, weighing 174 pounds, proved too clever for the veteran Yale Okun in the semi-windup to the Walker-Adgie tiff and received the ten-round decision.

Tony Morgano, 126-pound South Philadelphian, who has been on a winning streak for some time, stopped Sammy Novia of Atlantic City in the second round.

Tony Falco, 135-pound chap from South Phillie, turned in a six-round decision over Young Patsy Wallace of Atlantic City at the Arena.



Pat Hayward, one of Al Lippe's bright heavyweight prospects

Lew Lafferty, former amateur star, lost to Mickey Michaels of Kensington at the Cambria.

Although Richie Powers, former U. S. sailor, was dropped by Pat Morris with the first punch at the Cambria, the former rallied sufficiently to win the decision and made a big hit.

In the windup of the Norristown Auditorium show, Tony Loftus of Manayunk outfought Midget Fox of Conshohocken. The Manayunk little fellow displayed a greatly improved style in his third meeting with Fox and avenged previous setbacks at the hands of the Ironton boxer.

Pete Shedrick, middleweight from West Philadelphia, put up a good bout against Gene Moretti of Atlantic City at the Arena, but the six-round verdict went against him. The decision failed to please.

Frank Weiner, chairman of the Pennsyvania Athletic Commission, says a new national boxing board is needed to correct the evils. Speaking before the American Legion lucheon recently, he said: "The quicker the various States get together and form a national boxing commission, the sooner the fight game will get off the canvas and start making a showing in the sport arena again."

Harry Little knocked out Johnny De Marco in three rounds at the Broadway A. C. Harry later beat Lew Franklin, New York boxer, in a sizzling six-rounder in which Little's smarter fighting earned him the decision. Don Little, who looks after Harry, is trying to have the latter meet Marty Gold, Willie Davies, Frenchy Bellanger, Frankie Genaro and Midget Wolgast and asks no quarter of any.

Al Little, who was on the sidelines with an injured hand sustained in a bout with Pussy Walker, is back in shape again and his manager Jimmy Briggs has him hooked up for several bouts.

Harry Blitman sustained a cut eye while training for his bout with Pete Nebo at the Arena, and the bout had to be postponed.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

DICK LANDIG, who fought several sensational battles at the local Armory a year has returned here after a successful season in the West and is anxious to take on any of the local lightweights

Gene Cardi, Hilldale middleweight, was kayoed by Bucky Lawless, Syracuse in the seventh at Erie, Pa.

Frankie Cawley, Pittston heavyweight and Natie Brown, San Francisco drew in eight rounds at Chicago.

Pete Suskey, Scranton middleweight, held Rene DeVos, Belgian champ, to a draw at the Armory A. C. The judges disagreed on the verdict and Referee Ginty called it a draw.

Willie Cubic, Newark colored featherweight outpointed Mickey Doyle Pittston in six rounds; Roscoe Manning, middleweight, won over Freddie Solas, Syracuse in six rounds. Johnny Kelly outboxed Johnny Lopaskey six rounds. Sammy Sacco, Buffalo, defeated Mickey Pelak Hudson four rounds.

Willie Cubic, Newark Flash, who made a big hit with the local fans by his sensational showing against Mickey Doyle, continued his good work by decisively defeating Eddie Leroy, Williamsport featherweight.

Local fight fans are anxious to see Cubic meet Jackie Britton here. The Pringle featherweight is now in the best condition of his career.

Freddie Haverlak, former Alden boy, now making his home in New York, recently won a victory over Wildcat Kimmer, Newark. Haverlak has improved wonderfully.

Tommy Britton, younger brother of Jackie Britton is ready to enter the squared circle after a long rest. He has a challenge out to all feathers.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

HIGHLIGHTS on the Pittsburgh fistic rialto for the past month or two include the defeat of Buck McTiernan on Christmas Day by Vince Dundee at Motor Square Garden; Willie Davies' setback at the hands of Midget Wolgast in Toronto; Johnny Datto's easy victory over Jackie Rodgers; Tiger West's defeat by K. O. Kelly, and Eddie Brannon's fight with Frankie Chatterton, which ended in a draw.

The past month also saw the rise of new local talent. Mose Butch, Billy Brent, Marcus Noll, Harold (Young) Scarney, Angelo Vergione, Billy Holt, Al Becker, Joey Spiegel, Jimmy Riley, Frankie Novak and others.

Jimmy Belmont, welterweight from Braddock, knocked out Buddy Stewart of Canton in the first round of a benefit relief card at Rialto Theater in Aliquippa. Others who appeared on the card were Mike Lynch, Joe Campbell, Lee Perr, Jack O'Brien, Frankie Portland and Eddie Guba. Ray Erbele promoted.

Mose Butch, sensational little scrapper under direction of Jack London, is making rapid strides in the bantamweight division at present.

Young Rudy, popular Charleroi veteran, knocked out Billy Bulley, Michigan Buzzsaw, in the second round of a main bout at the Moose Temple.

Mose Butch won by a technical knockout over Andy Tomosky in the fifth round.

A pair of Pittsburgh lightweights, Tommy Crawley and Andy Andrucci, both of whom had not seen action in a local ring for some time, clashed recently in the Moose Temple. Crawley won a ten-round one-sided verdict over the Italian at the end of 10 rounds.

Frank Klaus, former middleweight champion, is aiding the cause of Jimmy Belmont, Braddock welterweight.

Frankie Chatterton of Cleveland fought a ten-round draw with Eddie Brennon, Pittsburgh Negro lightweight star, at the Moose Temple. It was a return affair, Brannon having won the first meeting..

Young Rudy of Charleroi lost to Jimmy Kelly in 10 rounds at the Moose Temple. Mose Butch, local bantam, defeated Pete Mazzeo in the semi-final.

Readers seeking information in regards to the game hereabouts may secure same by getting in touch with the writer, Wm. Pikor, Donora, Penna.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

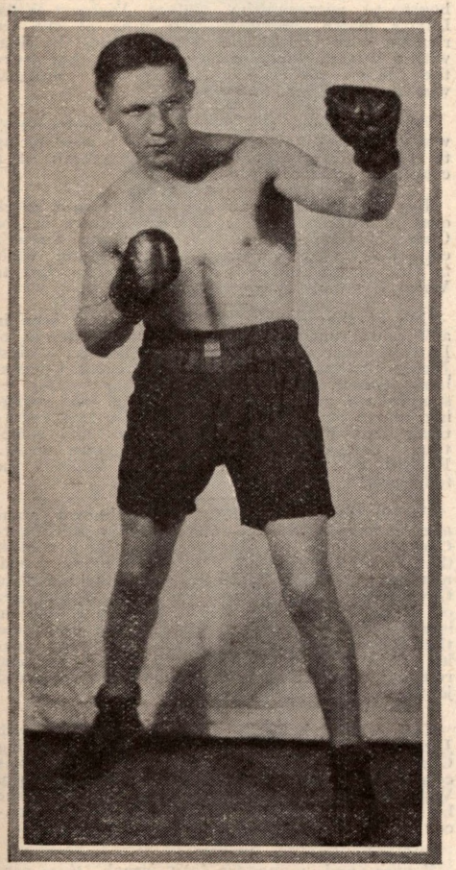
BOXING clubs are starting up in the smaller towns around Sioux City, keeping the local boys busy. No less than five have started in the last two months.

The big spill of the month took place at Akron, Ia., when Matt Smith, veteran Sioux City-Elk Point, S. D. junior lightweight, cut loose on Young Tuffy Griffiths, of Kingsley, Ia., knocking the youngster out in the fifth round.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Newsboy Joey Rich, tough Sioux City bantam, lost a close eight-rounder to Wyman "Kid" Sweezey of Storm Lake, Ia. Rich is a good fighter.

Fargo, N. D.—Kid Rippatoe, Sioux City colored lightweight, lost a fast six-rounder to Spud Murphy, of Moorhead, Minn.

An all-day "open house," featured by some very good boxing bouts, marked the beginning of the new year at the Y.M.C.A. The youngsters provided the crowd with plenty of action. The bouts were no-decision affairs. Merle Parent, "Bud" Lymer, Young Montgomery, Max Gorchow, Angus McBane, Art St. Onge, Billy Smith and Ken Diller exhibited their wares.



Eddie Koppy, Detroit's crack lightweight

"Shot" Nunn, Sioux City's veteran colored light-heavyweight, was knocked out in the first round by Louie Dunkak, Omaha, at Omaha. Dunkaka hit Nunn so hard he broke his hand.

Lloyd Hagan, popular sports editor on the Sioux City Tribune, is fast becoming one of northwest Iowa's leading referees. Promoters can get in touch with Hagan at the Sioux City Tribune.

Wayne "Big" Munn, former world's heavyweight wrestling champion and resident of Sioux City, died in the base hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

Urban Liberty, Sioux City-Minneapolis lightweight, will have to retire from the game for a while, owing to an operation on his eyes.

Ray Mann, Sioux City's leading welterweight, is booked for a busy season. Mann is a pleasing fighter.

Picking the best prospect for the month is no easy job, but taking everything into consideration, your scribe picks Harold Rogers, a bantam that looks very good right now. If the lad is not pushed too fast, he will go far up the fistic hill.

Robert "Shorty" Wright, one of Sioux City's leading fistic fans, and second of boxers, got his copy of "Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana" by Nat Fleischer. Wright says the book is a "knockout" and if you want something good to read, get it. Wright has one of the greatest collections of records, files and pictures of boxers in this part of the state.

Paul Anthony and A. L. Huckle, matchmakers for the American Legion at Hawarden, Ia., went over "big" with their first show of the 1931 season. In the feature, "Kid" Sweezey, the Spencer, Ia., veteran, won a hairline decision over Harold Rogers, Sioux City bantam. Lloyd Hagan was the third man.

Looking Over The Mail Bag—Johnny Burds, local feather, writes from Brooklyn, N. Y., that he is ready to make his eastern debut . . . Eddie Graham, local lightweight, writes from Minneapolis that he will return to Sioux City next summer . . . Murray McLean, St. Paul manager, has many fine prospects he wants to start here . . . Many thanks, readers, for all the nice greeting cards. Received exactly 178 of them.

A Minute With The Wrestlers—Don George, heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, handed a demonstration to local fans when he put George Mack of Canada down in two straight falls. George won the first fall in 9 minutes and 29 seconds with a giant swing hold. The second and deciding fall came after 2 minutes and 43 seconds, by a crotch and half Nelson. In a one-fall match, Doug Lindsly of Sioux City lost to Ernie Hasson, Omaha heavy, in 16 minutes and 18 seconds by an airplane spin. In the opening event "Kid" Smith of Enid, Okla., won from Roy Girton of Mondamin, Ia., in two straight falls.

Cherokee, Ia.—Henry Kolln, Sheldon, Ia., middleweight, defeated Ali Hassan in two straight falls. Hassan forfeited the first fall when he hurt his shoulder and lost the second in 19 minutes when Kolln pinned him with an arm crush.

Iowa City, Ia.—Ralph Parquat of Newton, Ia., claimant of the world's middleweight title, disposed of Harold Croy in easy fashion. The event featured an American Legion athletic card.

Duke Barry, veteran fistic manager of Davenport, Ia., and editor of The Blue Book of Boxing, has uncovered another great prospect in "Cyriel DeMartelare" better known as "Lefty Martler." The youngster has a sock in both hands, and is going to make it tough for a lot of the welterweights. In his last nine starts, Martler has rung up nine consecutive kayos.

Last Minute Sparks—Nate Dax will open the 1931 season at the World Theater . . . Dax is one promoter who never fails to give the youngsters a chance . . . Sammy Sacco, local junior lightweight, has recuperated from his recent automobile accident and has started training . . . Young Dandy Dick Griffin of Oklahoma will make Sioux City his headquarters . . . Louie Tattleman has started his heavyweight, Louie Zack, on the come-back trail . . . When Zack is in shape, he is one tough boy . . . Jack Lewis, popular Omaha fistic manager, has one of the classiest stables of boxers west of Chicago . . . Johnny Ford, another Omaha manager, has a good bunch of boys . . . Bat Slater, local junior welter, is finding plenty of work on out-of-town cards . . . Jimmy Thompson, local bantam, was born in England . . . Dan Desmond is the sports editor on the Sioux City Journal. Dan is a great lover of the fistic sport . . . Pinkie George has a fine stable of boxers. George is located in Des Moines.

EASTERN IOWA NOTES

JAKE WARREN, Duke Barry's claimant for the colored heavyweight championship, who resides in New York City, will probably tangle with either Dynamite Jackson or Long Tom Hawkins, at San Diego, California, shortly. Word to this effect has been sent the Davenport cauliflower merchant by the veteran George Hussey, Barry's western representative.

Lefty Martler, the "Belgian Assassin" of Moline, Ill., is a fine prospect.

Young Terry, Davenport lightweight, journeyed to Chicago and was knocked out by Danny Delmont . . . Johnny Fryrear, Cedar Rapids' successful matchmaker, is getting ready to resume shows . . . Davenport has gone "razzling" . . . Iowa City, under the guidance of "Doug" Fairbanks, continues to show . . . Harvey Carothers, good welter of the Barry stable, is being polished up by Mike Dundee . . . Carothers will show big improvement next time out . . . Efforts are being made by Johnny Fryrear, Cedar Rapids matchmaker, to get Jack McCarthy, Chicago star welter, to mix with Lefty Martler, Barry's latest "find" . . . Big Boy Russell of Marshalltown, a heavyweight, wants to resume wars . . . Ralph Alexander, Waterloo heavyweight battler, is arranging to promote shows at Charles City, Ia.

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EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

ARTHUR GIROUX, Gene Brosseau's classy Montreal flyweight, is gunning after two Canadian titles as well as contending for the world's flyweight crown. At a recent meeting of the Montreal Commission, followed by one by the Dominion Boxing Federation, Gene Brosseau advanced his protege claims to titular bouts with both Frenchy Belanger, of Toronto, for the Canadian flyweight crown, and Joe Villeneuve, of Quebec, for the Canadian bantamweight title. As Art's challenges had been filed earlier than anyone else, both bodies upheld his claims and passed a resolution that both champions must defend their titles against him in the near future or abdicate their respective thrones.

Al Foreman, the sensational Montreal knockout artist, is practically certain of adding the Canadian lightweight title to his British lightweight laurels. At a meeting of the Canadian fistic lords, Foreman was named as the successor to the title held by Billy Townsend which the latter never defended. In the event of a worthy challenger looming up within sixty days, Foreman is to fight him for the title and if one fails to turn up and file a challenge, the title will be passed over to the heavy-hitting British Empire king. Foreman would rather win his title in the ring in his usually decisive fashion and is hoping that a real threat opposes his nomination as the rightful champion.

Foreman is over in England at present awaiting a challenge for his British lightweight crown as he has two legs on the famous Lonsdale Belt, which he would win permanently by making another successful defense of his laurels. His last bout was against Johnny Cuthbert, British featherweight king, a draw.

The Dominion Boxing Federation settled the tangles in all of the classes during their January session in Montreal. The writer has already outlined the dope for the fly, bantam, and lightweight classes with the featherweight title, held by Leo Kid Roy, Montreal, due to be defended within a limited time against Sam Hackett, Toronto youngster, or Vic Foiston, a promising Vancouver featherweight. Roy is not the bulldog of the ring he once was and the crown should be gracing some one else's head before long.

The Commission ruled that Jackie Phillips, the good-looking Toronto stylist who holds the Canadian welter title, should defend his laurels against Billy Townsend, the Coast slugger who had to give up his 135-pound title due to non-defense and overweight which the writer has been predicting for nearly a year. Townsend is due to meet Phillips for the title in the near future at Toronto. The middleweight class is vacant and there are three good boys worthy of it, namely, Sig Hoiseth, Frankie Battaglia, the Winnipeg boy who is coming along like a forest fire, and Johnny Nemis, the Maritime welter and middle champ. Tracey looks the best and his recent battles in New York, including his titanic struggle with Harry Ebbetts to whom he lost an unpopular decision, presage him as being on the threshold of the "big time" circles.

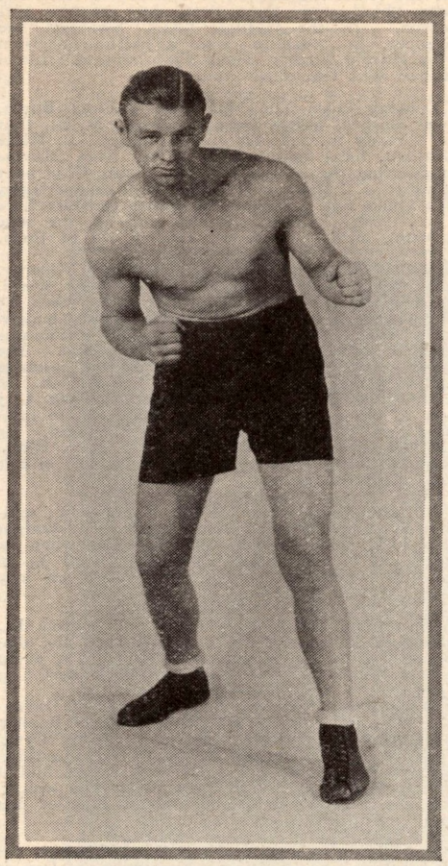
The light-heavy crown is held by Charlie Belanger, the cagey Winnipeg boxer, and it has a worthy holder there. Larry Gains, the Toronto Negro, is the heavyweight king and is apparently sitting pretty as far as that title is concerned. The local Commission leader, Dr. Gaston Demers, was honored at the convention by being elected as the first vice-president of the Dominion body and he will make a fine executive for the Federation. Demers occupies the place formerly held by the late Alderman Louis Rubenstein.

Jimmie McKimmie, dean of local "stable managers," is pleased these days as his boys have kept on their winning ways where they left off in 1930. Barney O'Connell, his Irish featherweight ace, has rung up two victories this year at this writing. "Babyface" had too much ringcraft for Marty Moscovitz and Young Guilbault and pasted them both in eight-rounders at Burlington. Barney is coming right along and bears watching. Harry Hill, McKimmie's tricky English flyweight, pasted Pinky Silverberg of New York in a ten-rounder there too.

Timmy Butts, another crack flyweight under the McKimmie banner, is going great guns around those parts and looks promising. The aggressive little Montrealer kayoed Young Bretton in three rounds at St. Albans, Vermont, and flattened Young Jarvis in four heats at the latter's home town, Ogdensburg, N. Y. McKimmie has another promising prospect in Les Isles, who is taking socks at anyone in the middleweight brigade. McKimmie's boys are in demand and he can be reached at 1180 Drummond Street, Apt. 23, Montreal.

Boxing in Sherbrooke and the eastern townships is rather a dead issue just now. The game might pick up if the Sherbrooke A. C. goes through with their plans for shows every fortnight with Harry Rappaport, that city's leading fistic impressario, handling the reins as matchmaker.

The amateur clubs are going strong here with shows being staged every week. The leading shows of the month of January were staged by the Y.M.H.A. and the Belding Corticelli clubs and the trail is drawing to a close to the championship tournaments in March.



Joe Doctor, Buffalo's promising heavyweight

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP

By JACK JARVIS

DESPITE the hard times and general trade depression the Queensbury Club of Toronto with the popular Jack Corcoran at the helm, has some really high-class attractions in the offing, such names as Mickey Walker, Larry Gains, Len Harvey, Billy Townsend, and other fistic luminaries are expected to emblazon the sporting pages of the local papers, and the club is not sparing any expense in giving the fans some high-class and strong opposition for these well-known headliners.

At this time of writing, Mr. Corcoran is trying hard to bring about a meeting between Jackie Phillips, present holder of the Canadian welterweight crown, and Billy Townsend, the leading challenger. He has them both signed, has given the champion a very liberal guarantee, together with a real good percentage privilege, but the champion's paternal manager wants to delay the date of the bout, without any reasonable excuse, although the commission has ordered Phillips to box in defense of his title against Townsend, and has been given a set time to get into action. it appears that he is holding off the inevitable . . . and can see the "handwriting on the wall."

According to Mr. Corcoran, who recently advised the writer that this attraction would draw at least $7,000 and would help considerably in arousing the somewhat dormant state of affairs in Toronto, Phillips has been conceded several build-up bouts in anticipation of this titular affair, and the champion's attitude is very discouraging.

Larry Gains, the Canadian heavyweight champion, is on his way back to Canada from Europe, where he has had a very successful campaign. The big colored boy is one of the fastest big fellows in the world as well as one of the cleverest, and the non-appearance of his name in Jack Dempsey's ratings in THE RING, occasioned some surprise in Toronto boxing circles.

Jack Allen, Vancouver promoter and impressario, who directs the destinies of Billy Townsend, has in tow with him in Toronto a very likely-looking bantamweight in Allan Foston. Foston is a real little battler and according to the critics who have seen him work, it is only a matter of time before he will be wearing the Canadian headpiece emblematic of the title.

Queens University, at Kingston, Ontario, opened their magnificent new gymnasium and swimming pool with a real good professional attraction, headlining "Frenchy" Bellanger and Louis Carpentero, the Filipino flyweight. After a close, hard-fought battle all the way, the little bronze youth received the award at the end of the tenth round. Eddie Judge won from Vince Glionna, and a sterling little battler from Vancouver in Billy McBeigh, easily grabbed the honors over Young Burch of England.

Jack Peppin of Winnipeg, matchmaker of the Canadian Legion Club, and manager of that very promising middleweight, Laurie Peppin, sends along word that the rugged westerner will shortly be invading eastern Canada in search of more victims. Among the prominent boxers that have finished behind the hard-hitting Prairie City puncher are Bermondsey Billy Wells, Billy Light, "My" Sullivan. It is quite possible that the Queensbury Club of Toronto will endeavor to get Len Harvey, the English star, for Peppin in the near future.

The Shamrock Club of Toronto played a 2,000 house to witness the Midget Wolgast-Willie Davies match. Wolgast won nine of the ten rounds, with the Charleroi boy taking the final with a belated flurry of boxing gloves that drove the Midget all around the square. Wolgast won an easy verdict.

"Red" Bragan, the "Thumping Truckdriver," won the semi-final by handing out a good lacing to Floyd Hybert, battle-scarred veteran of a couple of hundred fights.

The preliminaries saw Willie McDonald knock over a Buffalo protege of Dan Rogers in Joe Gula. Cosmo Cazano took down the winner's end of a six-rounder with Tommy Bland, while in the opener Eddie Judge, of Toronto, lost to Vince Glionna.

One of the toughest punch absorbers seen in a Toronto ring for some time, Jack Gillespie, of Detroit, shared the headline position against Jackie Phillips, of Toronto in a recent Queensbury feature. The tough Hub City battler resembled an aggressive slow-moving wild-swinging human punch bag in the ring. He took everything that Phillips could toss over and sometimes connected with a slow-motion right. Phillips won easily but failed to impress the followers.

Walter Obenessor, former well-known manager of boxers, was the referee for the Bellanger-Carpentero bout at Kingston recently, a contest that drew 2,500 people, including many prominent society people and members of the Canadian Government. Obenessor, who is now manager of Bobby Pearce, the world's sculling champion, introduced the latter from the ring and announced that Pearce would represent Canada at the Henley Diamond Sculls next year. Bobby also refereed the opening bout and made a real good job of it.

This writer has made an arrangement with Jack Corcoran, now recognized as the leading Canadian boxing promoter, to mention in this column the best boxing prospect of the month. Without any hesitation for the current issue he names Allan Foston, the smart little Vancouver bantamweight.

Boxers and managers can reach this correspondent at Suite 6, Security Building, 2 Toronto Street on and after March 1.

One of the best little battlers that the writer has seen in the flyweight class around Ontario is Billy McBeigh, a recent resident of Vancouver. McBeigh stood out like a red vest at a funeral against Young Burch of England recently, and if given some real work the little fellow may be knocking at the door of the champion some time in the near future.

The Canadian Locomotives of Kingston, Ont., have organized a live little amateur boxing club, with some rugged prospects in the line-up. Tim Gallivan, a welterweight, a hard-hitting aggressive young fellow, looks like the best on the team. This Gallivan can fight and is by far the best simon-pure seen around Ontario in the middle-weight class for some time.

Savein's Cigar Store, of Toronto, seems to be the outstanding headquarters for the sporting fraternity who mingle and assemble there for the purpose of exchanging pugilistic and wrestling gossip. THE RING is one of the biggest sellers in the store and Louis Savein, himself, eagerly digests every bit of news contained in the world's greatest boxing periodical.

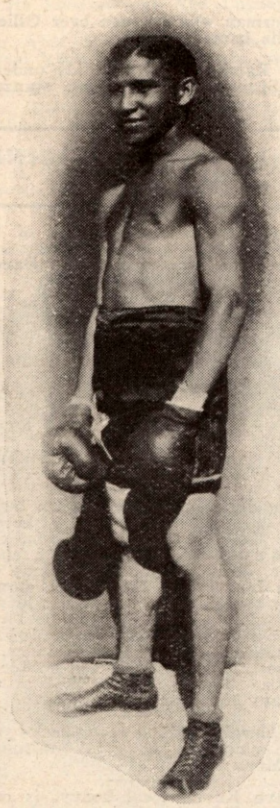
BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

AMADOR URQUIAS' Sunday night shows at the Miramar are going great. The results of his last show follow: Luis Bardales won over Julio Rivera; Harry Kabakoff beat Celedonio Vazquez; Battling Nelson bested O. Menendez; Jesus Martinez beat Manuel Pose; Mario Asan was kayoed by Angel Macias; Martin Ogrady was kayoed by Raul Ochendia.

Divino Rueda, hard punching bantam, came from behind to carry off the verdict over Baby Malpica. Rueda is a promising ringster.

Joe Coego, local southpaw featherweight, easily defeated Vicente Alonso and then outboxed Virgilio Larroque. Coego is a good performer with a dangerous wallop.

Honeyboy Finnegan, whose proper name is Francisco Padron, scored a two-round kayo over Enrique Correa. This Honeyboy is a hard hitter and about one of the best flyweights around here. His manager is Angel Sanchez.



Santiago Viamonte, Cuba's feather-weight kayo artist

Ventura Yanes drew with Miguel Rodriguez; Gonzalo Poey kayoed Gilbert Fernandez; Manuel Boquette easily defeated Orlando Lineares in a rough fight; Felix Enriques, the Cuban Al Brown, defeated Gonzalo Fernandez in a slow bout; Castor Fernandez drew with Pedro Herrera in a hot battle. Eloy Diaz won over Domingo Perez. Juilian Mirave kayoed Robert Carasend in two heats.

Goyito Rico is the Cuban kingpin of the heavies with a long chain of knockout victories. Rico has won forty battles by the kayo route and five decisions. He never has faced defeat. Rico will meet Maxie Rosenbloom here.

Ignacio Ara made short work of Bobby Marriott in the first round. A left to the mid-section put the veteran down for keeps.

Ramon Perez, the Cuban tow-head welterweight, came from behind to draw with Rolando Martinez of Nicaragua. Perez later upset the dope by scoring a three-round knockout over Edward Duarry of New York. Perez is a pleasing scrapper with a T.N.T. punch. Joe Arguelles drew with Manuel Vallespin in a special six-rounder.

Kid Montana defeated Julian Echavarria in the eight-round windup. Montana improves with every start.

Jose Gandon, Cuba's most popular lightweight, added another victim to his unbeaten record by disposing of Basilio Hernandez.

Battling Llano and Virgilio Corrales put up a corking melee, with Llano getting the nod in six furious rounds.

Robert Bonar, Cuba's undefeated featherweight, kayoed Felipe Aldama in the third round. Emilio Diaz kayoed Raul Ochendia and Avelino Ballina won over Rafael Blanco. Kid Petisco beat Juan Govantes, and Joaquin Jorge won over Kid Fulano. Jose Martinez beat Jose Ledo.

Tony Cuervo continues his weekly shows at the Polar Arena.

Willy Del Pino is back in Havana with his Chilean battler, Luis Ramos, after a successful barnstorming trip through the island.

Johnny Cruz, one of Cuba's best products, looked like a champion in his recent fight with Vidal Gregorio.

Baby Chocolate scored a two-round kayo over Jose Sarabia. This "baby" looks like a future champion. He is managed by Pincho Gutierrez. Joaquin Jorge lost a close decision to Robert Bonar in a special six; Divino Rueda beat Baby Malpica but the judges said "draw." Jose Castro drew with Francisco Martinez and Humberto Casals knocked out Juan Richard in the first.

If you seek bouts here, send photos and write to Luis Parga, Manzana de Gometz 251, Havana, Cuba.

DOWN IN DIXIE
By HAROLD T. BUCKLEY

MARTIN BURKE, former heavyweight fighter and now head of the Garden A. C. at New Orleans, celebrated his second anniversary as a promoter by showing lightweight champion Tony Canzoneri in a ten-round no-decision contest against Johnny Farr. Jack Dempsey refereed. One of the largest crowds in the history of the Crescent City witnessed the show.

Several months ago the writer told boxing fans and promoters to keep an eye on Ervin Berlier, a lightweight out of New Orleans. Berlier has surpassed all predictions and is the new lightweight champion of the South.

Mobile, Ala., may start staging shows this summer under the auspices of the American Legion. They intend starting this summer.

Phil J. Gaffney is making matches for promoters in Havana and Panama and is desirous of hearing from fighters caring to make a trip to either place. Gaffney can be reached by writing Post Office Box 145 at New Orleans.

Gaffney is also matchmaker for the Courthouse A. C. in the Crescent City.

Ed. Corley is packing them in at Jacksonville, Florida. Corley knows the boxing game and staged good matches the past month.

Bob Wolcott, promoter for the American Legion in Natchez, Miss., intends running shows every week, beginning this month. Any attractive match draws from a thousand dollars and upwards.

Biloxi, Miss., is staging weekly boxing shows under auspices of the American Legion with Al Fremin doing the matchmaking.

Johnny Cook, New Orleans lightweight, turned in a neat victory over Al Donnelly last month. Cook is now ready for Canzoneri, Justo Suarez, Billy Petrolle and the rest. A real club fighter.

Battling Bozo seems to be the only fighter able to draw any money in Birmingham, Ala.

Petey Sarron, Birmingham lightweight, is back from Australia where he met with much success.

Buster Mallini, middleweight stablemate of Tuffy Griffiths, is back in New Orleans and Phil Gaffney is looking after his affairs there.

Fort Worth, Texas, is drawing fair houses since Dick Griffin started staging shows. Griffin is popular and makes good matches.

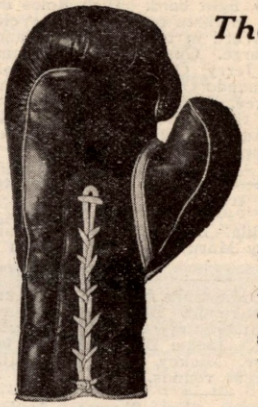
Jimmy King, welterweight and middleweight champion of the South, returned to New Orleans after spending six months in South and Central America where he won twelve fights.

Eddie "Kid" Wolfe, Memphis lightweight, is back under the management of Nat Loskovitz.

George Girard, Bogalusa, La., welterweight, is another youngster of likely-looking possibilities.

The following is a list of the best prospects in the South—Ervin Berlier, Johnny Cook, Al Donnelly, Matt Brock, Archie Lewis, Al Nagel, Billy Brown, George Girard, Roy Calamari, Ralph Chone, Buster Mallini, Ovlier St. Blanc, Petey Sarron, Sailor Black and Bob Sage.

A Training Glove for Fighters



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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

ATCHINSON, KANS. — Fans witnessed a thrilling fight program on St. Benedict's College holiday fight card. Dick Roles defeated Hack Wilson in three rounds. Jim Welch knocked out John Ward in two. Jimmy Clancy beat Joe Reilly in three. Gus Glaser beat Jimmy Hunt in three. Jerry O'Donnell beat Herb Ennis in three. Fernando Ortiz Rubio beat Ernie Verscheldon in three. Bun Kane knocked out Charles Brussels in three. Don Reilly beat John Brock in three. Ad Turinski and Porky Gottschalk fought a three-round draw.

Springfield, Mo.—Clyde Chastain defeated Johnny Wagner in ten hard-fought rounds.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Owen Phelps of Phoenix, Ariz., defeated Tony Marullo of New Orleans in ten rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Eddie Shea knocked out Andy Martin in the second round. Bushy Graham beat Davey Abad in eight. Tommy Grogan outpointed Eddie Ran in eight. Jackie Brady knocked out Joey Medill in five. Mickey Cohen and Mike Dundee drew in eight rounds.

Independence, Kans. — Les Showers, leading amateur boxing promoter of the Middle West, is staging a big A.A.U. tournament in this city featuring the best boxers of Oklahoma, Kansas, and Missouri.

Kansas City, Mo.—The leading amateur boxers in Kansas City who are being kept busy and the best in their weight divisions are: Jack Daniels, heavy; Tony Manners and Joe Melham, middles; Charley Johnson, welter; Benny Pierce, lightweight; Johnny Franks, bantam, and Joe Alcanter, flyweight.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Owen Phelps had a setback when he was trounced by George Courtney.

Yates Center, Kans.—Chief Benny Adams, welterweight, has not met with any great success in this vicinity and has headed east to give the game a try.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery, 425 South Green Street, of this city, is the manager of the toughest, fastest and hardest hitting aggregation of amateur boxers of all weights in the Middle West. He wonders why the promoters of the Kansas City amateur shows dodge the issue of matching his strong team of fighting warriors against their favorite fighting sons.

Springfield, Mo.—E. E. Murphy, boxing promoter, has given up the idea for completing his elimination tournament to establish a champion middleweight of the Middle West, owing to poor support.

Fred Reese, Kansas heavyweight, is training again after an extended layoff. When Fred is in shape he makes all the big boys step to keep pace with him.

In last month's issue of the RING the writer failed to rate the junior weight division. In this class, Baby Stribling of Wichita holds the top spot, and Sonny Boy McGuire of Ft. Scott rates second.

Loose and Drifting.—Dennis Magirl, manager of Babe Hunt, writes that if he does not find some lucrative work for the Babe in the immediate future, he will head for Florida. This is the dullest season in the professional boxing game that Kansas has had since legalizing the game four years ago. The best drawing and most active towns that stage boxing have not averaged more than two shows over a period of four months. Johnny Husong of Wichita has a few big shots lined up but is not too enthusiastic as to the financial outcome. Clyde Chastian, Walter Dunham, Joe Kopfer, Billy Atkinson and Johnny Wagner, an array of tough middleweights, are all eager to land a fight. Jimmy Carter, the "Fighting Comedian," now in Louisiana, will probably appear in a bout in Kansas next month. Angus Snyder. heavyweight, of Dodge City, is still inactive, due to a broken hand.

Correction of a statement in last month's issue of this column relative to a loss to the charity benefit 52-round boxing show staged at Wichita, Kans. This is to enlighten and convey to the readers of these notes that the promoters lost on the promotion of this magnificent boxing show, although the organization for whose benefit the show was staged received approximately $400. It is to be regretted a show of such worthy type was not supported in a larger measure.

Wichita, Kans.—Hustling Vick Bickley is one manager who keeps his good lightweight, Wildcat Monte, busy. Another pleasing fighter working out of Wichita who is continuously in demand is Baby Stribling.

NEVADA NUDGES
By L. H. TITTLE

JACK DEMPSEY proved to 10,000 sports fans at Dallas recently that he is still a first class fighting man. The Manassa Mauler became angered by a blow from a bulky wrestler in a match he was refereeing, cut loose a right that sent the offender to the canvas for a long count. The roar of the crowd would convince the most skeptical that the fans want fighting most of all.

Johnny Nichols, Oklahoma Champion Featherweight, has relinquished his title. This leaves a four cornered fight for the crown—Paul Wangley, Kid Pancho, Howard Scott and Bobby Calmes will tussle for the belt.

Indian Johnny Smith showed championship form at Las Vegas, Nevada, when he defeated Warren Farrell for the State welter championship. Buddy Thomas, crack Vegas feather, put Dino Virgel away safely in the second round and George Ball stopped Andy Dianati in the first, on the same card.

Jack Sparr, Wilmington, California welter, outsparred Joe Reese at Las Vegas for ten rounds. Wild-man O'Hannigan and Dick Swartz slugged through six rounds on the same card. Warren Farrell stopped Bucky O'Brien in the second. Young Thompson of Phoenix, Arizona, lost a decision to Benny Desmond of Fort Worth, Texas.

Frank Rowsey added another worthy victory to his long list when he defeated Billy Papke, Jr., at Los Angeles on the Corbett-Paulie Walker card. Frank won by a wide margin. Rowsey, in the opinion of the writer is the best prospect, of any class, the past year has produced. He has "Socks appeal" and everything.

Al Gracio, Spokane welter, is in Las Vegas seeking a match. He is one of the western top notchers of his division. He holds decisions over Jimmy Duffy, Clyde Hull, Larry Murphy, Omar Wright, Edddie Mack and other good boys.

Bull Montana, the ape faced Italian actor and mat artist, appeared in Amarillo, Texas, recently as an opponent of Nap DeVora. The bout was a slow process with much grunting. The "Bool" won.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

MINNESOTA, in spite of the drastic conditions prevailing throughout fistiana in 1930, forged proudly into the limelight and turned out a colony of fighters that justifies her present status. In Jack Dempsey's annual ratings for THE RING, ten Minnesotans were classified; one graced the third position in group one, another the first position in group two, four in group four, and four in group five.

The outstanding achievement of the year by any native boxer was Billy Petrolle's sensational triumph over Jimmy McLarnin in New York. King Tut, Minneapolis, took the second position in the junior welter ranks and Dick Daniels, My Sullivan and Britt Gorman held down the fourth divisions while Charley Retzlaff, Jackie Sharkey, Ollie Bartlett and Boomer Brooker stood in group five.

Minnesota has featured a vast number of fistic celebrities in the bygone months. Among the most conspicuous were Mickey Walker, Bud Taylor, Otto Von Porat, Primo Canera, Yale Okun, Vince Dundee, Eddie Shea and Tommy Loughran. It is obvious that the fight game in the Gopher state is headed for bigger and better things with a very lustrous outlook for the future.

Art Lasky of Minneapolis, a Jewish heavyweight, weighing 190 pounds, with three pro battles under his belt, crashed his way right into the favor of local fight enthusiasts. Art provided quite a little upset when he slammed out a decision over Angus McDonald, weighing 221 pounds, in six hectic stanzas.

A new bill was introduced in both houses of the Minnesota legislature repealing the present law and opening the way to state-wide boxing with the limits on bouts raised from 10 to 15 rounds.

The bill will abolish the present three-man commission and set up a commission of five men with a salaried secretary. The bill is strongly backed and should it come through it ought to achieve its standard.

News comes from the Windy City that Duluth's Charley Retzlaff has finally crashed into big time with a bang. Charley "stole the show" when he hung the 203-pound Greek, George Neron, over the ropes in the sixth spasm. It is obvious that the "Duluth Devaster" is a fighter of possibilities, a carefully dominated fighter, and much credit must be given his great little manager, Jack Hurley.

Eddie Shea, aggressive little featherweight hailing from Chicago, hammered out a decisive victory over Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis feather, in ten savagely contested rounds.

Britt Gorman, Minneapolis flyweight, toted too many guns for Fred Penn, who hails from Omaha, and blasted out a six-round decision over Penn.

A good middleweight prospect, Young Harry Greb, beat Joey Kells, Minneapolis.

Johnny Simpson, a rugged and aggressive middleweight from South Dakota, defeated Archie Mitchell, Hollywood, in a fast four-round affair.

Jack Libgott, of St. Paul, administered an unmerciful trouncing to Johnny DeOtis, of Minneapolis, in four heats.

Any promising young fighter who is willing to throw the leather and is interested in securing a manager can get in touch with the scribe at 5328 York Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. Upon writing, enclose clips, etc., also state age, weight and record complete with localities.

Britt Gorman won the nod over Ollie Bartlett, Minneapolis bantam.

Charley Ratzlaff put the skids under Antonio Mata, a Spanish heavy, in one stanza at Chicago.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

Here are my ratings to date of St. Louis fighters:

Heavyweight—John Schwake, Dave Knost, Frank Powers.

Light Heavy—George Daw, Steve Marre, Pun Jameson.

Middleweight—Al Stillman, Jerry Cramo, Kid Shaulter.

Welterweight—Roy Mitchell, Buddy Schlereth, Eddie Goldberg.

Lightweight—Sammy Offerman, Lou Terry, Ray Alfano.

Featherweight—Johnny Kaiser, Ray Palmer, Pete White.

Bantamweight—Joe Ghnouly, Pee Wee Terry, Woodrow Williams.

Lew Raymond, nationally known matchmaker, promoted a great boxing show here for the American Legion before going back to New York. What a card and what a show! The newspaper decisions follow: Sammy Offerman won from Lou Terry. Eddie Shea stopped Andy Martin in two. Bushy Graham whipped Davey Abad. Tommy Grogan beat Eddie Ran. Jackie Brady technically kayoed Joey Medill in five. Mickey Cohen shaded Mike Dundee. In the curtain-raiser Marty Fields shaded Joe Rivers in six rounds. The show was held at the Arena which seats 22,000 and drew $15,000.

John Schwake, Maplewood heavyweight, has been idle since his bout at Indianapolis with Harvey Mortenson.

Big Dave Knost, local heavy, is out with a challenge to Schwake. Knost and Schwake have met three times with Dave winning one by kayo and one decision and one draw.

Al Stillman, our hard-punching middleweight, wants to meet Len Harvey, English champion.

One of the matchmakers here is after Ray Palmer, local featherweight, to box Henry Lenard, Chicago southpaw.

Palmer is also wanted for a ten-rounder with Pete White.

Pee Wee Terry, classy local bantamweight, had to go to Kansas City in order to get work. His first start was against Frankie Garcia at St. Joseph, Mo., whom he stopped in two rounds.

Everyone will be glad to hear that Ray Alfano, east side lightweight, is recovering from an illness which has kept him bedridden for six weeks.

Joe Broderick has gone to Miami, Florida.

Seneca Taylor, Missouri Athletic Commissioner, now puts the official okay on all wrestling and boxing matches before they may be given to the newspapers for publicity.

The writer has interested a party in the production of a series of boxing shows here. Sound financial backing is a certainty and Mound City fans should soon see regular semi-monthly shows of high caliber here.

Fighters and managers wishing to show here should get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

THE Chatham Athletic Club continues to stage its weeekly boxing shows. Manuel Quintero and Dick Gore drew. Ted Moody defeated Chick Hill. Herby Beck knocked out Chick Hill in seven rounds.

Chick Hill knocked out Young Gardner in four. Al Morris knocked out Gardner in four. Jimmie Tuten knocked out Young McCorgary in four. Pat Flaherty won from Charlie Foote.

The South is again producing some real fighters. Young Stribling, heavyweight; Bob Godwin and Joe Knight, Battling Bozo, light-heavyweights, Manual Quintero, junior welter, and Pete Sarron, bantamweight. These boys will give any fighter in the world a tough battle.

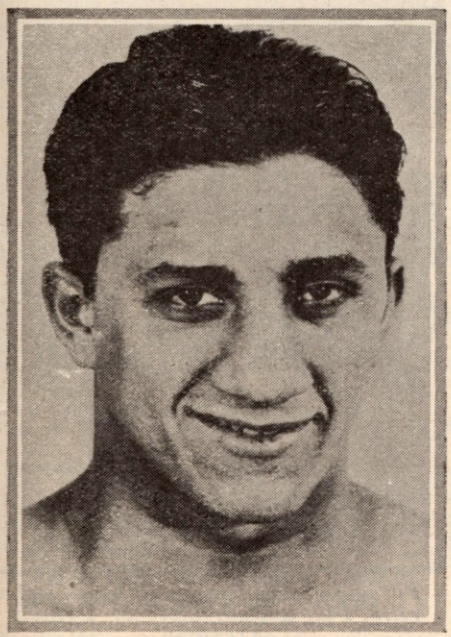
Savannah, Ga., has a schoolboy wonder in Young Patsy Haley, managed by Alexander. He is just 15 years of age and has been boxing a year. His limit is four rounds due to his age. He beat Eddie Bass of Philadelphia, brother of Benny Bass, world's junior lightweight champion.

Billy Olliff, with Bob Godwin is back from Virginia. He knocked out Abe Luckey in five rounds.

I wonder what has become of Pat Boynton. Pat is a real fellow and always has good boys.

Ed Alexander is open to receive offers for the services of Young Babe McCorgary, middleweight, Bulldog Downs, welterweight, and others.

The New York Life Insurance Co., is looking for Rufus B. Joiner, known as Kid Joiner. If anyone knows this boy have him get in touch with one of their agents. It will mean money to him.



Patsy Pirrone, Canton's light-heavyweight comer

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

THE boxing game in the Tri states has been in a slump for months but the new year promises to be a busy one for the fighters in these parts. The first card of the New Year, sponsored by the Southern Athletic Club, brought together two of the speediest lighties in the business, Joe Glick of New York and Eddie "Kid" Wolfe of Memphis.

Wolfe recently defeated Joe Cook at New Orleans, and dropped a questonable verdict to Ervin Berlier, the fans all rooting for Wolfe at the finish.

Billy Brown, the veteran mddleweight, whipped Bob Latheim at Texarkana in ten rounds and stopped young Joe Dundee at Helena the week before.

Joe Saia drew with Wesley Senn in ten heats at Hot Springs.

Luther Orr followed in Brown's footsteps and kayoed Young Joe Dundee at Helena, Ark.

The veteran bantamweight, Bill Duclar, of New Orleans, has been appointed boxing instructor at the local Y. M. C. A.

TEXARKANA TIDINGS
By MINOR STUART

THE fight game in Texarkana continues merrily on its way in spite of the temporary setback on account of the general business depression all over the country. Promoter Harvey Howard still continues to give the fans bang-up fights. He uses the best talent available.

Some great fights took place here in the past few weeks. Joe "Bulldog" Lockhart, New England flash, showed too much stuff for Bobby Clayton, tough little 140 pounder from Shreveport, Louisiana. This boy Lockhart is a great little battler at 136 pounds. Johnny Jackson, promising junior welterweight from Philadelphia, hung the old kayo on that Texarkana favorite, "Bat" Schofield.

Bob Louthain, who now calls Texarkana his home, a comer with only 13 fights under his belt, punched out the veteran middleweight, Red Williams of Paris. Only the week before Louthain battled toe to toe for ten hard rounds at Crawley, Lousiana, to gain a draw with Mussolina Verucci. Jack Harris, 160 pound Texarkana lad, beat Paramount Henderson, the Sheik of the Paramount Theatre ushers.

The Arkansas Wildcat, Spruce Gibbs, still comtinues to be a prime favorite in Texarkana. He had his hands full when he boxed the little Indian from Oklahoma, Rube Johnson, a ten round draw. This was a great battle between two classy lightweights and both comers. Johnny Jackson upset the dope bucket when Referee Monk Thomas raised his hand after the six round go with Bobby Clayton, from Shrieveport. "Chink" McGonigal, improving with every fight, stopped Carl Callions in the second.

Shifty Jack Davis, 190 pounds, an ex-sparring partner of Jack Dempsey, pummeled out a decision over that tough colored champ of the A. E. F., Cyclone Turner. Undertaker Turner, a nephew of Cyclone Turner, lost a decision in six rounds to the colored welterweight, Panama Kid. "Chink" McGonigal beat Robert Banks in the four round special event.

Bob Louthain drew a Tartar when he lost to the middleweight champion of the South, Billy Brown of Memphis, Tennessee. Sailor Jones and Kid Klimax, middleweights, furnished lots of thrills in the six round semi-windup, Jones winning by a kayo in the second.

Eskimo Gratio, once a ranking flyweight, who hails from Dead Horse, Alaska, showed the boys some brilliant stuff when he boxed four rounds with Johnny Jackson on the Billy Brown-Bob Louthain card.

Promoter Harvey Howard has arranged several fine attractions.

Some promising boys in this vicinity are: "Baby Face" Palmer, hard-punching middleweight; Jimmy Dugan, 118 pounds, and Chink McGonigal, classy bantamweight.

Anyone seeking fight information in and around the twin cities should write Minor Stuart, 1902 Hickory Street, Texarkana, Arkansas, or Promoter Harvey Howard, Texarkana Gazette, Texarkana, Texas.

NEW ORLEANS FIGHT GOSSIP
By MARION J. MATRANGA

ERVIN BERLIER—the kid of speed—won the Southern lightweight championship by defeating Eddie "Kid" Wolfe in ten rounds at the Coliseum Arena. With the victory went a diamond-studded belt, donated by Gabe Hausmann.

Al Jerome, bantam of New Orleans, was kayoed in the sixth round by Andy Carter at Hollywood, California. Jerome was considered a good prospect here, but a one-punch kayo by Al Donnelly sent him skidding.

"Uncle Phil" Gaffney and "Cousin Harold" Buckley assisted Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley of this city in putting over his benefit show at the Municipal Auditorium.

Johnny Cook beat Al Donnelly in the feature.

Tony Sciambra, hard hitting featherweight, is about to step out again after a lengthy period of inactiveness.

New Orleans boasts of more pleasing fighters now than at any time in the past two years. Perhaps, the unemployment problem has had something to do with this.

We have Martin Burke and Percy "Red" Walsh, his able assistant, to thank for the fine fights witnessed during the past year.

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EASTERN OHIO AND PITTSBURGH
By RAY FOUTTS

HUMBERTO ARCE, dusky-skinned Porto Rican, gave the fans a real surprise by winning a close ten-round decision over Patsy Perroni, at Canton, Ohio. Freddie Edwards stopped Jack Bentley in two heats and Mickey Duras won over Chet Smallwood, Akron southpaw. A few weeks later Arce won over the tough Frankie Wine in ten torrid rounds at the same club. Mickey Duras, Jimmie Dunn's latest protege, made it two in a row in Canton rings, by decisively beating Sammy Harris. Promoters Jack Laken and Mike McKinney took it on the chin financially, as the house was a washout.

Willie Davies and Marty Gold met for the 'steenth time at Wheeling, W. Va., with Davies copping the duke. Jimmie McGraw beat Buddy Stewart; Paul Ogre drew with Hans Roberts; and Johnny Demko won over Sammy Madison in the preliminaries.

Promoter Ray Barnes, of Alliance, held his first pro show in over a year, and packed his auditorium with two unbeaten fighters in the feature event, Teddy Yarosz and Jimmy Moinette, home town idol. After ten gruelling rounds, Yarosz was awarded the duke, his 35th straight victory.

East Liverpool and Steubenville amateur boxing teams staged a home and home series of bouts with the Pottery City boys taking the honors in both meets.

Promoters Al Zill, Youngstown; Suey Welsh, Akron; and Smith and Gallagher of Steubenville are waiting until conditions are better before trying to stage any pro shows.

The Zanesville emergency commission held a big charity show with Homer Ronan meeting Tiger Greer, and Mickey Fedor, Canton iron man, clashing with Nordi Smith in two tens. Chick Hunter was in charge of the affair.

The Foutts Brothers are having their outdoor bowl at East Liverpool enlarged and are planning on some real attractions for the coming season.

After a year's effort on the part of Jules Beck to bring the pair together, Jackie Rogers and Johnny Datto finally fought it out at Motor Square Garden before a packed house. The vicious punching Filipino gave Rogers an unmerciful pasting, dropping him for three nine counts in the second round, and only a remarkable exhibition of gameness enabled Pittsburgh's best featherweight to last the distance.

Other Pittsburgh results during the month were as follows: Paul Pirrone won by technical knockout over Pal Silvers, seven rounds; Larry Madge and Billy Holt drew, eight rounds; Jimmie Belmont knocked out Allen Beatty, five rounds; Jimmie Reilly defeated Young Bordell; Vince Dundee beat Buck McTiernan; Joe Trippe won over Billy Holt; Billy Bulley defeated Larry Kaufman; Angelo Vergoine defeated Don Frazier; Eddie Brannon won by technical knockout over Jimmie Kelly, five rounds; Frank Novak stopped Dan Gallagher, four rounds; Terry Waner beat Sammy Paris; Tommy Crawley defeated Andy Andrucci; Young Rudy knocked out Billy Bulley, two round; and Harold Scarney won over Harry Williams.

Boxing is picking up in the Pittsburgh district with Jim McGirr, veteran McKeesport promoter; I. E. Goodridge, Washington, Pa.; Eddie Fritz, New Castle; and Ray Eberle, Aliquippa, all running shows after a long layoff.

Purely Personal Opinions—George Panka, Homestead bricklayer, who was stopped by both Rocco and Christner lacks "IT" . . . Al Graybar is a pip of a referee . . . Sammy O'Dell, Akron Negro, is going somewhere . . . so are Mose Butch, Jimmie Thomas, Teddy Yarosz and Eddie Brannon . . . Jimmie Kelly is Pittsburgh's best club fighter . . . Young Rudy is a credit to the boxing game . . . Red Mason is one of the world's best seconds . . . Datto is a harder hitter than Rogers but lacks Jackie's spirit . . . James "Red" Mason was reported to have offered fifteen "g's" for Jackie Field's contract . . . Eddie Fritz made a master stroke when he matched Willie Davies with Phil Tobias for the reopening of the Castle Bowl, as this bout has been hanging fire for two years . . . Jimmie Belmont is now under the direction of Frank Klaus, former middleweight champion, and has scored two successive knockouts; Belmont will be plenty tough if Klaus can make him realize he is a fighter, not a boxer . . . The last of the five Zivic brothers has entered the ring . . . Pete, Jack, Joe, Eddie and Fritz, their ages ranging from 29 to 17 in the order named . . . Pete and Jack have both retired; Joe liked baseball, football and other sports better, and Eddie and Fritz are both boxing as amateurs in the Pittsburgh district.

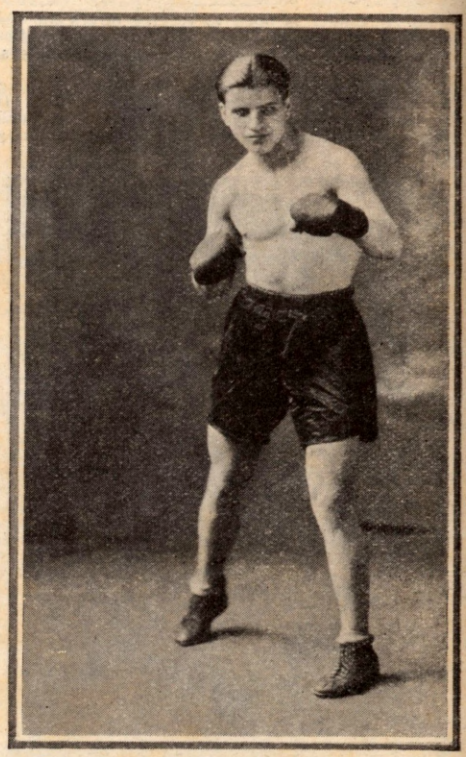
ERIE AND VICINITY
By LEW KROHN

MIDGET MIKE O'DOWD of Columbus, O., gave the highly rated Tommy Paul of Buffalo, N. Y., quite an argument at the Gem City A. C. A goodly portion of the crowd thought that O'Dowd had won or was at least entitled to a draw, but the officials gave it to Tommy Paul.

Ray Collins of Erie, and Louis Severo of Meadville, lightweights, fought a ten-round thriller for the Keystone A. C. Collins came from behind to win.

In the main bout, between Bobby Mays of New Bedford, Mass., and Maxie Strub of Erie, the boys bumped heads in the first round, cutting quite a gash over Mays' right eye. Referee Jerry Cole called a halt after the seventh round, Strub winning by a technical knockout.

The fans in Erie want to see Maxie Strub against some real opposition. Any real good lightweight will pack the Arena with Strub. Come on Steve Halaiko, Billy Wallace, Tommy Grogan, Wesley Ramey, Johnny Jadick, Al Singer, Ray Miller, Harry Dublinsky, Justo Suarez, Tod Morgan or who have you. The writer will be glad to put any of these boys in with Strub at the Keystone A. C.



Patsy Severo, bantam from Meadville, Pa., a stablemate of Tommy Freeman

Tommy Freeman, welterweight champion, is expected back in Erie soon to do his training for several big bouts.

Walter Reily, who formerly managed the Park View Hotel, is opening a new gymnasium on State Street in the heart of the business section and the promoters will have the fighters from out of town again in public at this gym.

Bobby Vogel, former amateur lightweight champion of northwest Pennsylvania, finally had his winning streak broken by Toughy Fernando of Ashtabula, Ohio. Vogel had won eight bouts in a row.

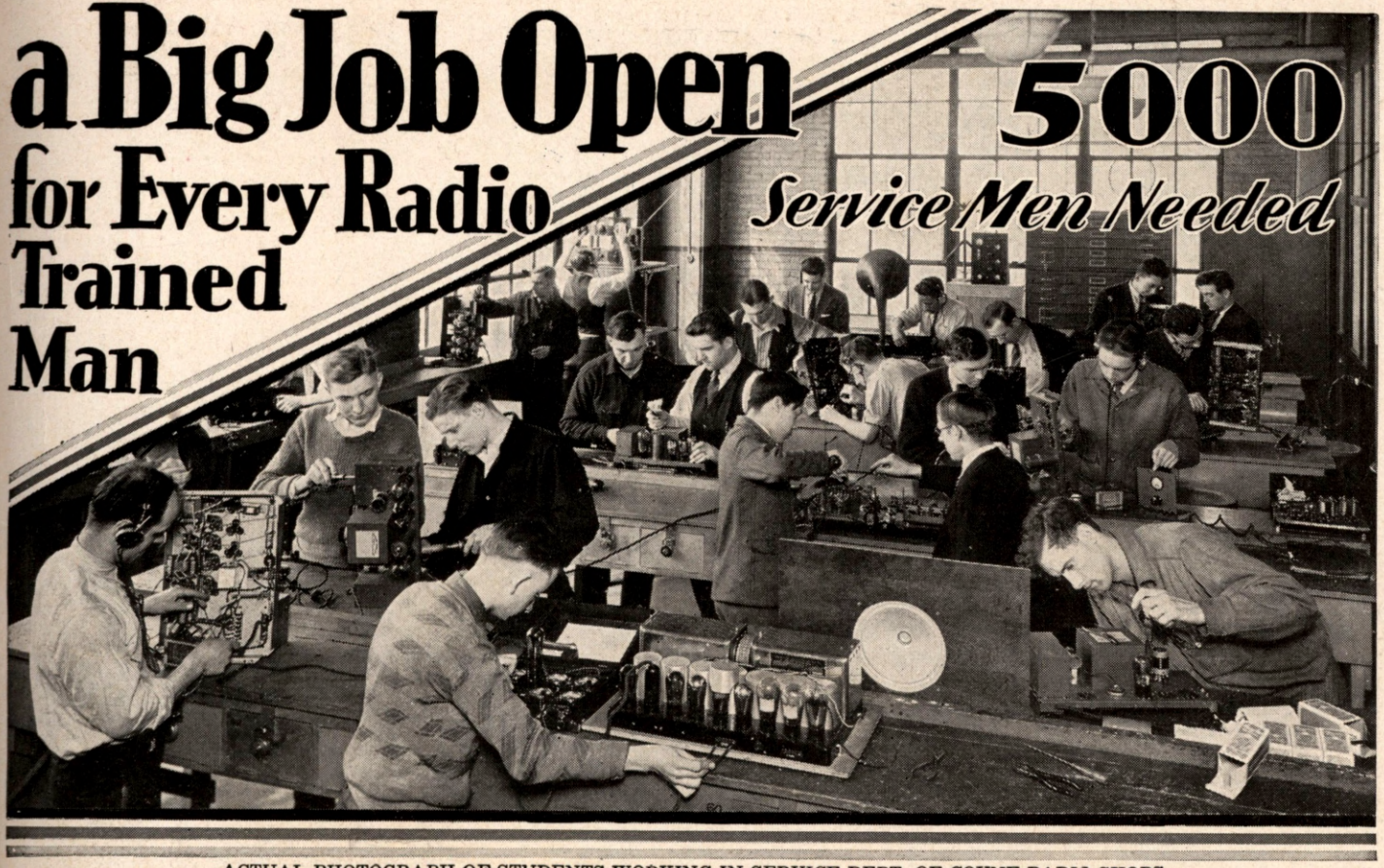
Frankie Bajorski, junior lightweight southpaw, has yet to lose a decision. He has compiled a record of 30 victories, a number of them through the knockout route.

Billy Jones, light-heavy star from Philadelphia, again demonstrated that he is the master of George Nichols of Buffalo. In their first set-to two years ago Jones K.O'd Nichols, but in this last appearance, although he had Nichols on the floor twice, once in the eighth and again in the ninth, he could not knock him out.

Mickey Cohen, of Cleveland, is one of the nicest little fighters around this section of the country. Mickey can box and hits unusually well for a boy of his weight.

a Big Job Open for Every Radio Trained Man

5000 Service Men Needed



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF STUDENTS WORKING IN SERVICE DEPT. OF COYNE RADIO SHOPS

LEARN RADIO--TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES in 8 WEEKS

By Actual Work ~~~ In the Great Shops of Coyne

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

THOUSANDS OF JOBS OPEN

Paying $60, $70 to $200 a Week

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation Work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—THOUSANDS OF JOBS PAYING $60, $70 and on UP TO $200 A WEEK.

No Books - No Lessons

All Practical Work

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't attempt to teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the finest outlay of Radio, Television and Sound equipment in any school—on scores of modern Radio Receivers, huge Broadcasting equipment, the very latest Television apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment, Code Practice equipment, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you—right here in the Coyne Shops—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 8 weeks' time.

TELEVISION

Is on the Way!

And now Television is on the way! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS of TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who learns Television NOW can make a FORTUNE in this great new field. Get in on the ground-floor of this amazing new Radio development! Come to COYNE and learn Television on the very latest, newest Television equipment.

Talking Pictures

A Great Field

Talking Pictures and Public Address Systems offer thousands of golden opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Here is a great new field of Radio work that has just started to grow! Prepare NOW for these marvelous opportunities! Learn Radio Sound work at Coyne on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

EARN AS YOU LEARN

Don't worry about a job! Coyne Training settles the job question for life. We often have more calls for Coyne graduates than we can supply. YOU GET FREE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE FOR LIFE. And don't let lack of money stop you. If you need part-time work while at school to help pay living expenses, we will gladly help you get it. Many of our students pay nearly all of their expenses that way.

COYNE IS 31 YEARS OLD

Coyne Training is tested, proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. How you can get a good Radio job or how you can go into business for yourself and earn from $3,000 to $15,000 a year. It costs NOTHING to investigate! Just MAIL THE COUPON for YOUR COPY OF MY BIG FREE BOOK!

H. C. Lewis, Pres. ***Radio Division*** **Founded 1899**

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

500 S. Paulina Street Dept. 31-4E Chicago, Illinois

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 31-4E, Chicago, Ill.,

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Big Muscles Quick! Get This Complete Home Gym

SEND NO MONEY

12-in-1 Muscle Building OUTFIT

FOR ONLY $4.98

MAN—look at these pictures! The greatest all-around muscle-building combination you ever saw—all in one great 12-in-1 Outfit. Here's everything you need to develop EVERY muscle in your body. Just spend a few minutes a day with that snappy Wall Exerciser, the big Chest Expander, the zippy Rowing Machine and the other muscle builders shown here—and WATCH THOSE MUSCLES GROW!

Read the list below—see what you get. The whole works for less than a five-dollar bill—with a Complete Course of Instruction, two great Books and a special, private Lesson for MEN thrown in for good measure. Rush coupon below for this great bargain!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

You don't risk a cent. Examine this wonderful 12-in-1 Outfit for yourself. YOUR MONEY RIGHT BACK if you don't agree this is the greatest muscle-building outfit and biggest value you've ever seen.

Rush Coupon

for this Amazing Bargain

NO MONEY NEEDED

Michael McFadden, Dept. L-3., 55 East 11th Street, New York City.

Dear Mike: Shoot me the works C. O. D. I'll pay $4.98 plus actual postage. My money back if I am not satisfied and return outfit immediately.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....State.....

Outside U. S. cash with order.

No money needed. Just write name and address in coupon AT ONCE. Pay Postman only $4.98 plus actual postage on delivery. (Or sent $4.98 and I pay postage.) Simply return outfit immediately if not wanted.

Michael McFadden, Dept. L-3, 55 East 11th St., New York, N. Y. (No connection with Macfadden Publications, Inc.)

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

1—Complete set of Wall-Exerciser Attachments — a wonderful muscle-builder for arms, back, chest and stomach.

2—Adjustable Head Gear for developing powerful neck muscles, and—

3—Adjustable Foot Gear for building muscular legs.

4—Two High-Tension Scissor Grips for strengthening hands, wrists and forearms.

5—Ten - Cable Progressive Chest Expander (300 lbs. resistance). A few minutes a day with this will give you a mighty chest, powerful arms and legs.

6—Complete Skip Rope, develops speed and wind.

7—Complete Rowing Machine Attachments, giving you all the wonderful body-building benefits of rowing.

8—Foot Stirrup, patented, non-slip; great for developing legs, thighs and stomach muscles.

9—Twelve Weeks' scientific Muscle-Building Course, a complete and progressive system of home training that will re-build your body from head to foot.

10—Encyclopedia of Health and Strength, a big book full of vital facts about your body and its development.

11—Book on Jiu Jitsu, the famous art that makes you master of any man you meet.

12—Special Confidential Lesson for MEN, tells you frankly and clearly the things you ought to know.